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THE SHIPS AND SAILORS
OF OLD SALEM



The *Panay*, one of the last of the Salem fleet bound out from Boston to Manila twenty-five years ago

THE SHIPS AND SAILORS OF OLD SALEM

*THE RECORD OF A BRILLIANT ERA OF
AMERICAN ACHIEVEMENT*

BY

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"The Romance of an Old-Time Shipmaster," etc.*

ILLUSTRATED



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PREFACE

THIS book has to do with the deeds of a race of red-blooded Americans who brought honor to their flag and renown to their nation during the era of its struggle for very existence. They tell their own stories, how they sailed and fought and traded in seas the whole world round, where no other American ships had been. From log books, sea journals and other manuscripts hitherto unpublished (most of them written during the years between the Revolution and the War of 1812), are herein gathered such narratives as those of the first American voyages to Japan, India, the Philippines, Guam, the Cape of Good Hope, Sumatra, Arabia and the South Seas. These and other records, as written by the seamen who made Salem the most famous port of the New World a century ago, are much more than local annals. They comprise a unique and brilliant chapter of American history and they speak for themselves.

This vanished era, this closed chapter of American achievement which reached its zenith a full century ago, belongs not alone to Salem, but also to the nation. East and west, north and south, runs the love of the Stars and Stripes and the desire to do honor to those who have helped win for this flag prestige and respect among other peoples in other climes. The seamen of this old port were traders, it is true, but they lent to commerce an epic quality, and because they steered so many brave ships to ports where no other American topsails had ever gleamed, they deserve to be remembered among those whose work left its imprint far beyond the limits of the town or coast they called home.

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The Ships and Sailors of Old Salem

CHAPTER I

A PORT OF VANISHED FLEETS

AMERICAN ships and sailors have almost vanished from the seas that lie beyond their own coasts. The twentieth century has forgotten the era when Yankee top-sails, like flying clouds, flecked every ocean, when tall spars forested every Atlantic port from Portland to Charleston, and when the American spirit of adventurous enterprise and rivalry was in its finest flower on the decks of our merchant squadrons. The last great chapter of the nation's life on blue water was written in the days of the matchless clippers which swept round the Horn to San Francisco or fled homeward from the Orient in the van of the tea fleets.

The Cape Horn clipper was able to survive the coming of the Age of Steam a few years longer than the Atlantic packet ships, such as the *Dreadnought*, but her glory departed with the Civil War and thereafter the story of the American merchant marine is one of swift and sorrowful decay. The boys of the Atlantic coast, whose fathers had followed the sea in legions, turned inland to find their careers, and the sterling qualities which had been bred in the bone by generations of salty ancestry now helped to conquer the western wilderness.

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It is all in the past, this noble and thrilling history of American achievement on the deep sea, and a country with thousands of miles of seacoast has turned its back toward the spray-swept scenes of its ancient greatness to seek the fulfillment of its destiny in peopling the prairie, reclaiming the desert and feeding its mills and factories with the resources of forest, mine and farm.

For more than two centuries, however, we Americans were a maritime race, in peace and war, and the most significant deeds and spectacular triumphs of our seafaring annals were wrought long before the era of the clipper ship. The fastest and most beautiful fabric ever driven by the winds, the sky-sail clipper, was handled with a superb quality of seamanship which made the mariners of other nations doff their caps to the ruddy Yankee masters of the *Sovereign of the Seas*, the *Flying Cloud*, the *Comet*, the *Westward Ho*, or the *Swordfish*. Her routes were well traveled, however, and her voyages hardly more eventful than those of the liner of to-day. Islands were charted, headlands lighted, and the instruments and science of navigation so far perfected as to make ocean pathfinding no longer a matter of blind reckoning and guesswork. Pirates and privateers had ceased to harry the merchantmen and to make every voyage a hazard of life and death from the Bahama Banks to the South Seas.

Through the vista of fifty years the Yankee clipper has a glamour of singularly picturesque romance, but it is often forgotten that two hundred years of battling against desperate odds and seven generations of seafaring stock had been required to evolve her type and to breed the men who sailed her in the nineteenth century. It is to this much older race of American seamen and the stout ships they built and manned that we of to-day should be grateful for many of the finest pages in the history of our country's progress. The most adventurous age

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of our merchant mariners had reached its climax at the time of the War of 1812, and its glory was waning almost a hundred years ago. For the most part its records are buried in sea-stained log books and in the annals and traditions of certain ancient New England coastwise towns,* of which Salem was the most illustrious.

This port of Salem is chiefly known beyond New England as the scene of a wicked witchcraft delusion which caused the death of a score of poor innocents in 1692, and in later days as the birthplace of Nathaniel Hawthorne. It is not so commonly known that this old town of Salem, nestled in a bight of the Massachusetts coast, was once the most important seat of maritime enterprise in the New World. Nor when its population of a century ago is taken into consideration can any foreign port surpass for adventure, romance and daring the history of Salem during the era of its astonishing activity. Even as recently as 1854, when the fleets of Salem were fast dwindling, the *London Daily News*, in a belated eulogy of our American ships and sailors, was moved to compare the spirit of this port with that of Venice and the old Hanse towns and to say: "We owe a cordial admiration of the spirit of American commerce in its adventurous aspects. To watch it is to witness some of the finest romance of our time."

* In 1810 Newburyport merchants owned forty-one ships, forty-nine brigs and fifty schooners, and was the seat of extensive commerce with the East Indies and other ports of the Orient. Twenty-one deep-water sailing ships for foreign trade were built on the Merrimac River in that one year. The fame of Newburyport as a shipbuilding and shipowning port was carried far into the last century and culminated in the building of the Atlantic packet *Dreadnought*, the fastest and most celebrated sailing ship that ever flew the American flag. She made a passage from New York to Queenstown in nine days and thirteen hours in 1860. Her famous commander, the late Captain Samuel Samuels, wrote of the *Dreadnought*:

"She was never passed in anything over a four-knot breeze. She was what might be termed a semi-clipper and possessed the merit of being able to bear driving as long as her sails and spars would stand. By the sailors she was called the 'Wild Boat of the Atlantic,' while others called her 'The Flying Dutchman.'"

Nathaniel Hawthorne was Surveyor in the Custom House of Salem in 1848-49, after the prestige of the port had been well-nigh lost. He was descended from a race of Salem shipmasters and he saw daily in the streets of his native town the survivors of the generations of incomparable seamen who had first carried the American flag to Hindoostan, Java, Sumatra, and Japan, who were first to trade with the Fiji Islands and with Madagascar, who had led the way to the west coast of Africa and to St. Petersburg, who had been pioneers in opening the commerce of South America and China to Yankee ships. They had "sailed where no other ships dared to go, they had anchored where no one else dreamed of looking for trade." They had fought pirates and the privateers of a dozen races around the world, stamping themselves as the Drakes and the Raleighs and Gilberts of American commercial daring.

In the Salem of his time, however, Hawthorne perceived little more than a melancholy process of decay, and a dusky background for romances of a century more remote. It would seem as if he found no compelling charm in the thickly clustered memories that linked the port with its former greatness on the sea. Some of the old shipmasters were in the Custom House service with him and he wrote of them as derelicts "who after being tost on every sea and standing sturdily against life's tempestuous blast had finally drifted into this quiet nook where with little to disturb them except the periodical terrors of a Presidential election, they one and all acquired a new lease of life."

They were simple, brave, elemental men, hiding no tortuous problems of conscience, very easy to analyze and catalogue, and perhaps not apt, for this reason, to make a strong appeal to the genius of the author of "The Scarlet Letter."

"They spent a good deal of time asleep in their accustomed corners," he also wrote of them, "with their chairs tilted back against the wall; awaking, however, once or twice in a forenoon

District of Salem & Beverly.

To the Inspectors of the Port of Salem.

We Certify, That

James M. [illegible]

Inspector of the Port of Salem.

Per [illegible]

Given under my hand and seal.

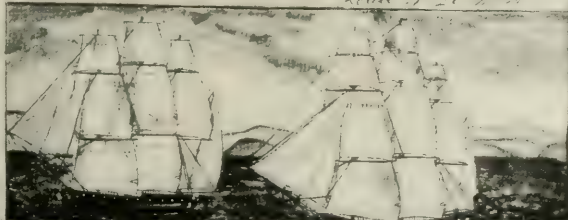
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Custom House document with signature of Nathaniel Hawthorne as surveyor

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Page from the illustrated log of the *Eolus*. Her captain drew such pictures as these of the ships he sighted at sea

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to bore one another with the several thousandth repetition of old sea stories and mouldy jokes that had grown to be passwords and counter-signs among them."

One of the sea journals or logs of Captain Nathaniel Hawthorne,* father of the author, possesses a literary interest in that its title page was lettered by the son when a lad of sixteen. With many an ornamental flourish the inscription runs:

Nathaniel Hawthorne's

Book—1820—Salem.

A Journal of a Passage from Bengall to America

In the Ship *America* of

Salem, 1798.

This is almost the only volume of salty flavored narrative to which Nathaniel Hawthorne may be said to have contributed, although he was moved to pay this tribute to his stout-hearted forebears:

"From father to son, for above a hundred years, they followed the sea; a gray-headed shipmaster in each generation retiring from the quarter-deck to the homestead, while a boy of fourteen took the hereditary place before the mast, confronting the salt spray and the gale which had blustered against his sire and grandsire."

Even to-day there survive old shipmasters and merchants of Salem who in their own boyhood heard from the lips of the actors their stories of shipwrecks on uncharted coasts; of captivity among the Algerians and in the prisons of France, Eng-

*Nathaniel Hawthorne, the author, chose to insert a "w" in the family name of *Hathorne* borne by his father.

"The four years had lapsed quietly and quickly by, and Hawthorne, who now adopted the fanciful spelling of his name after his personal whim, was man grown." (Nathaniel Hawthorne, by George E. Woodberry, in *American Men of Letters Series*.)

land and Spain; of hairbreadth escapes from pirates on the Spanish Main and along Sumatran shores; of ship's companies overwhelmed by South Sea cannibals when Salem barks were pioneers in the wake of Captain Cook; of deadly actions fought alongside British men-of-war and private armed ships, and of steering across far-distant seas when "India was a new region and only Salem knew the way thither."

Such men as these were trained in a stern school to fight for their own. When the time came they were also ready to fight for their country. Salem sent to sea one hundred and fifty-eight privateers during the Revolution. They carried two thousand guns and were manned by more than six thousand men, a force equal in numbers to the population of the town. These vessels captured four hundred and forty-four prizes, or more than one-half the total number taken by all the Colonies during the war.

In the War of 1812 Salem manned and equipped forty privateers and her people paid for and built the frigate *Essex* which under the command of David Porter swept the Pacific clean of British commerce and met a glorious end in her battle with the *Phæbe* and *Cherub* off the harbor of Valparaiso. Nor among the sea fights of both wars are there to be found more thrilling ship actions than were fought by Salem privateersmen who were as ready to exchange broadsides or measure boarding pikes with a "king's ship" as to snap up a tempting merchantman.

But even beyond these fighting merchant sailors lay a previous century of such stress and hazard in ocean traffic as this age cannot imagine. One generation after another of honest shipmasters had been the prey of a great company of lawless rovers under many flags or no flag at all. The distinction between privateers and pirates was not clearly drawn in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the tiny American

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brigs and sloops which bravely fared to the West Indies and Europe were fair marks for the polyglot freebooters that laughed at England's feeble protection of her colonial trade.

The story of the struggles and heroisms of the western pioneers has been told over and over again. Every American schoolboy is acquainted with the story of the beginnings of the New England Colonies and of their union. But the work of the seafaring breed of Americans has been somewhat suffered to remain in the background. Their astonishing adventures were all in the day's work and were commonplace matters to their actors. The material for the plot of a modern novel of adventure may be found condensed into a three-line entry of many an ancient log-book.

High on the front of a massive stone building in Essex Street, Salem, is chiseled the inscription, "East India Marine Hall." Beneath this are the obsolete legends, "Asiatic Bank," and "Oriental Insurance Office." Built by the East India Marine Society eighty-four years ago, this structure is now the home of the Peabody Museum and a storehouse for the unique collections which Salem seafarers brought home from strange lands when their ships traded in every ocean. The East India Marine Society still exists. The handful of surviving members meet now and then and spin yarns of the vanished days when they were masters of stately square-riggers in the deep-water trade. All of them are gray and some of them quite feeble and every little while another of this company slips his cable for the last long voyage.

The sight-seeing visitor in Salem is fascinated by its quaint and picturesque streets, recalling as they do no fewer than three centuries of American life, and by its noble mansions set beneath the elms in an atmosphere of immemorial traditions. But the visitor is not likely to seek the story of Salem as it is written in the records left by the men who made it great. For

those heroic seafarers not only made history but they also wrote it while they lived it. The East India Marine Society was organized in 1799 "to assist the widows and children of deceased members; to collect such facts and observations as tended to the improvement and security of navigation, and to form a museum of natural and artificial curiosities, particularly such as are to be found beyond the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn."*

The by-laws provided that "any person shall be eligible as a member of this society who shall have actually navigated the seas near the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn, either as master or commander or as factor or supercargo in any vessel belonging to Salem."

From its foundation until the time when the collections of the Society were given in charge of the Peabody Academy of Science in 1867, three hundred and fifty masters and supercargoes of Salem had qualified for membership as having sailed beyond Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope.

More than a century ago, therefore, these mariners of Salem began to write detailed journals of their voyages, to be deposited with this Society in order that their fellow shipmasters might glean from them such facts as might "tend to the improvement and security of navigation." Few seas were charted, and Salem ships were venturing along unknown shores. The

* (1799) "Oct. 22. It is proposed by the new marine society, called the East India Marine Society, to make a cabinet. This society has been lately thought of. Captain Gibant first mentioned the plan to me this summer and desired me to give him some plan of articles or a sketch. The first friends of the institution met and chose a committee to compare and digest articles from the sketches given to them. Last week was informed that in the preceding week the members met and signed the articles chosen by the committee.

"Nov. 7. Captain Carnes has presented his curiosities to the new-formed East India Marine Society and they are providing a museum and cabinet. . . . Rooms were obtained for their meetings and a place for the deposit of books, charts, etc., and in July of the following year glass cases were provided to arrange therein the specimens that had been accumulated." (Diary of Rev. William Bentley.)

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journal of one of these pioneer voyages was a valuable aid to the next shipmaster who went that way. These journals were often expanded from the ship's logs, and written after the captains came home. The habit of carefully noting all incidents of trade, discovery, and dealings with primitive races taught these seamen to make their logs something more than routine accounts of wind and weather. Thus, year after year and generation after generation, there was accumulating a library of adventurous first-hand narrative, written in stout manuscript volumes.

It was discovered that a pen and ink drawing of the landfall of some almost unknown island would help the next captain passing that coast to identify its headlands. Therefore many of these quarter-deck chroniclers developed an astonishing aptitude for sketching coast line, mountains and bays. Some of them even made pictures in water color of the ships they saw or spoke, and their logs were illustrated descriptions of voyages to the South Seas or Mauritius or China. In this manner the tradition was cherished that a shipmaster of Salem owed it to his fellow mariners and townspeople to bring home not only all the knowledge he could gather but also every kind of curious trophy to add to the collections of the East India Marine Society. And as the commerce over seas began to diminish in the nineteenth century, this tradition laid fast hold upon many Salem men and women whose fathers had been shipmasters. They took pride in gathering together all the old log books they could find in cobwebby attics and battered seachests and in increasing this unique library of blue water.

Older than the East India Marine Society is the Salem Marine Society, which was founded in 1766 by eighteen shipmasters, and which still maintains its organization in its own building. Its Act of Incorporation, dated 1772, stated that "whereas a considerable number of persons who are or have

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been Masters of ships or other vessels, have for several years past associated themselves in the town of Salem; and the principal end of said Society being to improve the knowledge of this coast, by the several members, upon their arrival from sea communicating their observations, inwards and outwards, of the variation of the needle, soundings, courses and distances, and all other remarkable things about it, in writing, to be lodged with the Society, for the making of the navigation more safe; and also to relieve one another and their families in poverty or other adverse accidents of life, which they are more particularly liable to," etc.

Most of these records, together with those belonging to the East India Marine Society and many others rescued from oblivion, have been assembled and given in care of the Essex Institute of Salem as the choicest treasure of its notable historical library. It has come to pass that a thousand of these logs and sea-journals are stored in one room of the Essex Institute, comprising many more than this number of voyages made between 1750 and 1890, a period of a century and a half, which included the most brilliant era of American sea life. Privateer, sealer, whaler, and merchantman, there they rest, row after row of canvas-covered books, filled with the day's work of as fine a race of seamen as ever sailed; from the log of the tiny schooner *Hopewell* on a voyage to the West Indies amid perils of swarming pirates and privateers a generation before the Revolution, down to the log of the white-winged *Mindoro* of the Manila fleet which squared away her yards for the last time only fifteen years ago.

There is no other collection of *Americana* which can so vividly recall a vanished epoch and make it live again as these hundreds upon hundreds of ancient log books. They are complete, final, embracing as they do the rise, the high-tide and the ebb of the commerce of Salem, the whole story of those

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vikings of deep-water enterprise who dazzled the maritime world. These journals reflect in intimate and sharply focused detail that little world which Harriet Martineau discerned when she visited Salem seventy-five years ago and related:

“Salem, Mass., is a remarkable place. This ‘city of peace’ will be better known hereafter for it’s commerce than for it’s witch tragedy. It has a population of fourteen thousand and more wealth in proportion to its population than perhaps any town in the world. Its commerce is speculative but vast and successful. It is a frequent circumstance that a ship goes out without a cargo for a voyage around the world. In such a case the captain puts his elder children to school, takes his wife and younger children and starts for some semi-barbarous place where he procures some odd kind of cargo which he exchanges with advantage for another somewhere else; and so goes trafficking around the world, bringing home a freight of the highest value.

“These enterprising merchants of Salem are hoping to appropriate a large share of the whale fishery and their ships are penetrating the northern ice. They speak of Fayal and the Azores as if they were close at hand. The fruits of the Mediterranean are on every table. They have a large acquaintance at Cairo. They know Napoleon’s grave at St. Helena, and have wild tales to tell of Mozambique and Madagascar, and stores of ivory to show from there. They speak of the power of the king of Muscat, and are sensible of the riches of the southeast coast of Arabia. Anybody will give you anecdotes from Canton and descriptions of the Society and Sandwich Islands. They often slip up the western coast of their two continents, bringing furs from the back regions of their own wide land, glance up at the Andes on their return; double Cape Horn, touch at the ports of Brazil and Guiana, look about them in the West Indies, feeling almost at home there,

and land some fair morning in Salem and walk home as if they had done nothing remarkable."

Within sight of this Essex Institute is the imposing building of the Peabody Academy of Science and Marine Museum, already mentioned. Here the loyal sons of Salem, aided by the generous endowment of George Peabody, the banker and philanthropist, have created a notable memorial to the sea-born genius of the old town. One hall is filled with models and paintings of the stout ships which made Salem rich and famous. These models were built and rigged with the most painstaking accuracy of detail, most of them the work of mariners of the olden time, and many of them made on shipboard during long voyages. Scores of the paintings of ships were made when they were afloat, their cannon and checkered ports telling of the dangers which merchantmen dared in those times; their hulls and rigging wearing a quaint and archaic aspect.

Beneath them are displayed the tools of the seaman's trade long ere steam made of him a paint-swabber and mechanic. Here are the ancient quadrants, "half-circles," and hand log lines, timed with sandglasses, with which our forefathers found their way around the world. Beside them repose the "colt" and the "cat-o'-nine-tails" with which those tough tars were flogged by their skippers and mates. Cutlasses such as were wielded in sea fights with Spanish, French and English, boarding axes and naval tomahawks, are flanked by carved whales-teeth, whose intricate designs of ships, cupids and mermaids whiled away the dogwatches under the Southern Cross. Over yonder is a notched limb of a sea-washed tree on which a sailor tallied the days and weeks of five months' solitary waiting on a desert island where he had been cast by shipwreck.

Portraits of famous shipping merchants and masters gaze at portraits of Sultans of Zanzibar, Indian Rajahs and hong merchants of Canton whose names were household words in



A corner in the Marine Room of the Peabody Museum, showing portraits of the ship-masters and merchants of Salem



The Marine Room, Peabody Museum, showing the ships of Salem during a period of one hundred and fifty years

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the Salem of long ago. In other spacious halls of this museum are unique displays of the tools, weapons, garments and adornments of primitive races, gathered generations before their countries and islands were ransacked by the tourist and the ethnologist. They portray the native arts and habits of life before they were corrupted by European influences. Some of the tribes which fashioned these things have become extinct, but their vanquished handiwork is preserved in these collections made with devoted loyalty by the old shipmasters who were proud of their home town and of their Marine Society. From the Fiji and Gilbert and Hawaiian Islands, from Samoa, Arabia, India, China, Africa and Japan, and every other foreign shore where ships could go, these trophies were brought home to lay the foundation of collections which to-day are visited by scientists from abroad in order to study many rare objects which can be no longer obtained.*

The catalogue of ports from which the deep-laden argosies rolled home to Salem is astonishing in its scope. From 1810 to 1830, for example, Salem ships flew the American flag in these ports:

Sumatra, Malaga, Naples, Liverpool, St. Domingo, Baracoa, Cadiz, Cayenne, Gottenburg, La Guayra, Havana, Canton, Smyrna, Matanzas, Valencia, Turk's Island, Pernambuco, Rio Janeiro, Messina, St. Pierre's, Point Petre, Cronstadt, Archangel, St. Lucia, Trinidad, Surinam, St. Petersburg, Calcutta, Porto Rico, Palermo, Algeciras, Constantinople, Cumana, Kiel, Angostura, Jacquemel, Gustavia, Malta, Exuma, Buenos Ayres, Christiana, Stralsund, Guadaloupe, Nevis, Riga, Madras, St. Vincent's, Pillau, Amsterdam, Maranham, Para, Leghorn,

* A costly new hall has been recently added to the Museum to contain the Japanese and Chinese collections. This building was the gift of Dr. Charles G. Weld of Boston. Its Japanese floor contains the most complete and valuable ethnological collections, portraying the life of the Japanese people of the feudal age, that exists to-day. Japanese scientists and students have visited Salem

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Manila, Samarang, Java, Mocha, South Sea Islands, Africa, Padang, Cape de Verde, Zanzibar and Madagascar.

In these days of huge ships and cavernous holds in which freight is stowed to the amount of thousands of tons, we are apt to think that those early mariners carried on their commerce over seas in a small way. But the records of old Salem contain scores of entries for the early years of the last century in which the duties paid on cargoes of pepper, sugar, indigo, and other Oriental wares swelled the custom receipts from twenty-five thousand to sixty thousand dollars. In ten years, from 1800 to 1810, when the maritime prosperity of the port was at flood-tide, the foreign entries numbered more than one thousand and the total amount of duties more than seven million dollars. And from the beginning of the nineteenth century until the ships of Salem vanished from blue water, a period of seventy years, roughly speaking, more than twenty million dollars poured into the Custom House as duties on foreign cargoes.

Old men now living remember when the old warehouses along the wharves were full of "hemp from Luzon; pepper from Sumatra; coffee from Arabia; palm oil from the west coast of Africa; cotton from Bombay; duck and iron from the Baltic; tallow from Madagascar; salt from Cadiz; wine from Portugal and the Madeiras; figs, raisins and almonds from the Mediterranean; teas and silks from China; sugar, rum and molasses from the West Indies; ivory and gum-copal from Zanzibar; rubber, hides and wool from South America; whale oil from the Arctic and Antarctic, and sperm from the South Seas."

in order to examine many objects of this unique collection which are no longer to be found in their own country. Professor Edward S. Morse, director of the Museum, and curator of the Japanese pottery section of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, has sifted and arranged these collections with singular patience, expert knowledge, and brilliantly successful results. The South Sea collections are also unequaled in many important particulars, especially in the field of weapons and ornaments from the Fiji and Marquesas Islands.

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In 1812 one hundred and twenty-six Salem ships were in the deep-water trade, and of these fifty-eight were East Indiamen. Twenty years later this noble fleet numbered one hundred and eleven. They had been pioneers in opening new routes of commerce, but the vessels of the larger ports were flocking in their wake. Boston, with the development of railway transportation, New York with the opening of the Erie Canal, Philadelphia and Baltimore with their more advantageous situations for building up a commerce with the great and growing hinterland of the young United States, were creating their ocean commerce at the expense of old Salem. Bigger ships were building and deeper harbors were needed and Salem shipowners dispatched their vessels from Boston instead of the home port. Then came the Age of Steam on the sea, and the era of the sailing vessel was foredoomed.

The Custom House which looks down at crumbling Derby Wharf where the stately East Indiamen once lay three deep, awakes from its drowsy idleness to record the entries of a few lumber-laden schooners from Nova Scotia. Built in 1819, when the tide of Salem commerce had already begun to ebb, its classic and pillared bulk recalls the comment of its famous officer, Nathaniel Hawthorne: "It was intended to accommodate an hoped for increase in the commercial prosperity of the place, hopes destined never to be realized, and was built a world too large for any necessary purpose."

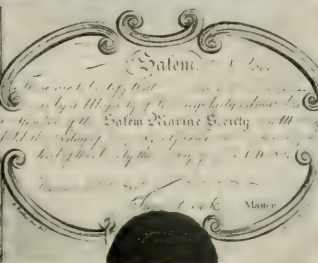
Yet in the records left by these vanished generations of seamen; in the aspect of the stately mansions built from the fortunes won by their ships; in the atmosphere of the old wharves and streets, there has been preserved, as if caught in amber, the finished story of one of the most romantic and high-hearted periods of American achievement.

Salem was a small city during her maritime career, numbering hardly more than ten thousand souls at a time when her

trade had made her famous in every port of the world. Her achievements were the work of an exceedingly bold and vigorous population in whom the pioneering instinct was fostered and guided by a few merchants of rare sagacity, daring and imagination. It must not be forgotten that from the early part of the seventeenth century to the latter year of the eighteenth century when this seafaring genius reached its highest development, the men of Salem had been trained and bred to wrest a livelihood from salt water. During this period of one hundred and fifty years before the Revolution the sea was the highway of the Colonists whose settlements fringed the rugged coast line of New England. At their backs lay a hostile wilderness and a great part of the population toiled at fishing, trading and ship-building.

Roger Conant, who, in 1626, founded the settlement later called Salem, had left his fellow Pilgrims at Plymouth because he would not agree to "separate" from the Church of England. Pushing along the coast to Nantasket, where Captain Miles Standish had built an outpost, Roger Conant was asked by the Dorchester Company of England to take charge of a newly established fishing station on Cape Ann. This enterprise was unsuccessful and Conant aspired to better his fortunes by founding a colony or plantation on the shore of the sheltered harbor of the Naumkeag Peninsula. This was the beginning of the town of Salem, so named by the first governor, John Endicott, who ousted Roger Conant in 1629, when this property of the Dorchester Company passed by purchase into the hands of the New England Company.

The first settlers who had fought famine, pestilence and red men were not consulted in the transaction but were transferred along with the land. They had established a refuge for those oppressed for conscience's sake, and Roger Conant, brave, resolute and patient, had fought the good fight with them.



Certificate of Membership in the Salem Marine Society, used in 1790, showing wharves and harbor

NATHANIEL HATHORNE'S
BOOK, 1520, SALEM.

*A Journal of a Voyage from Bristol to
AMERICA
In the Ship America of
SALEM, 1790*

Title page of the log of Captain Nathaniel Hathorne, father of Nathaniel Hawthorne.
This lettering at the top of the page was done by the author when a boy

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But although they held meetings and protested against being treated as "slaves," they could make no opposition to the iron-handed zealot and aristocrat, John Endicott, who came to rule over them. Eighty settlers perished of hunger and disease during Governor Endicott's first winter among them, and when Winthrop, Saltonstall, Dudley and Johnson brought over a thousand people in seventeen ships in the year of 1629, they passed by afflicted Salem and made their settlements at Boston, Charlestown and Watertown.

"The homes, labors and successes of the first colonists of Salem would be unworthy of our attention were they associated with the lives of ordinary settlers in a new country. But small though the beginnings were these men were beginning to store up and to train the energy which was afterward to expand with tremendous force in the opening of the whole world to commerce and civilization, and in the establishment of the best things in American life."* They were the picked men of England, yoemanry for the most part, seeking to better their condition, interested in the great problems of religion and government. Dwelling along the harbor front, or on the banks of small rivers near at hand, they at once busied themselves cutting down trees and hewing planks to fashion pinnaces and shallops for traversing these waterways. Fish was a staple diet and the chief commodity of trade, and often averted famine while the scanty crops were being wrested from the first clearings. Thus these early sixteenth century men of Salem were more at home upon the water than upon the less friendly land, and it was inevitable that they should build larger craft for coastwise voyaging as fast as other settlements sprang into being to the north and south of them.

No more than ten years after the arrival of John Endicott,

* History of Essex County

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shipbuilding was a thriving industry of Salem, and her seamen had begun to talk of sending their ventures as far away as the West Indies. In 1640 the West Indiaman *Desire* brought home cotton, tobacco and negroes from the Bahamas and salt from Tortugas. This ship *Desire* was a credit to her builders, for after opening the trade with the West Indies she made a passage to England in the amazingly brief time of twenty-three days, which would have been considered rapid sailing for a packet ship two hundred years later. In 1664 a local historian was able to record that "in this town are some very rich merchants." These merchants, most of them shipmasters as well, were destined to build up for their seaport a peculiar fame by reason of their genius for discovering new markets for their trading ventures and staking their lives and fortunes on the chance of finding rich cargoes where no other American ships had dreamed of venturing.

CHAPTER II

PHILIP ENGLISH AND HIS ERA

(1680—1750)

IN the decade from 1685 to 1695 the infant commerce of Salem was fighting for its life. This period was called "the dark time when ye merchants looked for ye vessells with fear and trembling." Besides the common dangers of the sea, they had to contend with savage Indians who attacked the fishing fleet, with the heavy restrictions imposed by the Royal Acts of Trade, with the witchcraft delusion which turned every man's hand against his neighbor, and with French privateers which so ravaged the ventures of the Salem traders to the West Indies that the shipping annals of the time are thickly strewn with such incidents as these:

(1690)—"The ketch *Fellowship*, Captain Robert Glanville, *via* the Vineyard for Berwick on the Tweed, was taken by two French privateers and carried to Dunkirk."

(1695)—"The ship *Essex* of Salem, Captain John Beal, from Bilboa in Spain, had a battle at sea and loses John Samson, boatswain. This man and Thomas Roads, the gunner, had previously contracted that whoever of the two survived the other he should have all the property of the deceased."

Soon after this the tables were turned by the *Salem Packet* which captured a French ship off the Banks of Newfoundland. In the same year the ketch *Exchange*, Captain Thomas Marston, was taken by a French ship off Block Island. She was ransomed for two hundred and fifty pounds and brought into

Salem. "The son of the owner was carried to Placentia as a hostage for the payment of the ransom."

The ancient records of the First Church of Salem contain this quaint entry under date of July 25, 1677:

"The Lord having given a Comission to the Indians to take no less than 13 of the Fishing Ketches of Salem and Captivate the men (though divers of them cleared themselves and came home) it struck a great consternation into all the people here. The Pastor moved on the Lord's Day, and the whole people readily consented, to keep the Lecture Day following as a fast day; which was accordingly done and the work carried on by the Pastor, Mr. Hale, Mr. Chevers, and Mr. Gerrish, the higher ministers helping in prayer. The Lord was pleased to send in some of the Ketches on the Fast day which was looked on as a gracious smile of Providence. Also there had been 19 wounded men sent into Salem a little while before; also, a ketch with 40 men sent out from Salem as a man-of-war to recover the rest of the Ketches. The Lord give them Good Success."

In those very early and troublous times the Barbary pirates or Corsairs had begun to vex the New England skippers who boldly crossed the Atlantic in vessels that were much smaller than a modern canal boat or brick barge. These "Sallee rovers" hovered from the Mediterranean to the chops of the English Channel. Many a luckless seaman of Salem was held prisoner in the cities of Algiers while his friends at home endeavored to gather funds for his ransom. It was stated in 1661 that "for a long time previous the commerce of Massachusetts was much annoyed by Barbary Corsairs and that many of its seamen were held in bondage. One Captain Cakebread or Breadcake had two guns to cruise in search of Turkish pirates." In 1700 Benjamin Alford of Boston and William Bowditch of Salem related that "their friend Robert Carver of the latter

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port was taken nine years before, a captive into Sally; that contributions had been made for his redemption; that the money was in the hands of a person here; that if they had the disposal of it, they could release Carver."

The end of the seventeenth century found the wilderness settlement of Salem rapidly expanding into a seaport whose commercial interests were faring to distant oceans. The town had grown along the water's edge beside which its merchants were beginning to build their spacious and gabled mansions. Their countinghouses overlooked the harbor, and their spy-glasses were alert to sweep the distant sea line for the home-coming of their ventures to Virginia, the West Indies and Europe. Their vessels were forty and sixty tons burden, mere cockle-shells for deep-water voyaging, but they risked storm and capture while they pushed farther and farther away from Salem as the prospect of profitable trade lured them on.

The sailmaker, the rigger, the ship chandler, and the shipwright had begun to populate the harbor front, and among them swarmed the rough and headlong seamen from Heaven knew where, who shocked the godly Puritans of the older régime. Jack ashore was a bull in a china shop then as now, and history has recorded the lamentable but deserved fate of "one Henry Bull and companions in a vessel in our harbor who derided the Church of Christ and were afterward cast away among savage Indians by whom they were slain."

Now there came into prominence the first of a long line of illustrious shipping merchants of Salem, Philip English, who makes a commanding figure in the seafaring history of his time. A native of the Isle of Jersey, he came to Salem before 1670. He made voyages in his own vessels, commanded the ketch*

*The ketch of the eighteenth century was two-masted with square sails on her foremast, and a fore-and-aft sail on the mainmast, which was shorter than the foremast. The schooner rig was not used until 1720 and is said to have been originated by Captain Andrew Robinson of Gloucester.

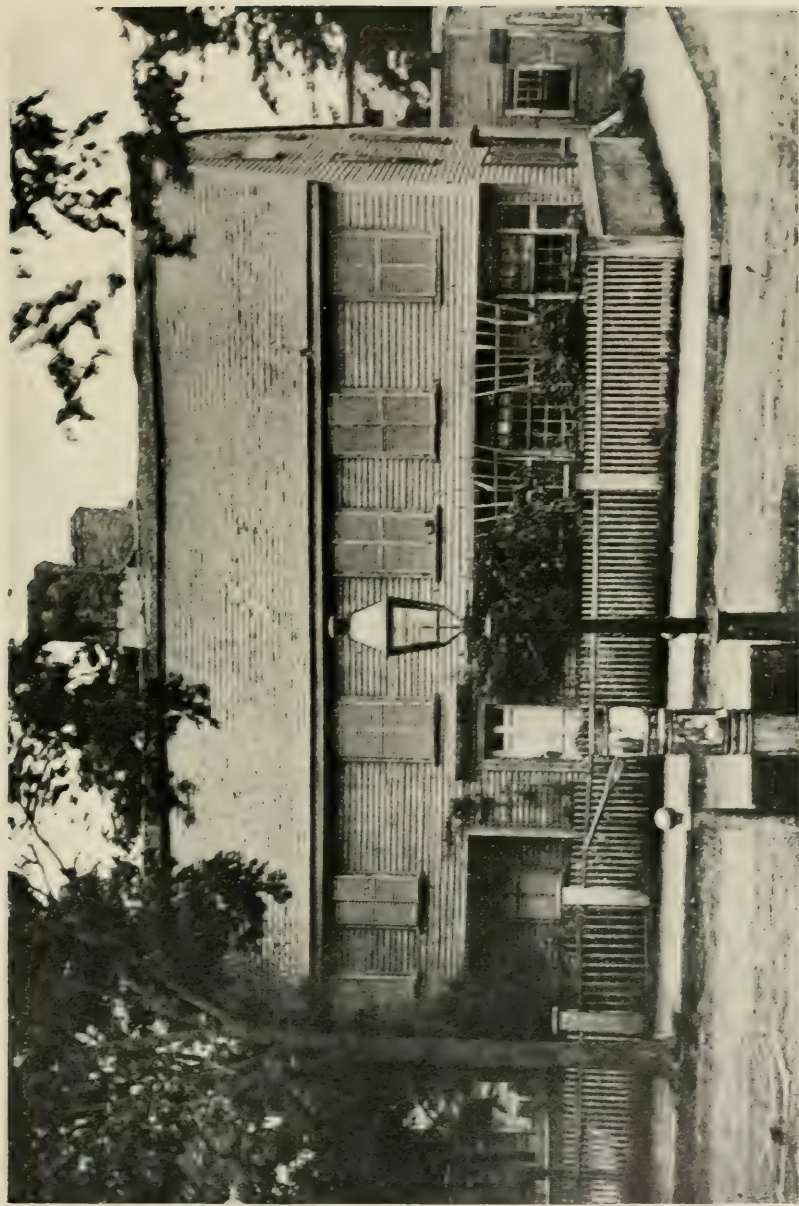
Speedwell in 1676, and ten years later had so swiftly advanced his fortunes that he built him a mansion house on Essex Street, a solid, square-sided structure with many projecting porches and with upper stories overhanging the street. It stood for a hundred and fifty years, long known as "English's Great House," and linked the nineteenth century with the very early chapters of American history. In 1692, Philip English was perhaps the richest man of the New England Colonies, owning twenty-one vessels which traded with Bilboa, Barbados, St. Christopher's, the Isle of Jersey and the ports of France. He owned a wharf and warehouses, and fourteen buildings in the town.

One of his bills of lading, dated 1707, shows the pious imprint of his generation and the kind of commerce in which he was engaged. It reads in part:

"Shipped by the Grace of God, in good order and well conditioned, by Sam'll Browne, Phillip English, Capt. Wm. Bowditch, Wm. Pickering, and Sam'll Wakefield, in and upon the Good sloop called the *Mayflower* whereof is master under God for this present voyage Jno. Swasey, and now riding at anchor in the harbor of Salem, and by God's Grace bound for Virginia or Merriland. To say, twenty hogshats of Salt. . . . In witness whereof the Master or Purser of the said Sloop has affirmed to Two Bills of Lading . . . and so God send the Good Sloop to her desired port in Safety. Amen."

Another merchant of Philip English's time wrote in 1700 of the foreign commerce of Salem:

"Dry Merchantable codfish for the Markets of Spain and Portugal and the Straits. Refuse fish, lumber, horses and provisions for the West Indies. Returns made directly hence to England are sugar, molasses, cotton, wool and logwood for which we depend on the West Indies. Our own produce, a considerable quantity of whale and fish oil, whalebone, furs,



The Roger Williams house, built before 1635. Tradition asserts that preliminary examinations of those accused of witchcraft in 1692 were held here

(This photograph was made before a drug store was built in front of the house, and shows an old "town pump")

deer, elk and bear skins are annually sent to England. We have much Shipping here and freights are low."

To Virginia the clumsy, little sloops and ketches of Philip English carried "Molasses, Rum, Salt, Cider, Mackerel, Wooden Bowls, Platters, Pails, Kegs, Muscavado Sugar, and Codfish and brought back to Salem Wheat, Pork, Tobacco, Furs, Hides, old Pewter, Old Iron, Brass, Copper, Indian Corn and English Goods." The craft which crossed the Atlantic and made the West Indies in safety to pile up wealth for Philip English were no larger than those sloops and schooners which ply up and down the Hudson River to-day. Their masters made their way without sextant or "Practical Navigator," and as an old writer has described in a somewhat exaggerated vein:

"Their skippers kept their reckoning with chalk on a shingle, which they stowed away in the binnacle; and by way of observation they held up a hand to the sun. When they got him over four fingers they knew they were straight for Hole-in-the-Wall; three fingers gave them their course to the Double-headed Shop Key and two carried them down to Barbados."

The witchcraft frenzy invaded even the stately home of Philip English, the greatest shipowner of early Salem. His wife, a proud and aristocratic lady, was "cried against," examined and committed to prison in Salem. It is said that she was considered haughty and overbearing in her manner toward the poor, and that her husband's staunch adherence to the Church of England had something to do with her plight. At any rate, Mary English was arrested in her bedchamber and refused to rise, wherefore "guards were placed around the house and in the morning she attended the devotions of her family, kissed her children with great composure, proposed her plan for their education, took leave of them and then told the officer she was ready to die." Alas, poor woman, she had reason to be "persuaded that accusation was equal to condemnation." She lay

in prison six weeks where "her firmness was memorable. But being visited by a fond husband, her husband was also accused and confined in prison." The intercession of friends and the plea that the prison was overcrowded caused their removal to Arnold's jail in Boston until the time of trial. It brings to mind certain episodes of the French Reign of Terror to learn that they were taken to Boston on the same day with Giles Corey, George Jacobs, Alice Parker, Ann Pudeator, and Bridget Bishop, all of whom perished except Philip and Mary English. Both would have been executed had they not escaped death by flight from the Boston jail and seeking refuge in New York.

In his diary, under date of May 21, 1793, Rev. William Bentley, of Salem, pastor of the East Church from 1783 to 1819, wrote of the witchcraft persecution of this notable shipping merchant and his wife:

"May 21st, 1793. Substance of Madam Susannah Harthorne's account of her grandfather English, etc. Mr. English was a Jerseyman, came young to America and lived with Mr. W. Hollingsworth, whose only child he married. He owned above twenty sail of vessels. His wife had the best education of her times. Wrote with great ease, and has left a specimen of her needlework in her infancy or youth. She had already owned her Covenant and was baptised with her children and now intended to be received at the Communion on the next Lord's Day. On Saturday night she was cried out upon. The Officers, High Sheriff, and Deputy with attendants came at eleven at night. When the servant came up Mr. English imagined it was upon business, not having had the least notice of the suspicions respecting his wife. They were to bed together in the western chamber of their new house raised in 1690, and had a large family of servants.

"The Officers came in soon after the servant who so alarmed Mr. English that with difficulty he found his cloathes which

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he could not put on without help. The Officers came into the chamber, following the servant, and opening the curtains read the *Mittimus*. She was then ordered to rise but absolutely refused. Her husband continued walking the chamber all night, but the Officers contented themselves with a guard upon the House till morning. In the morning they required of her to rise, but she refused to rise before her usual hour. After breakfast with her husband and children, and seeing all the servants, of whom there were twenty in the House, she concluded to go with the officers and she was conducted to the Cat and Wheel, a public house east of the present Centre Meeting House on the opposite side of the way. Six weeks she was confined in the front chamber, in which she received the visits of her husband three times a day and as the floor was single she kept a journal of the examinations held below which she constantly sent to Boston.

“After six weeks her husband was accused, and their friends obtained that they should be sent on to Boston till their Trial should come on. In Arnold’s custody they had bail and liberty of the town, only lodging in the Gaol. The Rev. Moody and Williard of Boston visited them and invited them to the public worship on the day before they were to return to Salem for Trial. Their text was that they that are persecuted in one city, let them flee to another. After Meeting the Ministers visited them at the Gaol, and asked them whether they took notice of the discourse, and told them their danger and urged them to escape since so many had suffered. Mr. English replied, ‘God will not permit them to touch me.’ Mrs. English said: ‘Do you not think the sufferers innocent?’ He (Moody) said ‘Yes.’ She then added, ‘Why may we not suffer also?’ The Ministers then told him if he would not carry his wife away they would.

“The gentlemen of the town took care to provide at midnight

The Ships and Sailors of Old Salem

a conveyance, encouraged by the Governor, Gaoler, etc., and Mr. and Mrs. English with their eldest child and daughter, were conveyed away, and the Governor gave letters to Governor Fletcher of New York who came out and received them, accompanied by twenty private gentlemen, and carried them to his house.

"They remained twelve months in the city. While there they heard of the wants of the poor in Salem and sent a vessel of corn for their relief, a bushel for each child. Great advantages were proposed to detain them at New York, but the attachment of the wife to Salem was not lost by all her sufferings, and she urged a return. They were received with joy upon their return and the Town had a thanksgiving on the occasion. Noyes, the prosecutor, dined with him on that day in his own house."

That a man of such solid station should have so narrowly escaped death in the witchcraft fury indicates that no class was spared. While his sturdy seamen were fiddling and drinking in the taverns of the Salem water-front, or making sail to the roaring chorus of old-time chanties, their employer, a prince of commerce for his time, was dreading a miserable death for himself and that high-spirited dame, his wife, on Gallows Hill, at the hands of the stern-faced young sheriff of Salem.

Philip English returned to Salem after the frenzy had passed and rounded out a shipping career of fifty years, living until 1736. His instructions to one of his captains may help to picture the American commerce of two centuries ago. In 1722 he wrote to "Mr. John Tauzel":

"Sir, you being appointed Master of my sloop *Sarah*, now Riding in ye Harbor of Salem, and Ready to Saile, my Order is to you that you take ye first opportunity of wind and Weather to Saile and make ye best of yr. way for Barbadoes or Leew'd

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Island, and there Enter and Clear yr vessel and Deliver yr Cargo according to Orders and Bill of Lading and Make Saile of my twelve Hogsh'd of fish to my best advantage, and make Returne in yr Vessel or any other for Salem in such Goods as you shall see best, and if you see Cause to take a freight to any port or hire her I lieve it with your Best Conduct, Managem't or Care for my best advantage. So please God to give you a prosperous voyage, I remain yr Friend and Owner.

“PHILIP ENGLISH.”

England had become already jealous of the flourishing maritime commerce of the Colonies and was devising one restrictive Act of Parliament after another to hamper what was viewed as a dangerous rivalry. In 1668, Sir Joshua Child, once chairman of the East India Company, delivered himself of this choleric and short-sighted opinion:

“Of all the American plantations His Majesty has none so apt for the building of ships as New England, nor none comparably so qualified for the breeding of seamen, not only by reason of the natural industry of the people, but principally by reason of their cod and mackerel fisheries, and in my opinion there is nothing more prejudicial and in prospect more dangerous to any mother kingdom than the increase of shipping in her colonies, plantations or provinces.”

This selfish view-point sought not only to prevent American shipowners from conducting a direct trade with Europe but tried also to cripple the prosperous commerce between the Colonies and the West Indies. The narrow-minded politicians who sacrificed both the Colonies and the Mother country could not kill American shipping even by the most ingenious restrictive acts, and the hardy merchants of New England violated or evaded these unjust edicts after the manner indicated in the following letter of instructions given to Captain Richard

Derby of Salem, for a voyage to the West Indies as master and part owner of the schooner *Volante* in 1741:

"If you should go among the French endeavour to get salt at St. Martins, but if you should fall so low as Statia, and any Frenchman should make you a good Offer with good security, or by making your Vessel a Dutch bottom, or by any other means practicable in order to your getting among ye Frenchmen, embrace it. Among whom if you should ever arrive, be sure to give strict orders amongst your men not to sell the least trifle unto them on any terms, lest they should make your Vessel liable to a seizure. Also secure a permit so as for you to trade there next voyage, which you may undoubtedly do through your factor or by a *little greasing* some others. Also make a proper Protest at any port you stop at."

This means that if needs be, Captain Derby is to procure a Dutch registry and make the *Volante* a Dutch vessel for the time being, and thus not subject to the British Navigation Acts. It was easy to buy such registries for temporary use and to masquerade under English, French, Spanish or Dutch colors, if a "little greasing" was applied to the customs officers in the West Indies.

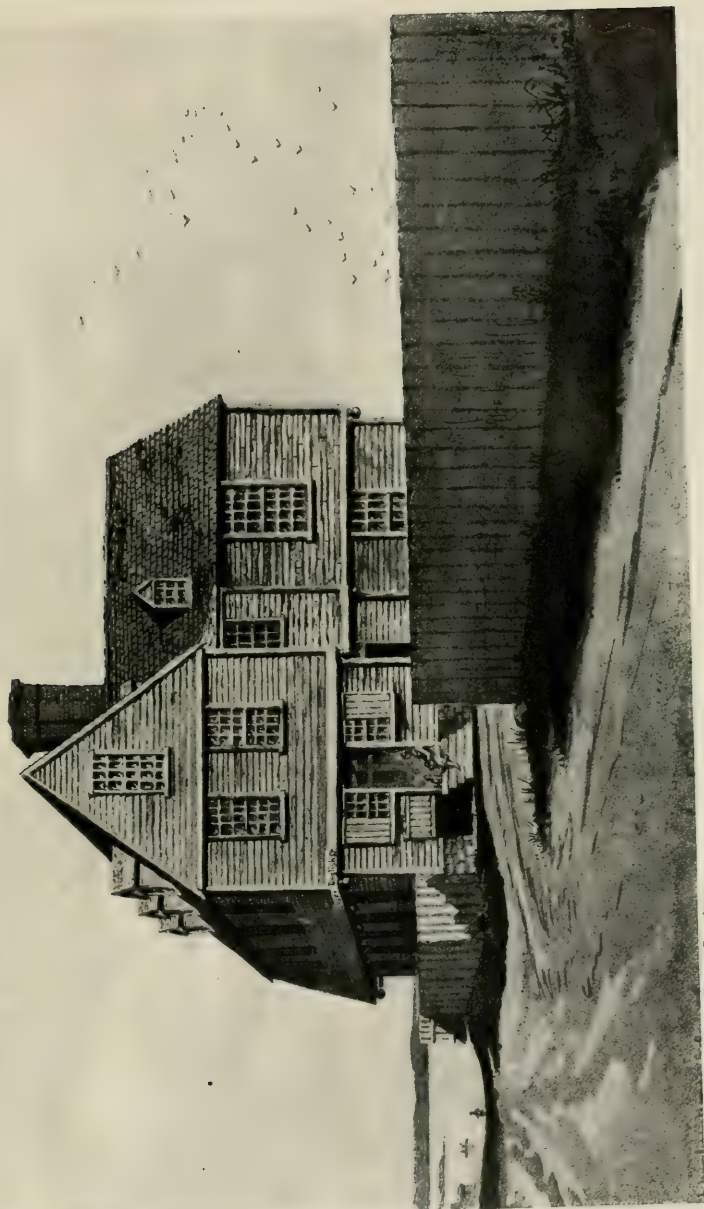
On the margin of Captain Derby's sailing orders is scrawled the following memorandum:

"Capt. Derby: If you trade at Barbadoes buy me a negroe boy about siventeen years old, which if you do, advise Mr. Clarke of yt so he may not send one.

(Signed)

BENJ. GERRISH, JR."

Such voyages as these were risky ventures for the eighteenth century insurance companies, whose courage is to be admired for daring to underwrite these vessels at all. For a voyage of the *Lydia* from Salem to Madeira in 1761, the premium rate was 11 per cent., and in the following year 14 per cent. was



By permission of the Essex Institute

The Philip English "Great House," built in 1685 and torn down in 1833. The home of the first great shipping merchant of the colonies

demanding for a voyage to Jamaica. The *Three Sisters*, bound to Santo Domingo, was compelled to pay 23 per cent. premium, and 14 per cent. for the return voyage. The lowest rate recorded for this era was 8 per cent. on the schooner *Friendship* of Salem to Quebec in 1760. For a Madeira voyage from Salem to-day the insurance rate would be $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. as compared with 11 per cent. then; to Jamaica $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. instead of 14 per cent. in the days when the underwriters had to risk confiscation, violation of the British Navigation Acts, and capture by privateers, or pirates, in addition to the usual dangers of the deep.

Among the biographical sketches in the records of the Salem Marine Society is that of Captain Michael Driver. It is a concise yet crowded narrative and may serve to show why insurance rates were high. "In the year 1759, he commanded the schooner *Three Brothers*, bound to the West Indies," runs the account. "He was taken by a privateer under English colors, called the *King of Russia*, commanded by Captain James Incicto, of nine guns, and sent into Antigua. Her cargo was value at £550. Finding no redress he came home. He sailed again in the schooner *Betsey* for Guadaloupe; while on his passage was taken by a French frigate and sent into above port. He ransomed the vessel for four thousand livres and left three hostages and sailed for home November, 1761, and took command of schooner *Mary*, under a flag of truce, to go and pay the ransom and bring home the hostages.

"He was again captured, contrary to the laws of nations, by the English privateer *Revenge*, James McDonald, master, sent to New Providence, Bahama. He made protest before the authorities and was set at liberty with vessel and cargo. He pursued his voyage to Cape Francois, redeemed the hostages, and Sept. 6, 1762, was ready to return, but Monsieur Blanch, commanding a French frigate, seized the vessel, took out

hostages and crew and put them on board the frigate bound to St. Jago, Cuba. He was detained till December, and vessel returned. Worn out and foodless he was obliged to go to Jamaica for repairs. On his arrival home his case was represented to the Colonial Government and transmitted to Governor Shirley at New Providence, but no redress was made."

Many of these small vessels with crews of four to six men were lost by shipwreck and now and then one can read between the lines of some scanty chronicle of disaster astonishing romances of maritime suffering and adventure. For example in 1677, "a vessel arrived at Salem which took Captain Ephriam How of New Haven, the survivor of his crew, from a desolate island where *eight months* he suffered exceedingly from cold and hunger."

In the seventeenth century Cape Cod was as remote as and even more inaccessible than Europe. A bark of thirty tons burden, Anthony Dike master, was wrecked near the end of the Cape and three of the crew were frozen to death. The two survivors "got some fire and lived there by such food as they had saved for *seven weeks* until an Indian found them. Dike was of the number who perished."

Robinson Crusoe could have mastered difficulties no more courageously than the seamen of the ketch *Providence*, wrecked on a voyage to the West Indies. "Six of her crew were drowned, but the Master, mate and a sailor, who was badly wounded, reached an island half a mile off where they found another of the company. They remained there eight days, living on salt fish and cakes made from a barrel of flour washed ashore. They found a piece of touch wood after four days which the mate had in his chest and a piece of flint with which, having a small knife they struck a fire. They framed a boat with a tarred mainsail and some hoops and then fastened pieces of board to them. With a boat so constructed they sailed ten

Philip English and His Era

leagues to Anquilla and St. Martins where they were kindly received."

There was also Captain Jones of the brig *Adventure* which foundered at sea while coming home from Trinidad. All hands were lost except the skipper, who got astride a wooden or "Quaker" gun which had broken adrift from the harmless battery with which he had hoped to intimidate pirates. "He fought off the sharks with his feet" and clung to his buoyant ordnance until he was picked up and carried into Havana.

In 1759 young Samuel Gardner of Salem, just graduated from Harvard College, made a voyage to Gibraltar with Captain Richard Derby. The lad's diary* contains some interesting references to the warlike hazards of a routine trading voyage, besides revealing, in an attractive way, the ingenuous nature of this nineteen-year-old youngster of the eighteenth century. His daily entries read in part:

1759. Oct. 19—Sailed from Salem. Very sick.

20—I prodigious sick, no comfort at all.

21—I remain very sick, the first Sabbath I have spent from Church this long time. Little Sleep this Night.

24—A little better contented, but a Sailor's life is a poor life.

31—Fair pleasant weather, if it was always so, a sea life would be tolerable.

. . . Nov. 11—This makes the fourth Sunday I have been out. Read Dr. Beveridge's "Serious Thoughts."

12—Saw a sail standing to S.W. I am quartered at the aftermost gun and its opposite with Captain Clifford. We fired a shot at her and she hoisted Dutch colors.

13—I have entertained myself with a Romance, viz., "The History of the Parish Girl."

14—Quite pleasant. Here we may behold the Works of God in the Mighty Deep. Happy he who beholds aright.

* Historical Collections of the Essex Institute.

15—Between 2 and 3 this morning we saw two sail which chased us, the ship fired 3 shots at us which we returned. They came up with us by reason of a breeze which she took before we did. She proved to be the ship *Cornwall* from Bristol.

21—Bishop Beveridge employed my time.

23—We now begin to approach to land. May we have a good sight of it. At eight o'clock two Teriffa (Barbary) boats came out after us, they fired at us which we returned as merrily. They were glad to get away as well as they could. We stood after one, but it is almost impossible to come up with the piratical dogs.

28—Gibraltar—Went on shore. Saw the soldiers in the Garrison exercise. They had a cruel fellow for an officer for he whipt them barbarously. . . . After dinner we went out and saw the poor soldiers lickt again.

. . . Dec. 10—Benj. Moses, a Jew, was on board. I had some discourse with him about his religion . . . Poor creature, he errs greatly. I endeavored to set him right, but he said for a conclusion that his Father and Grandfather were Jews and if they were gone to Hell he would go there, too, by choice, which I exposed as a great piece of Folly and Stupidity. In the morning we heard a firing and looked out in the Gut and there was a snow attacked by 3 of the piratical Tereffa boats. Two cutters in the Government service soon got under sail, 3 men-of-war that lay in the Roads manned their barges and sent them out as did a Privateer. We could now perceive her (the snow) to have struck, but they soon retook her. She had only four swivels and 6 or 8 men . . . They got some prisoners (of the pirates) but how many I cannot learn, which it is to be hoped will meet with their just reward which I think would be nothing short of hanging. . . . Just at dusk came on board of us two Gentlemen, one of which is an Officer on board a man-of-war, the other belongs to the *Granada* in

the King's Service. The former (our people say) was in the skirmish in some of the barges. He could have given us a relation of it, but we, not knowing of it, prevented what would have been very agreeable to me. . . . It is now between 9 and 10 o'clock at night which is the latest I have set up since I left Salem."

This Samuel Gardner was a typical Salem boy of his time, well brought up, sent to college, and eager to go to sea and experience adventures such as his elders had described. Of a kindred spirit in the very human quality of the documents he left for us was Francis Boardman, a seaman, who rose to a considerable position as a Salem merchant. His ancient log books contain between their battered and discolored canvas covers the records of his voyages between 1767 and 1774. Among the earliest are the logs of the ship *Vaughan* in which Francis Boardman sailed as mate. He kept the log and having a bent for scribbling on whatever blank paper his quill could find, he filled the fly-leaves of these sea journals with more interesting material than the routine entries of wind, weather and ship's daily business. Scrawled on one ragged leaf in what appears to be the preliminary draft of a letter:

"Dear Polly—thes lines comes with My Love to you. Hoping thes will find you in as good Health as they Leave me at this Time, Blessed be God for so Great a Massey (mercy)."

Young Francis Boardman was equipped with epistolary ammunition for all weathers and conditions, it would seem, for in another log of a hundred and fifty years ago, he carefully wrote on a leaf opposite his personal expense account:

"Madam:

"Your Late Behaviour towards me, you are sensible cannot have escaped my Ear. I must own you was once the person of whom I could Not have formed such an Opinion. For my part, at present I freely forgive you and only blame myself for

putting so much confidence in a person so undeserving. I have now conquered my pashun so much (though I must confess at first it was with great difficulty), that I never think of you, nor I believe never shall without despising the Name of a person who dared to use me in so ungrateful a manner. I shall now conclude myself, though badley used, not your Enemy."

It may be fairly suspected that Francis Boardman owned a copy of some early "Complete Letter Writer," for on another page he begins but does not finish. "A Letter from One Sister to Another to Enquire of Health." Also he takes pains several times to draft these dutiful but far from newsy lines:

"Honored Father and Mother—Thes lines comes with my Deuty to you. Hoping They will find you in as good Health as they Leave me at this Time. Blessed be God for so Great a Massey—Honored Father and Mother."

In a log labeled "From London Toward Cadiz, Spain, in the good ship *Vaughan*, Benj. Davis, Master, 1767," Francis Boardman became mightily busy with his quill and the season being spring, he began to scrawl poetry between the leaves which were covered with such dry entries as "Modt. Gales and fair weather. Set the jibb. Bent topmast stay sail." One of these pages of verse begins in this fashion:

"One Morning, one Morning in May,
The fields were adorning with Costlay Array.
I Chanced for To hear as I walked By a Grove
A Shepyard Laymenting for the Loss of his Love."

But the most moving and ambitious relic of the poetic taste of this long vanished Yankee seaman is a ballad preserved in the same log of the *Vaughan*. Its spelling is as filled with fresh surprises as its sentiment is profoundly tragic. It runs as follows:

- 1 "In Gosport* of Late there a Damsil Did Dwell,
for Wit and for Beuty Did she maney Exsel.

* Gosport Navy Yard, England.

Philip English and His Era

- 2 A Young man he Corted hir to be his Dear
And By his Trade was a Ship Carpentir.
3 he ses "My Dear Molly if you will agreea
And Will then Conscent for to Marey me
4 Your Love it will Eas me of Sorro and Care
If you will But Marey a ship Carpentir."
5 With blushes mor Charming then Roses in June,
She ans'red (") Sweet William for to Wed I am to young.
6 Young Men thay are fickle and so Very Vain,
If a Maid she is Kind thay will quickly Disdane.
7 the Most Beutyfullst Woman that ever was Born,
When a man has insnared hir, hir Beuty he scorns. (")
8 (He) (") O, My Dear Molly, what Makes you Say so?
Thi Beuty is the Haven to wich I will go.
9 If you Will consent for the Church for to Stear
there I will Cast anchor and stay with my Dear.
10 I ne're Shall be Cloyedd with the Charms of thy Love,
this Love is as True as the tru Turtle Dove.
11 All that I do Crave is to marey my Dear
And arter we are married no Dangers we will fear. (")
12 (She) "The Life of a Virgen, Sweet William, I Prize
for marrying Brings Trouble and sorro Like-wise. (")
13 But all was in Vane tho His Sute she did Denie,
yet he did Purswade hir for Love to Comeply.
14 And by his Cunneng hir Hart Did Betray
and with Too lude Desire he led hir Astray.
15 This Past on a while and at Length you will hear,
the King wanted Sailors and to Sea he must Stear.
16 This Greved the fare Damsil allmost to the Hart
To think of Hir True Love so soon she must Part.
17 She ses (") my Dear Will as you go to sea
Remember the Vows that you made unto me. (")
18 With the Kindest Expresens he to hir Did Say
(") I will marey my Molly air I go away.
19 That means tomorrow to me you will Come.
then we will be married and our Love Carried on. (")
20 With the Kindest Embraces they Parted that Nite
She went for to meet him next Morning by Lite.
21 he ses (") my Dear Charmer, you must go with me
Before we are married a friend for to see. (")
22 he Led hir thru Groves and Valleys so deep
That this fare Damsil Began for to Weep.

- 23 She ses (") My Dear William, you Lead me Astray
on Purpos my innocent Life to be BeTray. (")
24 (He) (") Those are true Words and none can you save, (")
for all this hole Nite I have Been digging your grave."
25 A Spade Standing By and a Grave thare she See,
(She) (") O, Must this Grave Be a Bride Bed to Me? (")

In 1774 we find Francis Boardman as captain of the sloop *Adventure*, evidently making his first voyage as master. He was bound for the West Indies, and while off the port of St. Pierre in Martinique he penned these gloomy remarks in his log:

"This Morning I Drempt that 2 of my upper teeth and one Lower Dropt out and another Next the Lower one wore away as thin as a wafer and Sundry other fritful Dreams. What will be the Event of it I can't tell."

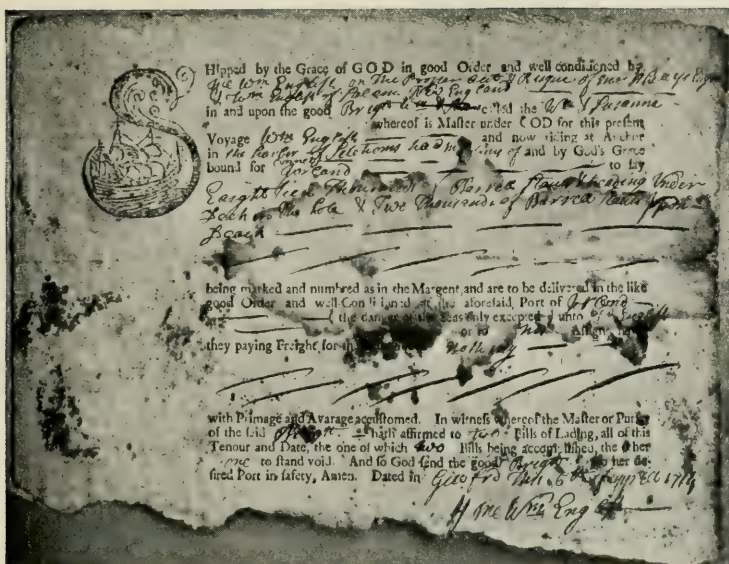
Other superstitions seem to have vexed his mind, for in the same log he wrote as follows:

"this Blot I found the 17th. I can't tell but Something Very bad is going to Hapen to me this Voyage. I am afeard but God onley Noes What may hapen on board the Sloop *Adventure*—the first Voyage of being Master."

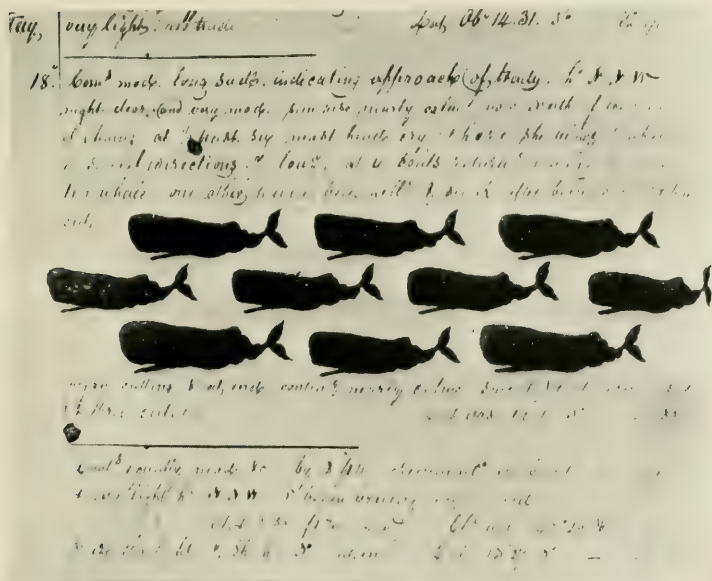
Sailing "From Guardalopa Toward Boston," Captain Francis Boardman made this final entry in his log:

"The End of this Voyage for wich I am Very thankfull on Acct. of a Grate Deal of Truble by a bad mate. his name is William Robson of Salem. he was Drunk most Part of the Voyage."

While Francis Boardman and his fellow seamen were making these perilous voyages to the West Indies and across the Atlantic, the resentment of the Colonies toward their mother country was fast drawing near to open hostility. The American seamen hated England with far more reason than the landmen, whose grievance of "taxation without representation," was less disastrous in its results than the merciless jealousy which sought to confiscate every Yankee merchant vessel



A bill of lading of the time of Philip English, dated 1716



The log of a Salem whaler, showing how he recorded the number of whales he took

and ruin her owners by means of numberless tonnage, customs and neutrality regulations.

These laws were particularly exasperating because they struck at poor men who ran great hazards in their arduous calling. A whole neighborhood would combine to build a little vessel and to freight it for the sugar islands of the West Indies.

"Such a vessel fully laden would represent very little actual money but a great deal of hard toil and stern self-denial. The failure of the enterprise might mean penury, if not actual ruin for a whole community. There were the risks of the sea, the uncharted southern reefs, the fog, the hurricane, and worst of all the ferocious pirates who were the plague of the Spanish Main in the eighteenth century. The lucky vessel that escaped all these perils had still another deadly enemy in the cruiser or customs officer of the King, and many a weather-beaten craft returning deep-laden was seized in her home harbor and carried off before the eyes of her poor co-operative owners who could only stand by in helpless grief and fury at this wasting of their hard labor of the year."

The following story as printed in a Salem newspaper of September 13, 1768, not only shows the temper of the times but also serves to confirm the foregoing statements. It is probable that the luckless employé of His Majesty's customs in the port of Salem was tarred, feathered, and "run out of town" because the result of such tale-bearing as his might mean the confiscation of the vessel and her cargo. The punishment was therefore proportioned to the crime, and the open and clamorous defiance with which it was administered foreshadowed the outbreak of the Revolution eight years later. The account reads:

"One Row, a Custom House waiter (or boatman), on Wednesday last, by informing an officer of the customs that some measures were taken on board a vessel in this Harbour to elude

the payment of certain duties, engaged the attention of a number of the inhabitants who determined to distinguish him in a conspicuous manner for his conduct in this service. Between the hours of ten and eleven A. M., he was taken from one of the wharves and conducted to the Common where his head, body and limbs were covered with warm tar, and then a large quantity of feathers were applied to all parts, which, by closely adhering to the tar, exhibited an odd figure, the drollery of which can easily be imagined. The poor waiter was then exalted to a seat on the front of the cart and in this manner led into the Main Street, where a paper with the word, 'INFORMER' thereon, in large letters was affixed to his breast, and another paper with the same word to his back. The scene drew together, within a few minutes, several hundred people who proceeded with Huzzas and loud acclamations through the town, and when they arrived at the bounds of the compact part, they opened to the right and left. The waiter, the confused object of their ridicule, descended from his seat, walked through the crowd, and having received the strongest assurances that he should, the next time he came to this place, receive higher marks of distinction than those which were now conferred upon him, he went immediately out of town."

CHAPTER III

SOME EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY PIRATES

(1670-1725)

THE pirates of the Spanish Main and the southern coasts of this country have enjoyed almost a monopoly of popular interest in fact and fiction. As early as 1632, however, the New England coast was plagued by pirates and the doughty merchant seamen of Salem and other ports were sallying forth to fight them for a hundred years on end.

In 1670 the General Court published in Boston, "by beat of drum," a proclamation against a ship at the Isle of Shoals suspected of being a pirate, and three years later another official broadside was hurled against "piracy and mutiny." The report of an expedition sent out from Boston in 1689, in the sloop *Mary*, against notorious pirates named Thomas Hawkins and Thomas Pound, has all the dramatic elements and properties of a tale of pure adventure. It relates that "being off of Wood's Hole, we were informed there was a Pirate at Tarpolin Cove, and soon after we espyed a Sloop on head of us which we supposed to be the Sloop wherein sd. Pound and his Company were. We made what Sayle we could and soon came near up with her, spread our King's Jack and fired a shot athwart her forefoot, upon which a red flag was put out on the head of the sd. Sloop's mast. Our Capn. ordered another shot to be fired athwart her forefoot, but they not striking, we came up with them. Our Capn. commanded us to fire at them which we accordingly did and called to them to strike to the King of England.

“Pound, standing on the Quarter deck with his naked Sword flourishing in his hand, said; ‘Come on Board you Doggs, I will strike you presently,’ or words to that purpose, his men standing by him upon the deck with guns in their hands, and he taking up his Gun, they discharged a Volley at us and we at them again, and so continued firing one at the other for some space of time.

“In which engagement our Capn. Samuel Pease was wounded in the Arme, in the side and in the thigh; but at length bringing them under our power, wee made Sayle towards Roade Island and on Saturday the fifth of sd. October gut our wounded men on shore and procured Surgeons to dress them. Our said Captaine lost much blood by his wounds and was brought very low, but on friday after, being the eleventh day of the said October, being brought on board the vessell intending to come away to Boston, was taken with bleeding afresh, so that we were forced to carry him on Shore again to Road Island, and was followed with bleeding at his Wounds, and fell into fitts, but remained alive until Saturday morning the twelfth of Octbr. aforesaid when he departed this Life.”

This admirably brief narrative shows that Thomas Pounds, strutting his quarter deck under his red “fflagg” and flourishing his naked sword and crying “Come on, you doggs,” was a proper figure of a seventeenth century pirate, and that poor Captain Pease of the sloop *Mary* was a gallant seaman who won his victory after being wounded unto death. Pirates received short shift and this crew was probably hanged in Boston as were scores of their fellows in that era.

Puritan wives and sweethearts waited months and years for missing ships which never again dropped anchor in the land-locked harbor of Salem, and perhaps if any tidings ever came it was no more than this:

“May 21 (1697)—The ketch *Margaret* of Salem, Captain

Some Early Eighteenth Century Pirates

Peter Henderson was chased ashore near Funshal, Madeira, by pirates and lost. Of what became of the officers and crew the account says nothing."

In July of 1703, the brigantine *Charles*, Capt. Daniel Plowman, was fitted out at Boston as a privateer to cruise against the French and Spanish with whom Great Britain was at war. When the vessel had been a few days at sea, Captain Plowman was taken very ill. Thereupon the crew locked him in the cabin and left him to die while they conspired to run off with the brigantine and turn pirates. The luckless master conveniently died, his body was tossed overboard and one John Quelch assumed the command. The crew seem to have agreed that he was the man for their purpose and they unanimously invited him to "sail on a private cruise to the coast of Brazil." In those waters they plundered several Portuguese ships, and having collected sufficient booty or becoming homesick, they determined to seek their native land. With striking boldness Quelch navigated the brigantine back to Marblehead and primed his men with a story of the voyage which should cover up their career as pirates.

Suspicion was turned against them, however, the vessel was searched, and much plunder revealed. The pirates tried to escape along shore, but most of them, Quelch included, were captured at Gloucester, the Isle of Shoals, and Marblehead.

One of the old Salem records has preserved the following information concerning the fate of these rascals:

(1704)—"Major Stephen Sewall, Captain John Turner and 40 volunteers embark in a shallop and Fort Pinnace after Sun Set to go in Search of some Pirates who sailed from Gloucester in the morning. Major Sewall brought into Salem a Galley, Captain Thomas Lowrimore, on board of which he had captured some pirates and some of their Gold at the Isle of Shoals Major Sewall carries the Pirates to Boston under a strong

The Ships and Sailors of Old Salem

guard. Captain Quelch and five of his crew are hung. About 13 of the ship's company remain under sentence of death and several more are cleared."

Tradition records that a Salem poet of that time was moved to write of the foregoing episode:

"Ye pirates who against God's laws did fight,
Have all been taken which is very right.
Some of them were old and others young
And on the flats of Boston they were hung."

There is a vivacious and entertaining flavor in the following chronicle and comment:

"May 1, 1718, several of the ship *Hopewell's* crew can testify that near Hispaniola they met with pirates who robbed and abused their crew and compelled their mate, James Logun of Charlestown to go with them, as they had no artist; having lost several of their company in an engagement. As to what sort of an artist these gentlemen rovers were deficient in, whether dancing, swimming or writing master, or a master of the mechanical arts, we have no authority for stating."

The official account of the foregoing misfortune is to be found among the notarial records of Essex county and reads as follows:

"Depositions of Richard Manning, John Crowell, and Aaron Crowell, all of Salem, and belonging to the crew of Captain Thomas Ellis, commander of the ship *Hopewell*, bound from Island of Barbadoes to Saltatuda. Missing of that Island and falling to Leeward we shaped our course for some of the Bahama Islands in hopes to get salt there, but nigh ye Island of Hispaniola we unhappily met with a pirate, being a sloop of between thirty and forty men, one Capt. Charles, commander, his surname we could not learn. They took us, boarded us and abused several of us shamefully, and took what small matters we had,

Some Early Eighteenth Century Pirates

even our very cloathes and particularly beat and abused our Mate, whose name was James Logun of Charlestowne, and him they forcibly carried away with them and threatened his life if he would not go, which they were ye more in earnest for insomuch as they had no artist on board, as we understood, having a little before that time had an Engagem't. with a ship of force which had killed several of them as we were Informed by some of them. Ye said James Logun was very unwilling to go with them and informed some of us that he knew not whether he had best to dye or go with them, these Deponents knowing of him to be an Ingenious sober man. To ye truth of all we have hereunto sett our hand having fresh Remembrance thereof, being but ye fifth day of March last past, when we were taken.
Salem, May 1, 1718."

In the following year Captain John Shattuck entered his protest at Salem against capture by pirates. He sailed from Jamaica for New England and in sight of Long Island (West Indies) was captured by a "Pyrat" of 12 guns and 120 men, under the command of Captain Charles Vain, who took him to Crooked Island (Bahamas), plundered him of various articles, stripped the brig, abused some of his men and finally let him go. "Coming, however, on a winter coast, his vessel stripped of needed sails, he was blown off to the West Indies and did not arrive in Salem until the next spring."

In 1724 two notorious sea rogues, Nutt and Phillip, were cruising off Cape Ann, their topsails in sight of Salem harbor mouth. They took a sloop commanded by one Andrew Harradine of Salem and thereby caught a Tartar. Harradine and his crew rose upon their captors, killed both Nutt and Phillip and their officers, put the pirate crew under hatches, and sailed the vessel to Boston where the pirates were turned over to the authorities to be fitted with hempen kerchiefs.

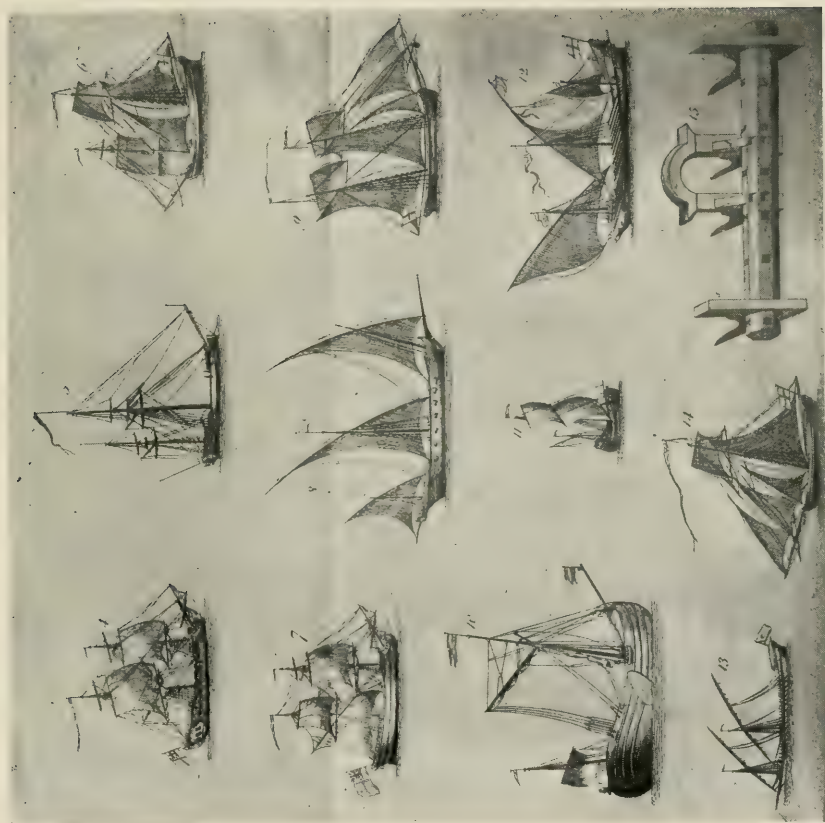
The Ships and Sailors of Old Salem

On the first of May, 1725, a Salem brigantine commanded by Captain Dove sailed into her home harbor having on board one Philip Ashton, a lad from Marblehead who had been given up as dead for almost three years. He had been captured by pirates, and after escaping from them lived alone for a year and more on a desert island off the coast of Honduras. Philip Ashton wrote a journal of his adventures which was first published many years ago. His story is perhaps the most entertaining narrative of eighteenth century piracy that has come down to present times. Little is known of the career of this lad of Marblehead before or after his adventures and misfortunes in the company of pirates. It is recorded that when he hurried to his home from the ship which had fetched him into Salem harbor there was great rejoicing. On the following Sunday Rev. John Barnard preached a sermon concerning the miraculous escape of Philip Ashton. His text was taken from the third chapter of Daniel, seventeenth verse: "If it be so our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and He will deliver us out of thy hands, O King."

It is also known that at about the same time that Philip Ashton was captured by pirates his cousin, Nicholas Merritt, met with a like misfortune at sea. He made his escape after several months of captivity and returned to his home a year later when there was another thanksgiving for a wanderer returned.

What the early shipmasters of Salem and nearby ports had to fear in the eighteenth century may be more clearly comprehended if a part of the journal of Philip Ashton is presented as he is said to have written it upon his return home. It begins as follows:

"On Friday, the 15th of June, 1722, after being out some time in a schooner with four men and a boy, off Cape Sable, I stood in for Port Rossaway, designing to lie there all Sunday. Having



A page from Falconer's Marine Dictionary (18th Century)

Figure 4: a snow, (5) a ketch, (6) a brig or brigantine, (7) a bilander, (8) a xebec, (9) a schooner, (10) a galliot, (11) a dogger, (12 and 13) two galleys, one under sail, the other rowing, (14) a sloop

arrived about four in the afternoon, we saw, among other vessels which had reached the port before us, a brigantine supposed to be inward bound from the West Indies. After remaining three or four hours at anchor, a boat from the brigantine came alongside, with four hands, who leapt on deck, and suddenly drawing out pistols, and brandishing cutlasses, demanded the surrender both of ourselves and our vessel. All remonstrance was vain; nor indeed, had we known who they were before boarding us could we have made any effectual resistance, being only five men and a boy, and were thus under the necessity of submitting at discretion. We were not single in misfortune, as thirteen or fourteen fishing vessels were in like manner surprised the same evening.

“When carried on board the brigantine, I found myself in the hands of Ned Low, an infamous pirate, whose vessel had two great guns, four swivels, and about forty-two men. I was strongly urged to sign the articles of agreement among the pirates and to join their number, which I steadily refused and suffered much bad usage in consequence. At length being conducted, along with five of the prisoners, to the quarterdeck, Low came up to us with pistols in his hand, and loudly demanded: ‘Are any of you married men?’

“This unexpected question, added to the sight of the pistols, struck us all speechless; we were alarmed lest there was some secret meaning in his words, and that he would proceed to extremities, therefore none could reply. In a violent passion he cocked a pistol, and clapping it to my head, cried out: ‘You dog, why don’t you answer?’ swearing vehemently at the same time that he would shoot me through the head. I was sufficiently terrified by his threats and fierceness, but rather than lose my life in so trifling a matter, I ventured to pronounce, as loud as I durst speak, that I was not married. Hereupon he seemed to be somewhat pacified, and turned away.

“It appeared that Low was resolved to take no married men whatever, which often seemed surprising to me until I had been a considerable time with him. But his own wife had died lately before he became a pirate; and he had a young child at Boston, for whom he entertained such tenderness, on every lucid interval from drinking and revelling, that on mentioning it, I have seen him sit down and weep plentifully. Thus I concluded that his reason for taking only single men, was probably that they might have no ties, such as wives and children, to divert them from his service, and render them desirous of returning home.

“The pirates finding force of no avail in compelling us to join them, began to use persuasion instead of it. They tried to flatter me into compliance, by setting before me the share I should have in their spoils, and the riches which I should become master of; and all the time eagerly importuned me to drink along with them. But I still continued to resist their proposals, whereupon Low, with equal fury as before, threatened to shoot me through the head, and though I earnestly entreated my release, he and his people wrote my name, and that of my companions, in their books.

“On the 19th of June, the pirates changed the privateer, as they called their vessel, and went into a new schooner belonging to Marblehead, which they had captured. They then put all the prisoners whom they designed sending home on board of the brigantine, and sent her to Boston, which induced me to make another unsuccessful attempt for liberty; but though I fell on my knees to Low, he refused to let me go; thus I saw the brigantine depart, with the whole captives, excepting myself and seven more.

“A very short time before she departed, I had nearly effected my escape; for a dog belonging to Low being accidentally left on shore, he ordered some hands into a boat to bring it off.

Thereupon two young men, captives, both belonging to Marblehead, readily leapt into the boat, and I considering that if I could once get on shore, means might be found of effecting my escape, endeavored to go along with them. But the quartermaster, called Russell, catching hold of my shoulder, drew me back. As the young men did not return he thought I was privy to their plot, and, with the most outrageous oaths, snapped his pistol, on my denying all knowledge of it. The pistol missing fire, however, only served to enrage him the more; he snapped it three times again, and as often it missed fire; on which he held it overboard, and then it went off. Russell on this drew his cutlass, and was about to attack me in the utmost fury, when I leapt down into the hold and saved myself.

“Off St. Michael’s the pirates took a large Portuguese pink, laden with wheat, coming out of the road; and being a good sailor, and carrying fourteen guns, transferred their company into her. It afterwards became necessary to careen her, whence they made three islands called Triangles lying about forty leagues to the eastward of Surinam.

“In heaving down the pink, Low had ordered so many men to the shrouds and yards that the ports, by her heeling, got under water, and the sea rushing in, she overset; he and the doctor were then in the cabin, and as soon as he observed the water gushing in, he leaped out of the stern port while the doctor attempted to follow him. But the violence of the sea repulsed the latter, and he was forced back into the cabin. Low, however, contrived to thrust his arm into the port, and dragging him out, saved his life. Meanwhile, the vessel completely overset. Her keel turned out of the water; but as the hull filled she sunk in the depth of about six fathoms.

“The yardarms striking the ground, forced the masts somewhat above the water; as the ship overset, the people, got from the shrouds and yards, upon the hull, and as the hull went

down, they again resorted to the rigging, rising a little out of the sea.

“Being an indifferent swimmer, I was reduced to great extremity; for along with other light lads, I had been sent up to the main-top-gallant yard; and the people of a boat who were now occupied in preserving the men refusing to take me in, I was compelled to attempt reaching the buoy. This I luckily accomplished, and as it was large secured myself there until the boat approached. I once more requested the people to take me in, but they still refused, as the boat was full. I was uncertain whether they designed leaving me to perish in this situation; however, the boat being deeply laden made way very slowly, and one of my comrades, captured at the same time with myself, calling to me to forsake the buoy and swim toward her, I assented, and reaching the boat, he drew me on board. Two men, John Bell, and Zana Gourdon, were lost in the pink.

“Though the schooner in company was very near at hand, her people were employed mending their sails under an awning and knew nothing of the accident until the boat full of men got alongside.

“The pirates having thus lost their principal vessel, and the greatest part of their provisions and water, were reduced to great extremities for want of the latter. They were unable to get a supply at the Triangles, nor on account of calms and currents, could they make the island of Tobago. Thus they were forced to stand for Grenada, which they reached after being on short allowance for sixteen days together.

“Grenada was a French settlement, and Low, on arriving, after having sent all his men below, except a sufficient number to maneuver the vessel, said he was from Barbadoes; that he had lost the water on board, and was obliged to put in here for a supply.

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“The people entertained no suspicion of his being a pirate, but afterward supposing him a smuggler, thought it a good opportunity to make a prize of his vessel. Next day, therefore, they equipped a large sloop of seventy tons and four guns with about thirty hands, as sufficient for the capture, and came alongside while Low was quite unsuspecting of their design. But this being evidently betrayed by their number and actions, he quickly called ninety men on deck, and, having eight guns mounted, the French sloop became an easy prey.

“Provided with these two vessels, the pirates cruised about in the West Indies, taking seven or eight prizes, and at length arrived at the island of Santa Cruz, where they captured two more. While lying there Low thought he stood in need of a medicine chest, and, in order to procure one sent four Frenchmen in a vessel he had taken to St. Thomas’s, about twelve leagues distant, with money to purchase it; promising them liberty, and the return of all their vessels for the service. But he declared at the same time if it proved otherwise, he would kill the rest of the men, and burn the vessels. In little more than twenty-four hours, the Frenchmen returned with the object of their mission, and Low punctually performed his promise by restoring the vessels.

“Having sailed for the Spanish-American settlements, the pirates descried two large ships about half way between Carthagena and Portobello, which proved to be the *Mermaid*, an English man-of-war, and a Guineaman. They approached in chase until discovering the man-of-war’s great range of teeth, when they immediately put about and made the best of their way off. The man-of-war then commenced the pursuit and gained upon them apace, and I confess that my terrors were now equal to any that I had previously suffered; for I concluded that we should certainly be taken, and that I should not less be hanged for company’s sake; so true are the words of

Solomon: 'A companion of fools shall be destroyed.' But the two pirate vessels finding themselves outsailed, separated, and Farrington Spriggs, who commanded the schooner in which I was stood in for the shore. The *Mermaid* observing the sloop with Low himself to be the larger of the two, crowded all sail, and continued gaining still more, indeed until her shot flew over; but one of the sloop's crew showed Low a shoal, which he could pass, and in the pursuit the man-of-war grounded. Thus the pirates escaped hanging on this occasion.

"Spriggs and one of his chosen companions dreading the consequences of being captured and brought to justice, laid their pistols beside them in the interval, and pledging a mutual oath in a bumper of liquor, swore if they saw no possibility of escape, to set foot to foot and blow out each other's brains. But standing toward the shore, they made Pickeroon Bay, and escaped the danger.

"Next we repaired to a small island called Utila, about seven or eight leagues to leeward of the island of Roatan, in the Bay of Honduras, where the bottom of the schooner was cleaned. There were now twenty-two persons on board, and eight of us engaged in a plot to overpower our masters, and make our escape. Spriggs proposed sailing for New England, in quest of provisions and to increase his company; and we intended on approaching the coast, when the rest had indulged freely in liquor and fallen sound asleep, to secure them under the hatches, and then deliver ourselves up to government.

"Although our plot was carried on with all possible privacy, Spriggs had somehow or other got intelligence of it; and having fallen in with Low on the voyage, went on board his ship to make a furious declaration against us. But Low made little account of his information, otherwise it might have been fatal to most of our number. Spriggs, however, returned raging to the schooner, exclaiming that four of us should go forward to

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be shot, and to me in particular he said: 'You dog Ashton, you deserve to be hanged up at the yardarm for designing to cut us off.' I replied that I had no intention of injuring any man on board; but I should be glad if they would allow me to go away quietly. At length this flame was quenched, and, through the goodness of God, I escaped destruction.

"Roatan harbor, as all about the Bay of Honduras, is full of small islands, which pass under the general name of Keys; and having got in here, Low, with some of his chief men, landed on a small island, which they called Port Royal Key. There they erected huts, and continued carousing, drinking, and firing, while the different vessels, of which they now had possession, were repairing.

"On Saturday, the 9th of March, 1723, the cooper, with six hands, in the long-boat, was going ashore for water; and coming alongside of the schooner, I requested to be of the party. Seeing him hesitate, I urged that I had never hitherto been ashore, and thought it hard to be so closely confined when every one besides had the liberty of landing as there was occasion. Low had before told me, on requesting to be sent away in some of the captured vessels which he dismissed that I should go home when he did, and swore that I should never previously set my foot on land. But now I considered if I could possibly once get on terra firma, though in ever such bad circumstances, I should account it a happy deliverance and resolved never to embark again.

"The cooper at length took me into the long-boat, while Low and his chief people were on a different island from Roatan, where the watering place lay; my only clothing was an Osna-burgh frock and trowsers, a milled cap, but neither shirt, shoes, stockings, nor anything else.

"When we first landed I was very active in assisting to get the casks out of the boat, and in rolling them to the watering place.

Then taking a hearty draught of water I strolled along the beach, picking up stones and shells; but on reaching the distance of a musket-shot from the party I began to withdraw toward the skirts of the woods. In answer to a question by the cooper of whither I was going I replied, 'for cocoanuts,' as some cocoa trees were just before me; and as soon as I was out of sight of my companions I took to my heels, running as fast as the thickness of the bushes and my naked feet would admit. Notwithstanding I had got a considerable way into the woods, I was still so near as to hear the voices of the party if they spoke loud, and I lay close in a thicket where I knew they could not find me.

"After my comrades had filled their casks and were about to depart, the cooper called on me to accompany them; however, I lay snug in the thicket, and gave him no answer, though his words were plain enough. At length, after hallooming loudly, I could hear them say to one another: 'The dog is lost in the woods, and cannot find the way out again'; then they hallooed once more, and cried 'He has run away and won't come to us'; and the cooper observed that had he known my intention he would not have brought me ashore. Satisfied of their inability to find me among the trees and bushes, the cooper at last, to show his kindness, exclaimed: 'If you do not come away presently, I shall go off and leave you alone.' Nothing, however, could induce me to discover myself; and my comrades seeing it vain to wait any longer, put off without me.

"Thus I was left on a desolate island, destitute of all help, and remote from the track of navigators; but compared with the state and society I had quitted, I considered the wilderness hospitable, and the solitude interesting.

"When I thought the whole was gone, I emerged from my thicket, and came down to a small run of water, about a mile from the place where our casks were filled, and there sat down

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to observe the proceedings of the pirates. To my great joy in five days their vessels sailed, and I saw the schooner part from them to shape a different course.

“I then began to reflect on myself and my present condition; I was on an island which I had no means of leaving; I knew of no human being within many miles; my clothing was scanty, and it was impossible to procure a supply. I was altogether destitute of provision, nor could tell how my life was to be supported. This melancholy prospect drew a copious flood of tears from my eyes; but as it had pleased God to grant my wishes in being liberated from those whose occupation was devising mischief against their neighbors, I resolved to account every hardship light. Yet Low would never suffer his men to work on the Sabbath, which was more devoted to play; and I have even seen some of them sit down to read in a good book.

“In order to ascertain how I was to live in time to come, I began to range over the island, which proved ten or eleven leagues long, and lay in about sixteen degrees north latitude. But I soon found that my only companions would be the beasts of the earth, and fowls of the air; for there were no indications of any habitations on the island, though every now and then I found some shreds of earthen ware scattered in a lime walk, said by some to be the remains of Indians formerly dwelling here.

“The island was well watered, full of high hills and deep valleys. Numerous fruit trees, such as figs, vines, and cocoa-nuts are found in the latter; and I found a kind larger than an orange, oval-shaped of a brownish color without, and red within. Though many of these had fallen under the trees, I could not venture to take them until I saw the wild hogs feeding with safety, and then I found them very delicious fruit.

“Stores of provisions abounded here, though I could avail myself of nothing but the fruit; for I had no knife or iron

implement, either to cut up a tortoise on turning it, or weapons wherewith to kill animals; nor had I any means of making a fire to cook my capture, even if I were successful.

“To this place then was I confined during nine months, without seeing a human being. One day after another was lingered out, I know not how, void of occupation or amusement, except collecting food, rambling from hill to hill, and from island to island, and gazing on sky and water. Although my mind was occupied by many regrets, I had the reflection that I was lawfully employed when taken, so that I had no hand in bringing misery on myself; I was also comforted to think that I had the approbation and consent of my parents in going to sea, and trusted that it would please God, in his own time and manner, to provide for my return to my father’s house. Therefore, I resolved to submit patiently to my misfortune.

“Sometime in November, 1723, I descried a small canoe approaching with a single man; but the sight excited little emotion. I kept my seat on the beach, thinking I could not expect a friend, and knowing that I had no enemy to fear, nor was I capable of resisting one. As the man approached, he betrayed many signs of surprise; he called me to him, and I told him he might safely venture ashore, for I was alone, and almost expiring. Coming close up, he knew not what to make of me; my garb and countenance seemed so singular, that he looked wild with astonishment. He started back a little, and surveyed me more thoroughly; but, recovering himself again, came forward, and, taking me by the hand, expressed his satisfaction at seeing me.

“This stranger proved to be a native of North Britain; he was well advanced in years, of a grave and venerable aspect, and of a reserved temper. His name I never knew, he did not disclose it, and I had not inquired during the period of our acquaintance. But he informed me he had lived twenty-two

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years with the Spaniards who now threatened to burn him, though I know not for what crime; therefore he had fled hither as a sanctuary, bringing his dog, gun, and ammunition, as also a small quantity of pork, along with him. He designed spending the remainder of his days on the island, where he could support himself by hunting.

“I experienced much kindness from the stranger; he was always ready to perform any civil offices, and assist me in whatever he could, though he spoke little; and he gave me a share of his pork.

“On the third day after his arrival, he said he would make an excursion in his canoe among the neighboring islands, for the purpose of killing wild hogs and deer, and wished me to accompany him. Though my spirits were somewhat recruited by his society, the benefit of the fire, which I now enjoyed, and dressed provisions, my weakness and the soreness of my feet, precluded me; therefore he set out alone, saying he would return in a few hours. The sky was serene, and there was no prospect of any danger during a short excursion, seeing he had come nearly twelve leagues in safety in his canoe. But, when he had been absent about an hour, a violent gust of wind and rain arose, in which he probably perished, as I never heard of him more.

“Thus, after having the pleasure of a companion almost three days, I was as unexpectedly reduced to my former lonely state, as I had been relieved from it. Yet through the goodness of God, I was myself preserved from having been unable to accompany him; and I was left in better circumstances than those in which he had found me, for now I had about five pounds of pork, a knife, a bottle of gunpowder, tobacco, tongs and flint, by which means my life could be rendered more comfortable. I was enabled to have fire, extremely requisite at this time, being the rainy months of winter. I could cut up

a tortoise, and have a delicate broiled meal. Thus, by the help of the fire, and dressed provisions, through the blessings of God, I began to receive strength, though the soreness of my feet remained. But I had, besides, the advantage of being able now and then to catch a dish of cray fish, which, when roasted, proved good eating. To accomplish this I made up a small bundle of old broken sticks, nearly resembling pitch-pine, or candle-wood, and having lighted one end, waded with it in my hand, up to the waist in water. The cray fish, attracted by the light, would crawl to my feet and lie directly under it, when, by means of a forked stick, I could toss them ashore.

“Between two and three months after the time of losing my companion, I found a small canoe, while ranging along the shore. The sight of it revived my regret for his loss, for I judged that it had been his canoe; and, from being washed up here, a certain proof of his having been lost in the tempest. But on examining it more closely, I satisfied myself that it was one which I had never seen before. . . . ”

Three months after he lost his companion Philip Ashton found a small canoe which had drifted on the island beach. In this fragile craft he made his way to another island where he found a company of buccaneers who chased him through the woods with a volley of musketry. Re-embarking in his canoe he headed for the western end of this island and later reached Roatan where he lived alone for seven months longer. Here he was discovered and hospitably cared for by a number of Englishmen who had fled from the Bay of Honduras in fear of an attack by Spaniards. These refugees had planted crop and were living in what seemed to Philip Ashton as rare comfort. “Yet after all,” he said of them, “they were bad society, and as to their common conversation there was but little difference between them and pirates.”

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At length this colony of outlaws was attacked and disbanded by a ship's company of pirates headed by Spriggs who had thrown off his allegiance to Low and set up in the business of piracy for himself with a ship of twenty-four guns and a sloop of twelve.

Ashton evaded their clutches and with one Symonds, who had also fled from the attack of Spriggs, made his way from one island to another until he was fortunate enough to find a fleet of English merchant vessels under convoy of the *Diamond* man-of-war bound for Jamaica. They touched at one of these islands near the Bay of Honduras to fill their water casks and it was there that Ashton found the Salem brigantine commanded by Captain Dove.

The journal says in conclusion: "Captain Dove not only treated me with great civility and engaged to give me a passage home but took me into pay, having lost a seaman whose place he wanted me to supply.

"We sailed along with the *Diamond*, which was bound for Jamaica, in the latter end of March, 1725, and kept company until the first of April. By the providence of Heaven we passed safely through the Gulf of Florida, and reached Salem Harbor on the first of May, two years, ten months and fifteen days after I was first taken by pirates; and two years, and two months, after making my escape from them on Roatan island. That same evening I went to my father's house, where I was received as one risen from the dead."

CHAPTER IV

THE PRIVATEERSMEN OF '76

PRIVATEERING has ceased to be a factor in civilized warfare. The swift commerce destroyer as an arm of the naval service has taken the place of the private armed ship which roamed the seas for its own profit as well for its country's cause. To-day the United States has a navy prepared both to defend its own merchant vessels, what few there are, and to menace the trade of a hostile nation on the high seas.

When the War of the Revolution began, however, Britannia ruled the seas, and the naval force of the Colonies was pitifully feeble. In 1776 there were only thirty-one Continental cruisers of all classes in commission and this list was steadily diminished by the ill-fortunes of war until in 1782 only seven ships flew the American flag, which had been all but swept from the ocean. During the war these ships captured one hundred and ninety-six of the enemy's craft.

On the other hand, there were already one hundred and thirty-six privateers at sea by the end of the year 1776, and their number increased until in 1781 there were four hundred and forty-nine of these private commerce destroyers in commission. This force took no fewer than eight hundred British vessels and made prisoners of twelve thousand British seamen during the war. The privateersmen dealt British maritime prestige the deadliest blow in history. It had been an undreamt of danger that the American Colonies should humble that flag which "had waved over every sea and triumphed over every

rival," until even the English and Irish Channels were not safe for British ships to traverse. The preface of the Sailor's Vade-Mecum, edition of 1744, contained the following lofty doctrine which all good Englishmen believed, and which was destined to be shattered by a contemptible handful of seafaring rebels:

"That the Monarchs of GREAT BRITAIN have a peculiar and Sovereign Authority upon the Ocean, is a Right so Ancient and Undeniable that it never was publicly disputed, but by HUGO GROTIUS in his MARE LIBERUM, published in the Year 1636, in Favour of the DUTCH Fishery upon our Coasts; which Book was fully Controverted by Mr. Selden's MARE CLAUSUM, wherein he proves this Sovereignty from the Laws of God and of Nature, besides an uninterrupted Fruition of it for so many Ages past as that its Beginning cannot be traced out."

When the War of 1812 was threatening, *The London Statesman* paid this unwilling tribute to the prowess of these Yankee privateersmen of the Revolution:

"Every one must recollect what they did in the latter part of the American War. The books at Lloyds will recount it, and the rate of assurances at that time will clearly prove what their diminutive strength was able to effect in the face of our navy, and that when nearly one hundred pennants were flying on their coast. Were we able to prevent their going in and out, or stop them from taking our trade and our store-ships, even in size of our own garrisons? Besides, were they not in the English and Irish Channels picking up our homeward bound trade, sending their prizes into French and Spanish ports to the great terror and annoyance of our merchants and shipowners?

"These are facts which can be traced to a period when America was in her infancy, without ships, without money, and at a time when our navy was not much less in strength than at present."

At the beginning of the Revolution, Salem was sending its boys to fill the forecastles of the vessels built in its own yards and commanded by its own shipmasters. Hard by were the towns of Beverly and Marblehead whose townsmen also won their hardy livelihood on the fishing banks and along distant and perilous trading routes. When British squadrons and cruisers began to drive them ashore to starve in idleness, these splendid seamen turned their vessels into privateers and rushed them to sea like flights of hawks. It was a matter of months only before they had made a jest of the boastful lines which had long adorned the columns of the *Naval Chronicle* of London:

“The sea and waves are Britain’s broad domain
And not a sail but by permission spreads.”

This race of seafarers had been drilled to handle cannon and muskets. Every merchantman that sailed for Europe or the West Indies carried her battery of six pounders, and hundreds of Salem men and boys could tell you stories of running fights and escapes from French and Spanish freebooters and swarming pirates. Commerce on the high seas was not a peaceful pursuit. The merchantman was equipped to become a privateer by shipping a few more guns and signing on a stronger company. The conditions of the times which had made these seamen able to fight as shrewdly as they traded may be perceived from the following extracts from the “Seaman’s Vade-Mecum,” as they appear in the rare editions published both in 1744 and 1780: “*Shewing how to prepare a Merchant Ship for a close fight by disposing their Bulk-heads, Leaves, Coamings, Look-holes, etc.*”

“If the Bulkhead of the Great Cabbin be well fortified it may be of singular Use; for though the Enemy may force the Steerage, yet when they unexpectedly meet with another Barricade and from thence a warm Reception by the Small Arms, they will be thrown into great Confusion, and a Cannon ready

loaded with Case-shot will do great Execution; but if this should not altogether answer the Purpose, it will oblige the Enemy to pay the dearer for their Conquest. For the Steerage may hold out the longer, and the Men will be the bolder in defending it, knowing that they have a place to retire into, and when there they may Capitulate for Good Quarter at the last Extremity. . . .”

“ . . . It has been objected that Scuttles (especially that out of the Forecastle) are Encouragements for Cowardice; that having no such Convenience, the Men are more resolute, because they must fight, die or be taken. Now if they must fight or die, it is highly unreasonable and as cruel to have Men to be cut to Pieces when they are able to defend their Posts no longer, and in this Case the Fate of the Hero and the Coward is alike; and if it is to fight or be taken, the Gallant will hold out to the last while the Coward (if the danger runs high), surrenders as soon as Quarter is offered; and now if there be a Scuttle, the Menace of the Enemy will make the less Impression on their Minds, and they will stand out the longer, when they know they can retire from the Fury of the Enemy in case they force their Quarters. In short, it will be as great a blemish in the Commander's Politics to leave Cowards without a Scuttle as it will be Ingratitude to have Gallant Men to be cut to Pieces.”

“How to Make a Sally

“Having (by a vigorous defence) repulsed the Enemy from your Bulkheads, and cutting up your Deck, it may be necessary to make a SALLY to compleat your Victory; but by the Way, the young MASTER must use great caution before he SALLY out, lest he be drawn into some Strategem to his Ruin; therefore for a Ship of but few hands it is not a Mark of Cowardice to keep the Close-Quarters so long as the Enemy is on board; and if his Men retire out of your Ship, fire into him through

your Look-holes and Ports till he calls for QUARTER. And if it should ever come to that, you must proceed Warily (unless you out Number him in Men) and send but a few of your Hands into his Ship while the others are ready with all their Small-arms and Cannon charged; and if they submit patiently disarm and put them down below, where there is no POWDER or WEAPONS; but plunder not, lest your men quarrel about Trifles or be too intent in searching for Money, and thereby give the Enemy an opportunity to destroy you; and if you take the Prize (when you come into an harbor) let everything be equally shared among the Men, the Master only reserving to himself the Affections of his Men by his Generosity which with the Honour of the Victory to a brave Mind is equivalent to all the rest. . . .”

“It is presumed that the Sally will be most Advantageous if made out of the Round-house, because having cleared the Poop, you will have no Enemy at your back; wherefore let all but two or more, according to your Number, step up into the Round-house, bringing with them all or most of the Musquets and Pistols there, leaving only the Blunderbusses. Let all the Small Arms in the Quarters be charged, and the Cannon that flank the Decks and out of the Bulk-heads, traversing those in the Round-house, pointing towards the mizzen-mast to gaul the Enemy in case of a retreat. All things being thus prepared, let a Powder-chest be sprung upon the Poop, and four Hand Granadoes tost out of the Ports, filled with Flower and fuzees of a long duration, then let the Door be opened, and in the Confusion make your Sally at once, half advancing forward and the other facing about to clear the Poop; when this is done, let them have an eye to the Chains. At the Round-house Door let two men be left to stand by the Port-cullis, each having a brace of Pistols to secure a Retreat; let then those in the Forecastle never shoot right aft, after the Sally is made, unless

parallel with the Main Deck. The rest must be left to Judgment."

Try to imagine, if you please, advice of such tenor as this compiled for the use of the captains of the transatlantic liners or cargo "tramps" of to-day, and you will be able to comprehend in some slight measure how vast has been the change in the conditions of the business of the sea, and what hazards our American forefathers faced to win their bread on quarterdeck and in forecastle. Nor were such desperate engagements as are outlined in this ancient "Seaman's Vade-Mecum" at all infrequent. "Round-houses" and "great cabbins" were defended with "musquets," "javalins," "Half-pikes" and cutlasses, and "hand-granadoes" in many a hand-to-hand conflict with sea raiders before the crew of the bluff-blowed, high-popped Yankee West Indiaman had to "beat off the boarders" or make a dashing "Sally" or "capitulate for Good Quarter at the last Extremity."

Of such, then, were the privateersmen who flocked down the wharves and among the tavern "rendezvous" of Salem as soon as the owners of the waiting vessels had obtained their commissions from the Continental Congress, and issued the call for volunteers. Mingled with the hardy seamen who had learned their trade in Salem vessels were the sons of wealthy shipping merchants of the best blood of the town and county who embarked as "gentlemen volunteers," eager for glory and plunder, and a chance to avenge the wrongs they and their kinfolk had suffered under British trade laws and at the hands of British press gangs.

The foregoing extracts from the "Seaman's Vade-Mecum" show how singularly fixed the language of the sea has remained through the greater part of two centuries. With a few slight differences, the terms in use then are commonly employed to-day. It is therefore probable that if you could have been on old

Derby Wharf in the year of 1776, the talk of the busy, sun-browned men and boys around you would have sounded by no means archaic. The wharf still stretches a long arm into the harbor and its tumbling warehouses, timbered with great hewn beams, were standing during the Revolution. Then they were filled with cannon, small arms, rigging and ships' stores as fast as they could be hauled hither. Fancy needs only to picture this land-locked harbor alive with square-rigged vessels, tall sloops and topsail schooners, their sides checkered with gun-ports, to bring to life the Salem of the privateersman of one hundred and forty years ago.

Shipmasters had no sooner signaled their homecoming with deep freights of logwood, molasses or sugar than they received orders to discharge with all speed and clear their decks for mounting batteries and slinging the hammocks of a hundred waiting privateersmen. The guns and men once aboard, the crews were drilling night and day while they waited the chance to slip to sea. Their armament included carronades, "Long Toms" and "long six" or "long nine" pounders, sufficient muskets, blunderbusses, pistols, cutlasses, tomahawks, boarding pikes, hand grenades, round shot, grape, canister, and double-headed shot.

When larger vessels were not available tiny sloops with twenty or thirty men and boys mounted one or two old guns and put to sea to "capture a Britisher" and very likely be taken themselves by the first English ship of war that sighted them. The prize money was counted before it was caught, and seamen made a business of selling their shares in advance, preferring the bird in the bush, as shown by the following bill of sale:

"BEVERLY, ye 7th, 1776.

"Know all men by these presents, that I the subscriber, in consideration of the sum of sixteen dollars to me in hand paid

An Agreement between William Cox of Beverly
 & Stephen Waters of Salem that W^m Cox do for
 the Consideration of the sum of one thousand seven hundred and Seventy
Seven Dollars the S^t Stephen Waters one halfs Single
 Share of all Prizes or prize money that shall
 be Captured by the Brig: Lyon Benjamin
 Warren Commander During her Voyage
 from the Day she sailed from Salem till
 the S^t Brig: Lyon arrives back to Salem
 again at W^m Cox whereof I have received
 and this Twentieth day of December
 one thousand seven hundred and Seventy
 Seven

Witness
 J^r W^m Patten

W^m Cox
 made

Salem December 20th 1777

I do hereby to say to Stephen
 Waters or his Order the Next Prizes of a Single
 half Share in the Brig: Lyon and good will belong
 to you from the said

W^m Cox
 made

Agreement by which a Revolutionary privateer seaman sold his share of the
 booty in advance of his cruise

by Mr. John Waters, in part for $\frac{1}{2}$ share of all the Prizes that may be taken during the cruize of the Privateer Sloop called the *Revenge*, whereof Benjamin Dean is commissioned Commander, and for the further consideration of twenty-four dollars more to be paid at the end of the whole cruize of the said Sloop; and these certify that I the subscriber have sold, bargained and conveyed unto the said John Waters, or his order, the one half share of my whole share of all the prizes that may be taken during the whole cruize of said Sloop. Witness my hand,

“P. H. BROCKHORN.”

An endorsement on the back of the document records that Mr. Waters received the sum of twenty pounds for “parte of the within agreement,” which return reaped him a handsome profit on the speculation. Many similar agreements are preserved to indicate that Salem merchants plunged heavily on the risks of privateering by buying seamens’ shares for cash. The articles of agreement under which these Salem privateers of the Revolution made their warlike cruises belong with a vanished age of sea life. These documents were, in the main, similar to the following:

“Articles of Agreement

“Concluded at Salem this Seventh day of May, 1781, between the owners of the Privateer Ship *Rover*, commanded by James Barr, now fixing in this port for a cruise of four months against the Enemies of the United States of America, on the first part and the officers and seamen belonging to said Ship *Rover* on the other part as follows, *viz.*:

“Article 1st. The owners agree to fix with all expedition said Ship for sea, and cause her to be mounted with Twenty Guns, four Pounders, with a sufficiency of ammunition of all kinds and good provisions for one Hundred men for four months’ cruise, also to procure an apparatus for amputating,

and such a Box of medicine as shall be thought necessary by the Surgeon.

“Article 2nd. The Officers and Seamen Shall be entitled to one half of all the prizes captured by Said Ship after the cost of condemning, etc., is deducted from the whole.

“Article 3rd. The Officers and Seamen agree that they will to the utmost of their abilities discharge the duty of Officers and Seamen, according to their respective Stations on board Said Ship, her boats and Prizes, by her taken, and the Officers and Seamen further agree that if any Officer or Private shall in time of any engagement with any Vessell abandon his Post on board said Ship or any of her boats or Prizes by her taken, or disobey the commands of the Captain or any Superior Officer, that said Officer or Seaman, if adjudged guilty by three Officers, the Captain being one, shall forfeit all right to any Prize or Prizes by her taken.

“Article 4th. The Officers and Seamen further agree that if any Officer shall in time of any engagement or at any other time behave unworthy of the Station that he holds on board said Ship, it shall be in the power of three officers, the captain being one, to displace said Officer, and appoint any one they may see fit in his place. That if any Officer belonging to said Ship shall behave in an unbecoming character of an officer and gentleman, he shall be dismissed and forfeit his share of the cruise.

“Article 5th. The owners, officers and Seamen agree that if any one shall first discover a sail which shall prove to be a Prize, he shall be entitled to Five hundred Dollars.

“Article 6th. Any one who shall first board any Vessell in time of an engagement, which shall prove a Prize, Shall be entitled to one thousand Dollars and the best firelock on board said Vessell, officers' prizes being excepted.

“Article 7th. If any officer or Seaman shall at the time of

an Engagement loose a leg or an arm he shall be entitled to Four Thousand Dollars; if any officer or Seaman shall loose an Eye in time of an Engagement, he shall receive the Sum of Two thousand Dollars; if any officer shall loose a joint he shall be entitled to one thousand Dollars, the same to be paid from the whole amount of prizes taken by said Ship.

“Article 8th. That no Prize master or man, that shall be put on board any Prize whatever and arrive at any port whatever, Shall be entitled to his share or shares, except he remain to discharge the Prize, or he or they are discharged by the agent of said Ship, except the Privateer is arrived before the Prize.

“Article 9th. That for the Preservation of Good order on board said Ship, no man to quit or go out of her, on board of any other Vessell without having obtained leave from the commanding officer on board.

“Article 10th. That if any person Shall count to his own use any part of the Prize or Prizes or be found pilfering any money or goods, and be convicted thereof, he shall forfeit his Share of Prize money to the Ship and Company.

“That if any person shall be found a Ringleader of a meeting or cause any disturbance on board, refuse to obey the command of the Captain, or any officer or behave with Cowardice, or get drunk in time of action, he shall forfeit his or their Share of or Shares to the rest of the Ship's Company.”

So immensely popular was the privateering service among the men and youth of Salem and nearby ports that the naval vessels of the regular service were hard put to enlist their crews. When the fifes and drums sounded through the narrow streets with a strapping privateersman in the van as a recruiting officer, he had no trouble in collecting a crowd ready to listen to his persuasive arguments whose burden was prize money and glory. More than once a ship's company a hundred strong

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was enrolled and ready to go on board by sunset of the day the call for volunteers was made. Trembling mothers and weeping wives could not hold back these sailors of theirs, and as for the sweethearts they could only sit at home and hope that Seth or Jack would come home a hero with his pockets lined with gold instead of finding his fate in a burial at sea, or behind the walls of a British prison.

It was customary for the owners of the privateer to pay the cost of the "rendezvous," which assembling of the ship's company before sailing was held in the "Blue Anchor," or some other sailors' tavern down by the busy harbor. That the "rendezvous" was not a scene of sadness and that the privateersmen were wont to put to sea with no dust in their throats may be gathered from the following tavern bill of 1781:

DR.

Captain George Williams, Agent Privateer Brig *Sturdy Beggar* to Jonathan Archer, Jr.

To Rendezvous Bill as follows:

1781 Aug.	8-12 to 11	Bowls punch at 3-1 Bowl tod. at 1-3	1. 14. 3
	14 to	8 bowls punch 1 bowl chery tod. at 1-9	1. 5. 9
	20 to	6 bowls punch 8 Bowls Chery tod. 2 Grog	1. 14. 6
	22 to	7 bowls punch 7 bowls Chery tod.	1. 13. 3
	30 to	14 Bowls punch 8 bowls Chery tod. and 2½	
		Grog	2. 19. 1
Sept.	4 to	7 Bowls punch 10 bowls chery 3 Grog	2. 13. 9
	6 to	10 bowls punch 1 bowl chery tod. 2 grog	1. 14. 3
	10 to	4½ bowls punch	1. 2. 6

There were stout heads as well as stout hearts in New England during those gallant days and it is safe to say that the crew of the *Sturdy Beggar* was little the worse for wear after the farewell rounds of punch, grog and "chery tod." at the rendezvous ruled by mine host, Jonathan Archer. It was to be charged against privateering that it drew away from the naval service the best class of recruits.

An eye witness, Ebenezer Fox of Roxbury, wrote this account of the putting an armed State ship into commission in 1780:

“The coast was lined with British cruisers which had almost annihilated our commerce. The State of Massachusetts judged it expedient to build a gun vessel, rated as a twenty-gun ship, named *Protector*,* commanded by Captain John Foster Williams, to be fitted as soon as possible and sent to sea. A rendezvous was established for recruits at the head of Hancock’s Wharf (Boston) where the National flag, then bearing thirteen stars and stripes, was hoisted.

“All means were resorted to which ingenuity could devise to induce men to enlist. A recruiting officer bearing a flag and attended by a band of martial music paraded the streets, to excite a thirst for glory and a spirit of military ambition. The recruiting officer possessed the qualifications requisite to make the service alluring, especially to the young. He was a jovial, good-natured fellow, of ready wit and much broad humor. Crowds followed in his wake, and he occasionally stopped at the corners to harangue the multitude in order to excite their patriotism. When he espied any large boys among the idle crowd crowded around him he would attract their attention by singing in a comical manner:

“‘All you that have bad Masters,
And cannot get your due,
Come, come, my brave boys
And join our ship’s crew.’

“Shouting and huzzaing would follow and some join the ranks. My excitable feelings were aroused. I repaired to the rendezvous, signed the ship’s papers, mounted a cockade and was, in my own estimation, already half a sailor.

“The recruiting business went on slowly, however; but at

* See Captain Luther Little’s story of the *Protector*’s fight with the *Admiral Duff*. Chapter VI, Page 109.

length upward of 300 men were carried, dragged and driven on board; of all ages, kinds and descriptions; in all the various stages of intoxication from that of sober tipsiness to beastly drunkenness; with the uproar and clamor that may be more easily imagined than described. Such a motley group has never been seen since Falstaff's ragged regiment paraded the streets of Coventry."


When Captain John Paul Jones, however, was fitting out the *Ranger* in Portsmouth harbor in the spring of 1777, many a Salem lad forsook privateering to follow the fortunes of this dashing commander in the service of their country. On Salem tavern doors and in front of the town hall was posted the following "broadside," adorned with a wood cut of a full-rigged fighting ship. It was a call that appealed to the spirit of the place, and it echoes with thrilling effect, even as one reads it a hundred and forty years after its proclamation:

"Great
Encouragement
FOR SEAMEN

"All GENTLEMEN SEAMEN and able-bodied LANDSMEN who have a Mind to distinguish themselves in the GLORIOUS CAUSE of their COUNTRY and make their Fortunes, an opportunity now offers on board the Ship RANGER of Twenty Guns (for France) now laying in Portsmouth in the State of New Hampshire, Commanded by JOHN PAUL JONES, Esq.: let them repair to the Ship's Rendezvous in PORTSMOUTH, or at the Sign of Commodore MANLEY in SALEM, where they will be kindly entertained, and receive the greatest Encouragement. The Ship RANGER in the Opinion of every Person who has seen her is looked upon to be one of the best CRUIZERS in AMERICA. She will be always able to fight her Guns under a most excellent Cover; and no Vessel yet built was ever calculated for sailing faster.



G R E A T ENCOURAGEMENT F O R SEAMEN.

 **A**LL GENTLEMEN SEAMEN and able-bodied LANDSMEN who have a Mind to distinguish themselves in the GLORIOUS CAUSE of their COUNTRY, and make their Fortune, an Opportunity now offers on board the Ship *RANGER*, of Twenty Guns, for France, now lying in Boston, in the State of New-Hampshire, Commanded by JOHN PAUL JONES, Esq; let them repair to the Ship's Rendezvous in Portsmouth, or at the Sign of Confinement's Head, in Salem, where they will be kindly entertained, and receive the greatest Encouragement. The Ship *Ranger*, in the Opinion of every Person who has seen her is looked upon to be one of the best Cruisers in America. She will be always able to fight her Gun, under a most excellent Cover; and no Vessel yet built was ever calculated for sailing faster, and making good Weather.

Any GENTLEMEN VOLUNTEERS who have a Mind to make an agreeable Voyage in this pleasant Season of the Year, may, by entering on board the above Ship *Ranger*, meet with every Civility they can possibly expect, and for a further Encouragement depend on the first Opportunity being embraced to reward each one agreeable to his Merit.

All reasonable travelling Expences will be allowed, and the Advance-Money be paid on their Appearance on Board.

IN CONGRESS, At New York, 29, 1777.

RESOLVED,

THAT the MARINE COMMITTEE be authorized to advance to every able Seaman, that enters into the CONTINENTAL SERVICE, any Sum not exceeding FORTY DOLLARS, and to every ordinary Seaman or Landman, any Sum not exceeding TWENTY DOLLARS, to be deducted from their future Prize-Money.

By Order of CONGRESS,

JOHN HANCOCK, PRESIDENT.

DANVERS, Printed by F. ROBERTS, at the House late the Pall Tavern.

Proclamation posted in Salem during the Revolution calling for volunteers aboard Paul Jones' *Ranger*

The Privateersmen of '76

"Any GENTLEMEN VOLUNTEERS who have a Mind to take an agreeable Voyage in this pleasant Season of the Year may, by entering on board the above Ship RANGER meet with every Civility they can possibly expect, and for a further Encouragement depend on the first Opportunity being embraced to reward each one Agreeable to his MERIT. All reasonable Travelling Expences will be allowed, and the Advance Money be paid on their Appearance on Board.

"In CONGRESS, March 29, 1777.

"Resolved,

"That the MARINE COMMITTEE be authorized to advance to every able Seaman that enters into the CONTINENTAL SERVICE, any Sum not exceeding FORTY DOLLARS, and to every ordinary Seaman or Landsman any Sum not exceeding TWENTY DOLLARS, to be deducted from their future Prize Money.

"By Order of Congress,

"JOHN HANCOCK, President."

It was of this cruise that Yankee seamen the world over were singing in later years the song of "Paul Jones and the *Ranger*," which describes her escape from a British battleship and four consorts:

"'Tis of the gallant Yankee ship
That flew the Stripes and Stars,
And the whistling wind from the west nor west
Blew through her pitch pine spars.
With her starboard tacks aboard, my boys.
She hung upon the gale,
On an autumn night we raised the light
On the old Head of Kinsale.

* * *

"Up spake our noble captain then,
As a shot ahead of us past;
'Haul snug your flowing courses,
Lay your topsail to the mast.'

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Those Englishmen gave three loud hurrahs
From the deck of their covered ark,
And we answered back by a solid broadside
From the decks of our patriot bark.

‘Out booms, out booms,’ our skipper cried,
‘Out booms and give her sheet,’
And the swiftest keel that ever was launched
Shot ahead of the British fleet.
And amidst a thundering shower of shot,
With stern sails hoisted away,
Down the North Channel Paul Jones did steer
Just at the break of day.”

The privateersmen were as ready to fight, if needs be, as were these seamen that chose to sail with Paul Jones in the Continental service. All British merchantmen carried guns and heavy crews to man them, and while many of them thought it wisdom to strike their colors to a heavily armed privateer without a show of resistance, the “packet ships” and Indiamen were capable of desperate actions. The American privateers ran the gauntlet also of the king’s ships which swarmed in our waters, and they met and engaged both these and British privateers as formidable as themselves. The notable sea fights of this kind are sometimes best told in the words of the men who fought them. Captain David Ropes, of an old Salem seafaring family, was killed in a privateer action which was described in the following letter written by his lieutenant, later Captain William Gray. Their vessel was the private armed ship *Jack* of Salem, carrying twelve guns and sixty men.

“SALEM, June 12, 1782.

“On the 28th of May, cruising near Halifax, saw a brig standing in for the land; at 7 P.M. discovered her to have a copper bottom, sixteen guns and full of men; at half-past nine o’clock she came alongside when a close action commenced.

“It was our misfortune to have our worthy commander, Captain Ropes, mortally wounded at the first broadside. I was slightly wounded at the same time in my right hand and head, but not so as to disable me from duty. The action was maintained on both sides close, severe, and without intermission for upwards of two hours, in which time we had seven killed, several wounded and several abandoned their quarters. Our rigging was so destroyed that not having command of our yards, the *Jack* fell with her larboard bow foul of the brig’s starboard quarter, when the enemy made an attempt to board us, but they were repulsed by a very small number compared with them. We were engaged in this position about a quarter of an hour, in which time I received a wound by a bayonet fixed on a musket which was hove with such force, as entering my thigh close to the bone, entered the carriage of a bow gun where I was fastened, and it was out of my power to get clear until assisted by one of the prize masters.

“We then fell round and came without broadsides to each other, when we resumed the action with powder and balls; but our match rope, excepting some which was unfit for use, being all expended, and being to leeward, we bore away making a running fight. The brig being far superior to us in number of men, was able to get soon repaired, and completely ready to renew the action. She had constantly kept up a chasing fire, for we had not been out of reach of her musketry. She was close alongside of us again, with fifty picked men for boarding.

“I therefore called Mr. Glover and the rest together and found we had but ten men on deck. I had been repeatedly desired to strike, but I mentioned the suffering of the prison ship, and made use of every other argument in my power for continuing the engagement. All the foreigners, however, deserted their quarters at every opportunity. At 2 o’clock P.M. I had the inexpressible mortification to deliver up the vessel.

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“I was told, on enquiry, that we were taken by the *Observer*, a sloop of war belonging to the navy, commanded by Captain Grymes. She was formerly the *Amsterdam*, and owned in Boston; that she was calculated for sixteen guns, but then had but twelve on board; that the *Blonde* frigate, being cast away on Seal Island, the captain, officers, and men had been taken off by Captain Adams, in a sloop belonging to Salem, and Captain Stoddart in a schooner belonging to Boston, and by them landed on the main. Most of the officers and men having reached Halifax were by the Governor sent on board the brig in order to come out and convoy in the captain of a frigate who was, with some of his men, coming to Halifax in a shallop, and that the afternoon before the action, he and some others were taken on board the brig, which increased his number to one hundred and seventy-five men.

“Captain Ropes died at 4 o'clock P.M. on the day we were taken, after making his will with the greatest calmness and composure.”

The Nova Scotia *Gazette* of June 4, 1782, contained this letter as a sequel of an incident mentioned by Lieutenant Gray in the foregoing account of the action:

“To the Printer, Sir: In justice to humanity, I and all my officers and Ship's company of His Majesty's late Ship *Blonde* by the commanders of the American Private Ships of War, the *Lively* and the *Scammel* (Captains Adams and Stoddart), have the pleasure to inform the Public that they not only readily received us on board their Vessels and carried us to Cape Race, but cheerfully Supplied us with Provisions till we landed at Yarmouth, when on my releasing all my Prisoners, sixty-four in number, and giving them a Passport to secure them from our Cruisers in Boston Bay, they generously gave me the Same

to prevent our being made Prisoners or plundered by any of their Privateers we might chance to meet on our Passage to Halifax.

“For the relief and comfort they so kindly afforded us in our common Sufferings and Distress, we must ardantly hope that if any of their Privateers should happen to fall into the hands of our Ships of War, that they will treat them with the utmost lenity, and give them every indulgence in their Power and not look upon them (Promiscuously) in the Light of American Prisoners, Captain Adams especially, to whom I am indebted more particularly obliged, as will be seen by his letters herewith published. My warmest thanks are also due to Captain Tuck of the *Blonde's* Prize Ship *Lion* (Letter of Marque of Beverly) and to all his officers and men for their generous and indefatigable endeavors to keep the Ship from Sinking (night and day at the Pumps) till all but one got off her and by the blessing of God saved our Lives.

“You will please to publish this in your next Paper, . . . which will oblige your humble Servant,

“EDWARD THORNBROUGH,

“Commander of H. M. late Ship *Blonde*.”

A very human side of warfare is shown in this correspondence, coupled with the brutal inconsistency of war, for after their rescue the officers and men of the *Blonde*, who felt such sincere friendship and gratitude toward the crews of two Yankee privateers, had helped to spread death and destruction aboard the luckless *Jack*.

The log books of the Revolutionary privateersmen out of Salem are so many fragments of history, as it was written day by day, and flavored with the strong and vivid personalities of the men who sailed and fought and sweated and swore without thought of romance in their adventurous calling. There is the

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log of the privateer schooner *Scorpion*, for example, during a cruise made in 1778. Her master has so far sailed a bootless voyage when he penned this quaint entry:

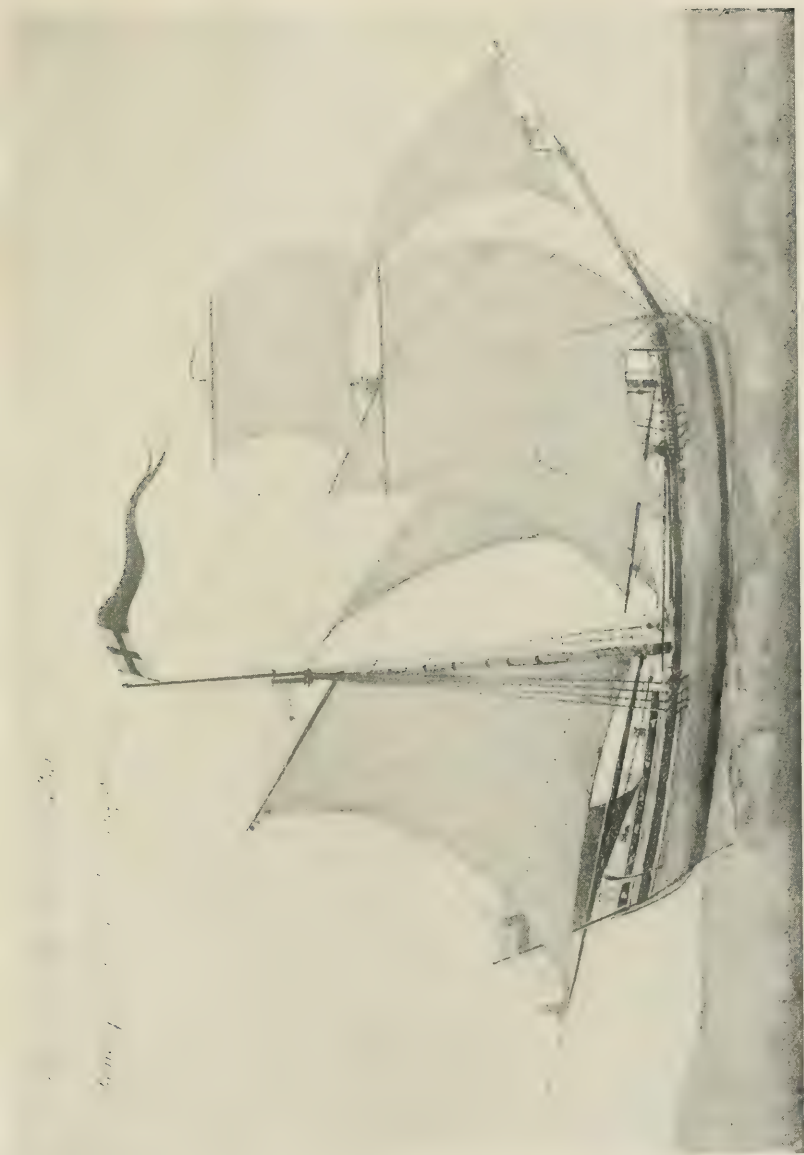
“This Book was Maid in the Lattd. of 24:30 North and in the Longtd. of 54:00 West at the Saim time having Contryary Winds for Several Days which Makes me fret a'most Wicked. Daly I praye there Maye be Change such as I Want. This Book I Maid to Keep the Accounts of my Voyage but God Knoes beste When that Will be, for I am at this Time very Empasente* but I hope there soon be a Change to Ease my trobled Mind. Which is my Earneste Desire and of my people. ***** (illegible) is this day taken with the palsy, but I hope will soon gete beter. On this Day I was Chaced by two Ships of War which I tuck to be Enemies, but comeing in thick Weather I have Lost Site of them and so conclude myself Escapt which is a small Good Fortune in the Midste of my Discouragementes.”

A note of Homeric mirth echoes from the past of a hundred and forty years ago in the “Journal of a Cruising Voyage in the Letter of Marque Schooner *Success*, commanded by Captain Philip Thrash, Commencing 4th Oct. 1778.” Captain Thrash, a lusty and formidable name by the way, filled one page after another of his log with rather humdrum routine entries; how he took in and made sail and gave chase and drilled his crew at the guns, etc. At length the reader comes to the following remarks. They stand without other comment or explanation, and leave one with a desire to know more:

“At 1-2 past 8 discovered a Sail ahead, tacked ship. At 9 tacked ship and past just to Leeward of the sail which appeared to be a damn'd Comical Boat, by G—d.”

What was it about this strange sail overhauled in midocean

*(impatient)



Schooner *Baltimore* (1765), type of the smaller vessels in which the Revolutionary privateersmen put to sea. Paintings of American ships as old as this are exceedingly rare

by Captain Philip Thrash that should have so stirred his rude sense of humor? Why did she strike him as so “damn’d Comical”? They met and went their way and the “Comical” craft dropped hull down and vanished in a waste of blue water and so passed forever from our ken. But I for one would give much to know why she aroused a burst of gusty laughter along the low rail of the letter-of-marque schooner *Success*.

CHAPTER V

JONATHAN HARADEN, PRIVATEERSMAN

(1776-1782)

THE United States navy, with its wealth of splendid tradition, has few more commanding figures than Captain Jonathan Haraden, the foremost fighting privateersman of Salem during the Revolution, and one of the ablest men that fought in that war, afloat or ashore. His deeds are well-nigh forgotten by his countrymen, yet he captured one thousand cannon in British ships and counted his prizes by the score.

Jonathan Haraden was born in Gloucester, but as a boy was employed by George Cabot of Salem and made his home there for the remainder of his life. He followed the sea from his early youth, and had risen to a command in the merchant service when the Revolution began. The Massachusetts Colony placed two small vessels in commission as State vessels of war, and aboard one of these, the *Tyrannicide*, Jonathan Haraden was appointed lieutenant. On her first cruise, very early in the war, she fought a king's cutter from Halifax for New York. The British craft carried a much heavier crew than the *Tyrannicide*, but the Yankee seamen took her after a brisk engagement in which their gunnery was notably destructive.

Soon after this, Haraden was promoted to the command of this audacious sloop of the formidable name, but he desired greater freedom of action. A Salem merchant ship, the *General Pickering*, of 180 tons, was fitting out as a letter of marque, and

Haraden was offered the command. With a cargo of sugar, fourteen six-pounders and forty-five men and boys he sailed for Bilboa in the spring of 1780. This port of Spain was a popular rendezvous for American privateers, where they were close to the British trade routes. During the voyage across, before his crew had been hammered into shape, Haraden was attacked by a British cutter of twenty guns, but managed to beat her off and proceeded on his way after a two hours' running fight.

He was a man of superb coolness and audacity and he showed these qualities to advantage while tacking into the Bay of Biscay. At nightfall he sighted a British privateer, the *Golden Eagle*, considerably larger than the *Pickering*, and carrying at least eight more guns. Instead of crowding on sail and shifting his course to avoid her, he set after her in the darkness and steered alongside. Before the enemy could decide whether to fight or run away Haraden was roaring through his speaking trumpet:

"What ship is this? An American frigate, Sir. Strike, or I'll sink you with a broadside."

The British privateer skipper was bewildered by this startling summons and surrendered without firing a shot. A prize-master was put on board and at daylight both vessels laid their course for Bilboa. As they drew near the harbor, a sail was sighted making out from the land. All strange sails were under suspicion in that era of sea life, and Captain Haraden made ready to clear his ship for action even before the English captain, taken out of the prize, cheerfully carried him word that he knew the stranger to be the *Achilles*, a powerful and successful privateer hailing from London, carrying more than forty guns and at least a hundred and fifty men. The description might have been that of a formidable sloop of war rather than a privateer, and the British skipper was at no pains to hide his satisfaction at the plight of the Yankee with her fourteen six-pounders and her handful of men.

At the sight of an enemy thrice his fighting strength, Captain Haraden told the English captain:

"Be that as it may, and you seem sure of your information, I sha'n't run away from her."

The wind so held that the *Achilles* first bore down upon the prize of the *Pickering* and was able to recapture and put a prize crew aboard before Captain Haraden could fetch with gunshot. With a British lieutenant from the *Achilles* in command, the prize was ordered to follow her captor. It was evident to the waiting Americans aboard the *Pickering* that the *Achilles* intended forcing an engagement, but night was falling and the English privateer bore off as if purposing to convoy her prize beyond harm's way and postpone pursuit until morning.

The hostile ships had been sighted from Bilboa harbor, where the *Achilles* was well known, and the word swiftly passed through the city that the bold American was holding pluckily to her landfall as if preparing for an attempt to recapture her prize. The wind had died during the late afternoon and by sunset thousands of Spaniards and seamen from the vessels in the harbor had swarmed to crowd the headlands and the water's edge where they could see the towering *Achilles* and her smaller foe "like ships upon a painted ocean." An eye witness, Robert Cowan, said that "the *General Pickering* in comparison to her antagonist looked like a long boat by the side of a ship."

Because of lack of wind and the maneuvers of the *Achilles*, Captain Haraden thought there was no danger of an attack during the night, and he turned in to sleep without more ado, after ordering the officer of the watch to have him called if the *Achilles* drew nearer. His serene composure had its bracing effect upon the spirits of the men. At dawn the captain was awakened from a sound slumber by the news that the *Achilles* was bearing down upon them with her crew at quarters. "He

calmly rose, went on deck as if it had been some ordinary occasion," and ordered his ship made ready for action.

We know that he was a man of commanding appearance and an unruffled demeanor; the kind of fighting sailor who liked to have things done handsomely and with due regard for the effect of such matters upon his seamen.

Several of his crew had been transferred to the prize, and were now prisoners to the *Achilles*. The forty-five defenders being reduced to thirty-odd, Captain Haraden, in an eloquent and persuasive address to the sixty prisoners he had captured in the *Golden Eagle*, offered large rewards to volunteers who would enlist with the crew of the *Pickering*. A boatswain and ten men, whose ties of loyalty to the British flag must have been tenuous in the extreme, stepped forward and were assigned to stations with the American crew. Her strength was thus increased to forty-seven men and boys. The captain then made a final tour of the decks, assuring his men that although the *Achilles* appeared to be superior in force, "he had no doubt they would beat her if they were firm and steady, and did not throw away their fire." One of his orders to the men with small arms was: "Take particular aim at their white boot tops."

The kind of sea fighting that won imperishable prestige for American seamen belongs with a vanished era of history. As the gun crews of the *General Pickering* clustered behind their open ports, they saw to it that water tubs were in place, matches lighted, the crowbars, handspikes and "spung staves" and "rope sponges" placed in order by the guns. Then as they made ready to deliver the first broadside, the orders ran down the crowded low-beamed deck:

"Cast, off the tackles and breechings."

"Seize the breechings."

"Unstop the touch-hole."

"Ram home wad and cartridge."

"Shot the gun-wad."

"Run out the gun."

"Lay down handspikes and crows."

"Point your gun."

"FIRE."

The Yankee crew could hear the huzzas of the English gunners as the *Achilles* sought to gain the advantage of position. Captain Haraden had so placed his ship between the land and a line of shoals, that in closing with him the *Achilles* must receive a raking broadside fire. He knew that if it came to boarding, his little band must be overwhelmed by weight of numbers and he showed superb seamanship in choosing and maintaining a long range engagement.

The *Pickering* was still deep laden with sugar, and this, together with her small size, made her a difficult target to hull, while the *Achilles* towered above water like a small frigate. The Americans fired low, while the English broadsides flew high across the decks of the *Pickering*. This rain of fire killed the British volunteer boatswain aboard the *Pickering* and wounded eight of the crew early in the fight. Captain Haraden was exposed to these showers of case and round shot, but one of his crew reported that "all the time he was as calm and steady as amid a shower of snowflakes."

Meanwhile a multitude of spectators, estimated to number at least a hundred thousand, had assembled on shore. The city of Bilboa had turned out *en masse* to enjoy the rare spectacle of a dashing sea duel fought in the blue amphitheater of the harbor mouth. They crowded into fishing boats, pinnaces, cutters and row boats until from within a short distance of the smoke-shrouded *Pickering* the gay flotilla stretched to the shore so closely packed that an onlooker described it as a solid bridge of boats, across which a man might have made his way by leaping from one gunwale to another.

Jonathan Haraden, Privateersman

Captain Haraden was on the defensive. The stake for which he fought was to gain entrance to the port of Bilboa with his cargo and retake his prize, nor did he need to capture the *Achilles* to win a most signal victory. For two hours the two privateers were at it hammer and tongs, the British ship unable to outmaneuver the Yankee and the latter holding her vantage ground. At length the commander of the *Achilles* was forced to decide that he must either run away or be sunk where he was. He had been hulled through and through and his rigging was so cut up that it was with steadily increasing difficulty that he was able to avoid a raking from every broadside of his indomitable foe. It is related that he decided to run immediately after a flight of crowbars, with which the guns of the *Pickering* had been crammed to the muzzles, made hash of his decks and drove his gunners from their stations.

Captain Haraden made sail in chase. He offered his gunners a cash reward if they should be able to carry away a spar and disable the *Achilles* so that he might draw up alongside the enemy and renew the engagement. His fighting blood was at boiling heat and he no longer thought of making for Bilboa and thanking his lucky stars that he had gotten clear of so ugly a foe. But the *Achilles* was light, while her mainsail "was large as a ship of the line," and after a chase of three hours, the *General Pickering* had been distanced. Captain Haraden sorrowfully put about for Bilboa, and took some small satisfaction in his disappointment by overhauling and retaking the *Golden Eagle*, the prize which had been the original bone of contention.

The prize had been in sight of the action, during which the captured American prizemaster, master John Carnes, enjoyed an interesting conversation with the British prizemaster from the *Achilles* who had been placed in charge of the vessel.

Mr. Carnes informed his captor of the fighting strength of

the *General Pickering*. The British prizemaster rubbed his eyes when he saw the little Yankee vessel engage the *Achilles* and roundly swore that Carnes had lied to him. The latter stuck to his guns, however, and added by way of confirmation:

“If you knew Captain Jonathan Haraden as well as I do, you would not be surprised at this. It is just what I expected, and I think it not impossible, notwithstanding the disparity of force, that the *Achilles* will at least be beaten off, and I shall have the command of this prize again before night.”

The Spanish populace welcomed Captain Haraden ashore as if he had been the hero of a bull fight. He was carried through the streets at the head of a triumphant procession and later compelled to face veritable broadsides of dinners and public receptions. His battle with the *Achilles* had been rarely spectacular and theatrical, and at sight of one of his elaborately embroidered waistcoats to-day, displayed in the Essex Institute, one fancies that he may have had the fondness for doing fine things in a fine way which made Nelson pin his medals on his coat before he went into action at Trafalgar.

In a narrative compiled from the stories of those who knew and sailed with this fine figure of a privateersman we are told that “in his person he was tall and comely; his countenance was placid, and his manners and deportment mild. His discipline on board ship was excellent, especially in time of action. Yet in the common concerns of life he was easy almost to a fault. So great was the confidence he inspired that if he but looked at a sail through his glass, and then told the helmsman to steer for her, the observation went round, ‘If she is an enemy, she is ours.’ His great characteristic was the most consummate self-possession on all occasions and in midst of perils, in which if any man equalled, none ever excelled him. His officers and men insisted he was more calm and cool amid the din of battle than at any other time; and the more deadly

the strife, the more imminent the peril, the more terrific the scene, the more perfect his self-command and serene intrepidity. In a word he was a hero."

Large and resonant words of tribute these, written in the long ago, and yet they are no fulsome eulogy of Jonathan Haraden of Salem.

During another voyage from Salem to France as a letter of marque, the *Pickering* discovered, one morning at daylight, a great English ship of the line looming within cannon shot. The enemy bore down in chase, but did not open fire, expecting to capture the Yankee cockleshell without having to injure her. He was fast overhauling the quarry, and Captain Haraden manned his sweeps. The wind was light and although one ball fired from a bowchaser sheared off three of his sweeps, or heavy oars, he succeeded in rowing away from his pursuer and made his escape. It was not a fight, but the incident goes to show how small by modern standards was the ship in which Jonathan Haraden made his dauntless way, when he could succeed in rowing her out of danger of certain capture.

In his early voyages in the *Pickering* she was commissioned as a letter of marque, carrying cargoes across the Atlantic, and fetching home provisions and munitions needed in the Colonies, but ready to fight "at the drop of the hat." She was later equipped with a slightly heavier armament and commissioned as a full-fledged privateer. With his sixteen guns Captain Haraden fought and took in one action no less than three British ships carrying a total number of forty-two guns. He made the briefest possible mention in his log of a victory which in its way was as remarkable as the triumph of the *Constitution* over the *Cyane* and the *Levant* in the second war with England.

It was while cruising as a privateer that the *Pickering* came in sight of three armed vessels sailing in company from Halifax to New York. This little squadron comprised a brig of four-

teen guns, a ship of sixteen guns and a sloop of twelve guns. They presented a formidable array of force, the ship alone appearing to be a match for the *Pickering* in guns and men as they exchanged signals with each other, formed a line and made ready for action. "Great as was the confidence of the officers and crew in the bravery and judgment of Captain Haraden, they evinced, by their looks, that they thought on this occasion he was going to hazard too much; upon which he told them he had no doubt whatever that if they would do their duty, he would quickly capture the three vessels, and this he did with great ease by going alongside of each of them, one after another."

This unique feat in the history of privateering actions was largely due to Captain Haraden's seamanship in that he was able so to handle the *Pickering* that he fought three successive single ship actions instead of permitting the enemy to concentrate or combine their attack.

Somewhat similar to these tactics was the manner in which he took two privateer sloops while he was cruising off Bermuda. They were uncommonly fast and agile vessels and they annoyed the Yankee skipper by retaking several of his prizes before he could send them free of this molestation. The sloops had no mind to risk an action with Haraden whose vessel they had recognized. So after nightfall he sent down his fore topgallant yard and mast, otherwise disguised the *Pickering*, and vanished from that part of the seas. A day later he put about and jogged back after the two privateers, putting out drags astern to check his speed. The *Pickering* appeared to be a plodding merchantman lumbering along a West India course.

As soon as he was sighted by his pestiferous and deluded foes, they set out in chase of him as easy booty. Letting the first sloop come with easy range, Jonathan Haraden stripped the *Pickering* of the painted canvas screens that had covered



Derby Wharf, Salem, Mass., as it appears to-day. Here the East India ships once lay three deep, and these decaying warehouses were filled with the riches of the most remote lands a century ago

her gun ports, let go a murderous broadside and captured the sloop almost as soon as it takes to tell it. Then showing English colors above the Stars and Stripes aboard the *Pickering*, as if she had been captured, he went after the consort and took her as neatly as he had gathered the other.

Captain Haraden knew how to play the gentleman in this bloody game of war on the ocean. An attractive light is thrown upon his character by an incident which happened during a cruise in the *Pickering*. He fell in with a humble Yankee trading schooner which had been to the West Indies with lumber and was jogging home with the beggarly proceeds of the voyage. Her skipper signaled Captain Haraden, put out a boat and went aboard the privateer to tell a tale of woe. A little while before he had been overhauled by a British letter of marque schooner which had robbed him of his quadrant, compass and provisions, stripped his craft of much of her riggings, and with a curse and a kick from her captain, left him to drift and starve.

Captain Haraden was very indignant at such wanton and impolite conduct and at once sent his men aboard the schooner to re-rig her, provisioned her cabin and forecastle, loaned the skipper instruments with which to work his passage home and sent him on his way rejoicing. Then having inquired the course of the plundering letter of marque when last seen, he made sail to look for her. He was lucky enough to fall in and capture the offender next day. Captain Haraden dressed himself in his best and, to add dignity to the occasion, summoned the erring British skipper to his cabin and there roundly rebuked and denounced him for his piratical conduct toward a worthless little lumber schooner. He gave his own crew permission to make reprisals, which probably means that they helped themselves to whatever pleased their fancy and kicked and cuffed the offending seamen the length of their deck. Captain Hara-

den then allowed the letter of marque to resume her voyage. "He would not, even under these circumstances, sink or destroy a ship worthless as a prize and thus ruin a brother sailor."

Off the Capes of the Delaware, Captain Haraden once captured an English brig of war, although the odds were against him, by "the mere terror of his name." He afterward told friends ashore how this extraordinary affair occurred. There was a boy on the *Pickering*, one of the captain's most ardent adorers, a young hero worshiper, who believed the *Pickering* capable of taking anything short of a line-of-battle ship. He had been put aboard a prize off the Capes, which prize had been captured, while making port, by the British brig-of-war. The lad was transferred to the brig with his comrades of the prize crew, and was delighted a little later to see the *Pickering* standing toward them. Being asked why he sang and danced with joy, the boy explained with the most implicit assurance:

"That is my master in that ship, and I shall soon be with him."

"Your master," cried, the British bos'n, "and who in the devil is he?"

"Why, Captain Haraden. You can't tell me you never heard of him? He takes everything he goes alongside of, and he will soon have you."

This unseemly jubilation on an enemy's deck was reported to the captain of the brig. He summoned the boy aft, and was told the same story with even more emphasis. Presently the *Pickering* ran close down, and approached the brig to leeward. There was a strong wind and the listed deck of the brig lay exposed to the fire of the privateer. Captain Haraden shouted through his trumpet:

"Haul down your colors, or I will fire into you."

The captain of the brig-of-war had wasted precious moments, and his vessel was so situated at that moment that her guns could

not be worked to leeward because of the seas that swept along her ports. After a futile fire from deck swivels and small arms, she surrendered and next day was anchored off Philadelphia.

One or two more stories and we must needs have done with the exploits of Jonathan Haraden. One of them admirably illustrates the sublime assurance of the man and in an extreme degree that dramatic quality which adorned his deeds. During one of his last voyages in the *Pickering* he attacked a heavily armed "king's mail packet," bound to England from the West Indies. These packets were of the largest type of merchant vessels of that day, usually carrying from fifteen to twenty guns, and complements of from sixty to eighty men. Such a ship was expected to fight hard and was more than a match for most privateers.

The king's packet was a foe to test Captain Haraden's mettle and he found her a tough antagonist. They fought four full hours, "or four glasses," as the log records it, after which Captain Haraden found that he must haul out of the action and repair damages to rigging and hull. He discovered also, that he had used all the powder on board except one charge. It would have been a creditable conclusion of the matter if he had called the action a drawn battle and gone on his way.

It was in his mind, however, to try an immensely audacious plan which could succeed only by means of the most cold-blooded courage on his part. Ramming home his last charge of powder and double shotting the gun, he again ranged alongside his plucky enemy, who was terribly cut up, but still unconquered, and hailed her:

"I will give you five minutes to haul down your colors. If they are not down at the end of that time, I will fire into and sink you, so help me God."

It was a test of mind, not of armament. The British commander was a brave man who had fought his ship like a hero.

But the sight of this infernally indomitable figure on the quarter-deck of the shot-rent *Pickering*, the thought of being exposed to another broadside at pistol range, the aspect of the blood-stained, half-naked privateersmen grouped at their guns with matches lighted, was too much for him. Captain Haraden stood, watch in hand, calling off the minutes so that his voice could be heard aboard the packet:

“ONE—”

“TWO—”

“THREE.”

But he had not said “FOUR,” when the British colors fluttered down from the yard and the packet ship was his.

When a boat from the *Pickering* went alongside the prize, the crew “found the blood running from her scuppers, while the deck appeared more like the floor of a slaughter house than the deck of a ship. On the quarterdeck, in an armchair, sat an old gentleman, the Governor of the island from which the packet came. During the whole action he had loaded and fired a heavy blunderbuss, and in the course of the battle had received a ball in his cheek, which, in consequence of the loss of teeth, had passed out through the other cheek without giving a mortal wound.”

A truly splendid “old gentleman” and a hero of the first water!

In the latter part of the war Captain Haraden commanded the *Julius Cæsar*, and a letter written by an American in Martinique in 1782 to a friend in Salem is evidence that his activities had not diminished:

“Captain Jonathan Haraden, in the letter of marque ship, *Julius Cæsar*, forty men and fourteen guns, off Bermuda, in sight of two English brigs, one of twenty and the other of sixteen guns, took a schooner which was a prize to one of them, but they both declined to attack him. On the 5th ult., he fell in with two British vessels, being a ship of eighteen guns and a brig of six-

teen, both of which he fought five hours and got clear of them. The enemy's ship was much shattered and so was the *Cæsar*, but the latter's men were unharmed. Captain Haraden was subsequently presented with a silver plate by the owners of his ship, as commemorative of his bravery and skill. Before he reached Martinico he had a severe battle with another English vessel which he carried thither with him as a prize."

Captain Haraden, the man who took a thousand cannon from the British on the high seas, died in Salem in 1803 in his fifty-ninth year. His descendants treasure the massive pieces of plate given him by the owners of the *Pickering* and the *Julius Cæsar*, as memorials of one who achieved far more to win the independence of his nation than many a landsman whose military records won him the recognition of his government and a conspicuous place in history.

While the important ports of Boston, New York, and others to the southward were blockaded by squadrons of British war vessels, the Salem privateers managed to slip to sea and spread destruction. It happened on a day of March, in 1781, that two bold English privateers were cruising off Cape Cod, menacing the coastwise trading sloops and schooners bound in and out of Salem and nearby ports. The news was carried ashore by incoming vessels which had been compelled to run for it, and through the streets and along the wharves of Salem went the call for volunteers. The ships *Brutus* and *Neptune* were lying in the stream and with astonishing expedition they were armed and made ready for sea as privateers.

One of the enemy's vessels was taken and brought into Salem only two days after the alarm had been given. Tradition relates that while the two Salem privateers were sailing home in company with their prize, the *Brutus* was hailed by an English sloop which had been loitering the coast on mischief bent. The Yankee skippers seeking to get their prize into port without

risk of losing her in battle, had hoisted English colors. Dusk had deepened into darkness when from the quarterdeck of the British sloop sounded the husky challenge:

"Ship ahoy. What ship is that?"

"The English armed ship *Terror*," answered the Salem captain.

"Where are you bound?"

"Just inside the Cape for safety."

"Safety from what?" asked the guileless Englishman.

"A whole fleet of damned Yankee privateers."

"Where are they?"

"They bear from the pitch of the Cape, about sou'east by East, four leagues distant."

"Aye, aye, we'll look out for them and steer clear," returned John Bull, and thereupon with a free wind he stood out to sea leaving the *Brutus* to lay her course without more trouble.

Not all the Salem privateers were successful. In fairness to the foe it should be recorded that one in three, or fifty-four in a total of one hundred and fifty-eight privateers and letter of marque ships were lost by capture during the war. Many of these, however, were scarcely more than decked rowboats armed with one gun and a few muskets. But of the four hundred and forty-five prizes taken by Salem ships, nine-tenths of them reached American ports in safety.

There was a lad who had been captured in a Salem privateer, and forced to enlist in the English navy. He was not of that heroic mold which preferred death to surrender and the hardships of prison life appear to have frightened him into changing his colors. He wrote home to Salem in 1781:

"HONOURED FATHER AND MOTHER:

"I send you these few lines to let you know that I am in good health on board the *Hyeane* Frigate which I was taken by and

I hope I shall be at home in a few months' time. When I was taken by the *Hyane* I was carried to England, where I left the ship and went on board a brig going to New York. There I was prest out of her into the *Phœnix*, forty-eight gun ship. I remained in her four months and was then taken on board the *Hyane* again, where I am still kept. We are lying in Carlisle Bay in Barbadoes. We are now going on an expedition, but will soon be back again when the captain says he will let me come home."

Alas, the boy who had weakened when it came to the test of his loyalty was not so well pleased with his choice when peace came. In August, 1783, we find him writing to his mother:

"I cannot think of returning home till the people of New England are more reconciled, for I hear they are so inveterate against all who have ever been in the English navy that I can't tell but their rage may extend to hang me as they do others."

Another letter of that time, while it does not deal wholly with privateering, views the war from the interesting standpoint of a Loyalist or Tory of Salem who was writing to friends of like sympathies who had also taken refuge in England. It is to be inferred from his somewhat caustic comments about certain *nouveaux riche* families of the town that the fortunes of privateering had suddenly prospered some, while it had beggared the estate of others.

"BRISTOL, England, February 10, 1780.

"Perhaps it may amuse you to be made acquainted with a few particulars of our own country and town, that may not have come to your knowledge. . . . It is a melancholy truth that while some are wallowing in undeserved wealth that plunder and Rapine has thrown into their hands, the wisest and most peacable, and most deserving, such as you and I know, are now suffering for want, accompanied by many indignities that a

licentious and lawless people can pour forth upon them. Those who a few years ago were the *meaner people* are now by a Strange Revolution become almost the only men in Power, riches and influences; those who on the contrary were leaders in the highest line of life are very glad at this time to be unknown and unnoticed, to escape insult and plunder and the wretched condition of all who are not Violent Adopters of Republican Principles. The Cabots of Beverly, who you know had but five years ago a very moderate share of property are now said to be by far the most wealthy in New England. . . . Nathan Goodale by an agency concern in Privateers and buying up Shares, counts almost as many pounds as most of his neighbors."

What may be called the day's work of the Revolutionary privateers is compactly outlined in the following series of reports from Salem annals. In an unfinished manuscript dealing with privateering the late James Kimball of Salem made this note:

"June 26, 1857. This day saw John W. Osgood, son of John Osgood, who stated that during the war of the Revolution his father was first Lieutenant of the Brig *Fame* commanded by Samuel Hobbs of Salem, from whence they sailed. When three days out they fell in with a British man-of-war which gave chase to the Privateer which outsailed the man-of-war, who, finding that she was getting away from him, fired a round shot which came on board and killed Captain Hobbs, which was the only injury sustained during the chase.

"Upon the death of Captain Hobbs the crew mutinied, saying the captain was dead, and the cruise was up, refused further duty and insisted upon returning to Salem. Lieutenant Osgood now becoming the captain, persisted in continuing the Cruise, yet with so small a number as remained on his side, found great difficulty in working the Ship. The mutineers stood in fear,

but part of the officers stood by Captain Osgood. No one feeling willing to appear at their head, they one day Sent him a Round Robin requiring the return of the Privateer. Captain Osgood still persisted in continuing the cruise.

“When an English Vessell hove in sight he told them that there was a Prize, that they had only to take her and he would soon find others. One of the Crew, to the leader to whom they all looked, replied that he would return to his duty. All the rest followed him, sail was made and they soon came up with the Prize. She proved to be a man-of-war in disguise, with drags out. As soon as this was discovered the Privateer attempted to escape, but she could not and was captured and carried to Halifax.”

Selecting other typical incidents almost at random as they were condensed in newspaper records, these seem to be worthy of notice:

“June 31, 1778. Much interest is made here for the release of Resolved Smith from his captivity. On his way from the West Indies to North Carolina he was taken, and confined on board the prison ship *Judith* at New York. Describing his situation, he said that he and other sufferers were shut in indiscriminately with the sick, dead and dying. ‘I am now closing the eyes of the last two out of five healthy men that came about three weeks ago with me on board this ship.’”

“July, 1779. The Brig *Wild Cat*, Captain Daniel Ropes, seventy-five men, fourteen guns, is reported as having taken a schooner belonging to the British navy. The next day, however, he was captured by a frigate and for his activity against the enemy was confined in irons at Halifax. On hearing of his severe treatment, our General Court ordered that an English officer of equal rank be put in close confinement until Captain Ropes is liberated and exchanged.”

“Feb. 13, 1781. Ship *Pilgrim*, Captain Robinson, reported

that on Christmas Day he had a battle with a Spanish Frigate and forced her to retire, and on January 5th engaged a privateer of thirty-three men, twenty-two guns, for three hours and took her. He had nine men killed and two wounded while his opponent had her captain and four more killed and thirteen wounded."

"March 13, 1781. It is reported that the Brig *Montgomery*, Captain John Carnes, had engaged a large British cutter, lost his lieutenant and had five wounded. From another account we learn that after a hard fight he succeeded in beating his opponent off."

"It is reported on the 19th of the same month that the ship *Franklin*, Captain John Turner, had taken a ship after a fight of forty minutes, having had one killed and one wounded. The prize had two killed and eight wounded."

"August 26, 1781. The ship *Marquis de Lafayette*, seventy-five men and sixteen guns, reported as having attacked a brig of thirty-two guns, upwards of two hours, but was obliged to draw off, much damaged, with eight killed and fourteen wounded and leaving the enemy with seventeen killed besides others wounded."

Privateering was destined to have a powerful influence upon the seafaring fortunes of Salem. Elias Hasket Derby, for example, the first great American shipping merchant and the wealthiest man in the Colonies, found his trading activities ruined by the Revolution. He swung his masterly energy and large resources into equipping privateers. It was his standing offer that after as many shares as possible had been subscribed for in financing any Salem privateer, he would take up the remainder, if more funds were needed. It is claimed that Mr. Derby was interested in sending to sea more than one-half of the one hundred and fifty-eight privateers which hailed from Salem during the Revolution. After the first two years of war

he discerned the importance of speed, and that many of the small privateers of his town had been lost or captured because they were unfit for their business. He established his own shipyards, studied naval architecture, and began to build a class of vessels vastly superior in size, model and speed to any previously launched in the Colonies. They were designed to be able to meet a British sloop of war on even terms.

These ships took a large number of prizes, but Elias Hasket Derby gradually converted them from privateers to letters of marque, so that they could carry cargoes to distant ports and at the same time defend themselves against the largest class of British privateers. At the beginning of the war he owned seven sloops and schooners. When peace came he had four ships of from three hundred to three hundred and fifty tons, which were very imposing merchant vessels for that time.

It was with these ships, created by the needs of war, that the commerce of Salem began to reach out for ports on the other side of the world. They were the vanguard of the great fleet which through the two generations to follow were to carry the Stars and Stripes around the Seven Seas. Ready to man them was the bold company of privateersmen, schooled in a life of the most hazardous adventure, braced to face all risks in the peaceful war for trade where none of their countrymen had ever dared to seek trade before. While they had been dealing shrewd blows for their country's cause in war, they had been also in preparation for the dawning age of Salem supremacy on the seas in the rivalries of commerce, pioneers in a brilliant and romantic era which was destined to win unique fame for their port.

CHAPTER VI

CAPTAIN LUTHER LITTLE'S OWN STORY

(1771-1799)

CAPTAIN LUTHER LITTLE made no great figure in the history of his times, but he left in his own words the story of his life at sea which ancient manuscript contributes a full length portrait of the kind of men who lived in the coastwise towns of New England in the eighteenth century. He was not of Salem birth, but he commanded a letter of marque ship out of Salem during the Revolution, which makes it fitting that the manuscript of his narrative should have come into the hands of his grandson, Philip Little, of Salem. This old time seaman's memoir, as he dictates it in his old age, reflects and makes alive again the day's work of many a stout-hearted ship's company of forgotten American heroes.

Born in Marshfield, Massachusetts, in 1756, Luther Little was a sturdy man grown at the beginning of the Revolution and had already spent five years at sea. At the age of fifteen he forsook his father's farm and shipped on board a coasting sloop plying between Maine and the South Carolina ports. On one of these voyages he was taken ill with a fever and was left ashore in a settlement on the Pimlico River, North Carolina. The planter's family who cared for the lad through his long and helpless illness were big-hearted and cheery folk, and his description of a "reaping bee," as enjoyed a hundred and forty years ago, is quaintly diverting.

“When the evening amusements began our host performed on the violin and the young people commenced dancing. I was brought down stairs by one of the daughters and placed on a chair in one corner of the room to witness their sports. They got so merry in the dance that I was unheeded, and they whirled so hard against me as to knock me from my chair. One of the young women caught me in her arms, and carried me to the chamber and laid me on the mat. They held their frolic until midnight and eight or ten of the girls tarried till morning. My mat lay in one corner of the garret, and they were to occupy another on the opposite side. When they came upstairs they commenced performing a jumping match after making preparations for the same by taking off some of their clothes. They performed with much agility, when one of the stranger girls observing me in one corner of the garret exclaimed with much surprise: ‘Who is that?’ The answer was: ‘It’s only a young man belonging to the North that is here sick, and won’t live three days. Never mind him.’”

His sloop having returned, this sixteen-year-old sailor surprised his kind host by gaining sufficient strength to go on board and soon after set sail for Martinique in the West Indies. The Revolutionary Committee of North Carolina had ordered the captain to fetch back a supply of powder and shot. He took aboard this cargo after driving overboard and threatening to blow out the brains of an English lieutenant who had it in mind to make a prize of the sloop while she lay at Martinique.

It was out of the frying pan into the fire, for when the vessel reached the Carolina coast, “the news of our unexpected arrival had been noised abroad,” relates Luther Little, “and the King’s tender lay within a few miles of the bar in wait for us. Twelve pilot boats from Ocrakoke came off to us and informed us that the tender was coming out to take us. We loaded the pilot boats with powder, and the balls, which were in kegs, we

hove overboard. By this time the tender made her appearance and ordered us all on board, made a prize of the sloop and ordered her for Norfolk where lay the English fleet. When our pilot and his crew went to take their boat I mingled with them and walked quietly on board without being observed, and set hard at rowing with one of the oars. The captain and the rest of the crew were made prisoners."

The pilot boat landed young Little at Ocrakoke, where he found that the other pilots who had taken the powder ashore had stolen ten casks of it, scurvy patriots that they were. So the stout-hearted lad of sixteen borrowed an old musket and stood guard all night over the powder kegs. "The next morning," he tells us, "the pilots finding they could plunder no more of the powder, agreed to carry it up the Pimlico River to the several County Committees for whom it was destined." Luther Little went with them and saw to it that the powder reached its owners.

One Colonel Simpson offered him a small schooner laden with corn to be delivered down the Pongo River. She had a crew of slaves which the boy skipper loftily rejected and took his little schooner single-handed downstream, making port after a two days' voyage. While at anchor there came a hurricane which had a most surprising effect on his fortunes. "I shut myself down in the cabin," said he, "and in the course of the night found the vessel adrift. Not daring to go on deck I waited the result and soon felt the vessel strike. After thumping a while she keeled to one side and remained still. At daylight next morning I ventured on deck and found myself safe on terra firma, in the woods, one half mile from the water, the tide having left me safe among the trees."

Making his way on foot to the home of the consignee, he reported his arrival, explained the situation and wrote his employer that he had delivered his cargo safe, and that he

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would find his schooner half a mile in the woods anchored safely among the trees.

The marooned seaman had not to wait long for another berth. On the same day of his escape he saw a sloop beating out of the river and hailed her skipper. A foremast hand was wanted and Little shipped aboard for the West Indies. During the passage they were chased by an English frigate, and ran in under the guns of the Dutch fort at St. Eustacia. Cargo and vessel were sold, and Luther Little transferred himself to another sloop bound for Rhode Island.

"Arriving safe after a passage of eleven days," he writes, "I took my pack and travelled to Little Compton where I had an uncle. Here I stayed one week, and then marched home on foot, the distance of seventy miles, without one cent in my pocket. I had been absent eleven months."

A few months later Luther Little shipped on board a letter of marque brig bound to Cadiz. Off Cape Finnesterre a storm piled the vessel on the rocks where she went to pieces. Little was washed over the bows, but caught a trailing rope and hauled himself aboard with a broken leg. While he was in this plight the brig broke in two, and somehow, with the help of his fellow seamen, he was conveyed ashore to a Spanish coast fortification. Thence they were taken by boat to Bellisle. The infant Uncle Sam was not wholly neglectful of his subjects, even though he was in the death-grip of a Revolution, for to the inn at Bellisle there came "a coach with four white horses and Mr. John Baptiste, an officer in the employ of the United States government, to enquire if there were any from off that wreck who needed assistance and wished to go to the hospital."

Luther Little lay in a hospital at Lisbon from autumn into spring where, he relates: "I was treated with great kindness and attention and although in my midnight dreams the spirits of a kind mother and beloved sisters would often hover around

my pillow, still on waking, the thought that I had escaped an early death was ever present to the mind, and I felt that although far from home and friends, I had every reason to be thankful."

The canny youngster had a shoe with a hollow heel, which hiding place he had prepared before leaving home, and in which he had tucked eight gold dollars with this sagacious reflection:

"Previous to this I had been left among strangers perfectly destitute without money either to assist myself, or to remunerate them for kindness received. I was now leaving home again, the future was covered with a veil which a wise Providence had never permitted human knowledge to rend. I knew not with what this voyage might be fraught—evil or good. I therefore resolved if possible to have something laid up as the old adage expresses, 'for a wet day.'"

When Luther was discharged from the Spanish hospital eleven other luckless American seamen who had been cast on their beam ends were set adrift with him. The shoe with the hollow heel held the only cash in the party who undertook an overland journey of three hundred miles to the nearest seaport whence they might expect to find passage home. While spending the night at a port called St. Ubes there came ashore the captain and lieutenant of an English privateer. These were very courteous foemen, for the captain told how he had been made prisoner by a Yankee crew, carried into Salem, and treated so exceedingly well that he was very grateful. Thereupon he ordered his lieutenant to go off to the privateer and fetch a dozen of pickled neats' tongues which he gave the stranded pilgrims to put in their packs. He also turned over to them a Portuguese pilot to escort them through the desolate and hostile country in which their journey lay. With the Portuguese, the neats' tongues, and wine in leather bottles, paid for from the hollow heel, the American tars trudged along,

sleeping on the ground and in shepherds' sheds until they reached the boundary between Spain and Portugal.

"The Spanish and English were at war," relates Luther Little, "and the stable in which we slept was surrounded by Spaniards who swore we were English and they would take us prisoners. In vain the landlord of the nearby tavern expostulated with them, saying we were Americans in distress traveling to Faro. They still persisted in forcing the door. The pilot told them that we were desperate men armed to the teeth and at length they disappeared."

They were among a set of accomplished thieves, for next day they bought some mackerel and stowed it in their packs from which it was artfully stolen by the very lad who had sold it to them. The pilot cheered them with tales of highway robbery and murder as they fared on, indicating with eloquent gestures sundry stones which marked the burial places of slain travelers. They were once attacked by a gang of brigands who stole their mule and slender store of baggage, but the seamen rallied with such headlong energy that the robbers took to the bushes.

Reaching the port of Faro, they found a good-hearted mate of a Portuguese brig who gave them a ham, four dozen biscuit and a part of a cheese. The French Consul also befriended them, and supplied a boat to take them to a port called Iammont. Although the ingenuous Luther Little explains their next adventure as pacific, it is not unfair to presume that his company committed a mild-mannered kind of piracy. However, he tells the tale in this fashion:

"We reached the mouth of the Iammont River next morning. Here we met a Spanish shallop coming out, bound to Cadiz, loaded with small fish and manned with six men. The Captain was very old. We shifted on board this shallop and sailed toward Cadiz with a fair wind. When night approached the

Spanish captain having no compass, steered by a star; at ten the clouds came over and the stars were shut in, the wind blowing fresh. The Spaniards fell on their knees, imploring the aid of their saints. Directly the captain concluded to go on shore, and took his cask of oil to break the surf, and bore away toward the shore. We being the strongest party (eleven to six), hauled the shallop onto her course and obliged the old Spaniard to take the helm, it still continuing very thick. At one that morning we struck on the Porpoise Rocks at the mouth of Cadiz Bay; we shipped two seas which filled the boat. With our hats we bailed out water, fish and all, directly made Cadiz light, and ran in near the wall of the city. The sentry from the wall told us to come no nearer, whereupon the old captain hauled down sails and let go his anchor. At daylight I paid one Spanish dollar apiece passage money and we left the boat.

“We went to the gate of the city and sat down on some ship timber. One of our men was then two days sick with a fever. When the gate was opened we marched in, two of us carrying the sick man. A little way inside we met a Spaniard who spoke English. He invited us to his house, and gave us a breakfast of coffee and fish, and told us we were welcome to remain there until we could find a passage home.”

Next day Luther Little as spokesman waited upon John Jay, United States Minister to the Court of Madrid, who had come to Cadiz with his wife in the *Confederacy* frigate. Minister Jay put the sick man in a hospital while the others sought chances to work their way home. They found in the harbor an English brig which had captured an American ship and was then in her turn retaken by the Yankee crew who had risen upon the prize crew. According to Luther Little this Yankee mate, Morgan by name, was a first-class fighting man, for he had sailed the brig into Cadiz, flying the Stars and Stripes, with only a boy or

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two to help him. She carried twelve guns and needed a heavy crew to risk the passage home to Cape Ann.

Reinforced by the captain and crew of another American vessel which had been taken by an English frigate, Luther Little's party sought Minister Jay and explained the situation. They could work their passage in the brig, but they had no provisions. Would he help them? Mr. Jay made this singular compact, that he would give them provisions if they would sign a document promising to pay for the stores at the Navy Yard in Boston, or to serve aboard a Continental ship until the debt was worked out. All hands signed this paper by which they put themselves in pawn to serve their country's flag, and the brig sailed from Cadiz.

After thirty days they were on George's Bank where they lay becalmed while an English privateer swept down toward them with sweeps out. A commander was chosen by vote, decks cleared for action, and two guns shifted over to the side toward the privateer. "The captain ordered his crew to quarters. When the privateer came up to us we gave her a broadside; she fired upon us, then dropped astern and came up on the larboard side," so Little describes it. "As soon as the guns would bear upon her we gave her another broadside. They returned the same. The privateer schooner giving up the contest, dropped astern and made off, we giving her three cheers."

Without mishap the brig arrived off Cape Ann, and continued on to Boston. There Luther Little obtained money from friends and paid off his share of the debt to the Navy Board. He was the only one of the eleven of his party who redeemed themselves, however, the others going aboard Continental cruisers as stipulated by the shrewd Minister Jay who, in this fashion, secured almost a dozen lusty seamen for the navy.

"Once more I reached home entirely destitute," comments

Luther Little, who tarried on his father's farm a few weeks, and then once more "bade home and those dear to me, adieu." This was in the year 1780. He entered on board the United States ship *Protector*, of twenty-six guns and 230 men, as midshipman and prizemaster. Her commander was John Foster Williams, and her first lieutenant, George Little, was a brother of our hero. Their names deserve remembrance, for the *Protector* fought one of the most heroic and desperate engagements of the Revolution of which Midshipman Little shall tell you in his own words:

"We lay off in Nantasket Roads making ready for a six months' cruise, and put to sea early in April of 1780. Our course was directed eastward, keeping along the coast till we got off Mount Desert, most of the time in a dense fog, without encountering friend or foe. On the morning of June ninth, the fog began to clear away, and the man at the masthead gave notice that he discovered a ship to the windward of us. We perceived her to be a large ship under English colors, standing down before the wind for us. We were on the leeward side.

"As she came down upon us she appeared to be as large as a seventy-four. The captain and lieutenant were looking at her through their glasses, and after consulting decided that she was not an English frigate but a large king's packet ship, and the sooner we got alongside of her the better. The boatswain was ordered to pipe all hands to quarters, and clear the ship for action. Hammocks were brought up and stuffed into the nettings, decks wet and sanded, matches lighted and burning, bulkheads hooked up.

"We were not deceived respecting her size. It afterwards proved she was of eleven hundred tons burden, a Company ship which had cruised in the West Indies for some time and then took a cargo of sugar and tobacco at St. Kitts bound to

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London. She carried thirty-six twelve-pounders upon the gun deck, and was furnished with two hundred and fifty men, and was called the *Admiral Duff*, Richard Strange, master. We were to the leeward of her and standing to the northward under cruising sail. She came down near us, and aimed to pass us and go ahead. After passing by to the leeward she hove to under fighting colors. We were all this time under English colors and observed her preparing for action. Very soon I heard the sailing master call for his trumpet:

“‘Let fall the foresail, sheet home the main topgallant sail.’

“We steered down across her stern, and hauled up under her lee quarter. At the same time we were breeching our guns aft to bring her to bear. Our first lieutenant possessed a very powerful voice; he hailed the ship from the gang-board and enquired:

“‘What ship is that?’

“He was answered ‘The *Admiral Duff*.’

“‘Where are you from and where bound?’

“‘From a cruise bound to London,’ they answered, and then enquired: ‘What ship is that?’

“We gave no answer. The captain ordered a broadside given, and colors changed at the first flash of a gun, and as the thirteen stripes took the place of the English ensign they gave us three cheers and fired a broadside. They partly shot over us, their ship being so much higher than ours, cutting away some of our rigging. The action commenced within pistol shot and now began a regular battle, broadside to broadside.

“After we had engaged one half hour there came in a cannon ball through the side and killed Mr. Scollay, one of our midshipmen. He commanded the fourth twelve-pounder from the stern, I commanded the third. The ball took him in the head. His brains flew upon my gun and into my face. The man at my gun who rammed down the charge was a stout Irishman.

Immediately on the death of Mr. Scolley he stripped himself of his shirt and exclaimed:

“‘An’ faith, if they kill me they shall tuck no rags into my insides.’

“The action continued about an hour when all the topmen on board the enemy’s ship were killed by our marines, who were seventy in number, all Americans. Our marines also killed the man at the wheel, caused the ship to come down upon us, and her cat-head stove in our quarter-gallery.

“We lashed their jib-boom to our main-shrouds, and our marines from the quarterdeck firing into their port holes kept them from charging. We were ordered from our quarters to board, but before we were able the lashings broke. We were ordered back to quarters to charge our guns when the other ship shooting alongside of us, the yards nearly locked. We gave her a broadside which cut away her mizzen mast and made great havoc among them. We perceived her sinking, at the same time saw that her main topgallant sail was on fire, which ran down the rigging and caught a hogshhead of cartridges under the quarterdeck and blew it up.

“At this time from one of their forward guns there came into the port where I commanded a charge of grape shot. With three of them I was wounded, one between my neck bone and wind-pipe, one through my jaw lodging in the roof of my mouth, and taking off a piece of my tongue, the third through the upper lip, taking away part of the lip and all of my upper teeth. I was immediately taken to the cockpit, to the surgeon. My gun was fired only once afterward; I had fired nineteen times. I lay unattended to, being considered mortally wounded and was past by that the wounds of those more likely to live might be dressed. I was perfectly sensible and heard the surgeon’s remark:

“‘Let Little lay. Attend to the others first. He will die.’



Captain Luther Little

(The scars and disfigurement left by wounds received in the action with the *Admiral Duff* have been faithfully reproduced by the painter)

"Perceiving me motion to him he came to me and began to wash off the blood, and dress my wound. After dressing the lip and jaw he was turning from me. I put my hand to my neck, and he returned and examined my neck, pronouncing it the deepest wound of the three. I bled profusely, the surgeon said two gallons.

"By this time the enemy's ship was sunk and nothing was to be seen of her. She went down on fire with colours flying. Our boats were injured by the shots and our carpenters were repairing them in order to pull out and pick up the men of the English that were afloat. They succeeded in getting fifty-five, one half wounded and scalded.

"The first lieutenant told me that such was their pride when on the brink of a watery grave, that they fought like demons, preferring death with the rest of their comrades rather than captivity, and that it was with much difficulty that many of them were forced into the boats. Our surgeon amputated limbs from five of the prisoners, and attended them as if they had been of our own crew. One of the fifty-five was then sick with the West Indies fever and had floated out of his hammock between decks. The weather was excessively warm and in less than ten days sixty of our men had taken the epidemic.

"The *Admiral Duff* had two American captains, with their crews, on board as prisoners. These (the captains) were among the fifty-five saved by our boats. One of them told Captain Williams that he was with Captain Strange when our vessel hove in sight, that he asked him what he thought of her, and told him he thought her one of the Continental frigates. Captain Strange thought not, but he wished she might be; at any rate were she only a Salem privateer she would be a clever little prize to take home with him. During the battle while Captain Williams was walking the quarterdeck a shot from the enemy

took his speaking trumpet from his hand, but he picked it up and with great calmness continued his orders.*

"We sailed for the coast of Nova Scotia near to Halifax. After cruising there about a week we discovered a large ship steering for us, and soon discovered her to be an English frigate. We hove about and ran from her, our men being sick, we did not dare to engage her. This was at four o'clock in the afternoon. The frigate gained on us fast. When she came up near us we fired four stern chasers, and kept firing. When she got near our stern she luffed and gave us a broadside which did no other damage save lodging one shot in the mainmast and cutting away some rigging. We made a running fight until dark, the enemy choosing not to come alongside. In the evening she left us and hauled her wind to the southward and we for the north."

The captain of the *Protector* needed wood and water and so set sail for the Maine coast where he landed his invalids, converting a farmer's barn into a temporary hospital with the

*In the log book of the *Protector* Captain Williams described the engagement as follows: "*June 9th, 1780.* At 7 A.M. saw a ship to the Westward, we stood for her under English colours, the ship standing athaught us, under English colours, appeared to be a large ship. At 11 came alongside of her, hailed her, she answered from Jamaica. I shifted my colours and gave her a broadside; she soon returned us another. The action was very heavy for near three Glasses, when she took fire and blew up. Got out the Boats to save the men, took 55 of them, the greatest part of them wounded with our shot and burnt when the ship blew up. She was called the *Admiral Duff* of 32 guns, Comman'd by Richard Strang from St. Kitts and Eustatia, ladened with Sugar and Tobacco, bound to London. We lost in the action one man, Mr. Benja. Scollay and 5 wounded. Rec'd several shot in our Hull and several of our shrouds and stays shot away."

Ebenezer Fox who was a seaman aboard the *Protector* related: "We ascertained that the loss of the enemy was prodigious, compared with ours. This disparity, however, will not appear so remarkable when it is considered that, although their ship was larger than ours, it was not so well supplied with men; having no marines to use the musket, they fought with their guns alone, and as their ship lay much higher out of the water than ours, the greater part of their shot went over us, cutting our rigging and sails without injuring our men. We had about seventy marines who did great execution with their muskets, picking off the officers and men with a sure and deliberate aim."

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surgeon's mate in charge. While the cruiser lay in harbor Luther Little's sense of humor would not permit this incident to go unforgotten:

"Among our crew was a fellow half Indian and half negro who coveted a fatted calf belonging to a farmer on the shore. His evil genius persuaded him to pilfer the same, but he could find only one man willing to assist him. Cramps, which was the negro's name, took a boat one evening and went on shore to commit the depredation. He secured the victim and returned to the ship without discovery. He arrived under the ship's bows and called for his partner in crime to lower the rope to hoist the booty on board, but his fellow conspirator had dodged below and it so happened that the first lieutenant was on deck. Cramps, thinking it was his co-worker in iniquity, hailed him in a low voice, asking him to do as he had agreed and that damned quick.

"The lieutenant, thinking that something out of the way was going on, obeyed the summons. Cramps fixed the noose around the calf's neck, and cried:

"'Pull away, blast your eyes. My back is almost broke carrying the crittur so far on the land. Give us your strength on the water.'

"The lieutenant obeyed, and Cramps, boosting in the rear, the victim was soon brought on deck. Cramps jumped on board and found both himself and the calf in possession of the lieutenant. Next morning the thief was ordered to shoulder the calf and march to the farmer and ask forgiveness, and take the reward of his sins which was fifty lashes."

So seriously had Midshipman Little been raked with the three grape shot that he was sent home to recover his strength, and he did not rejoin the *Protector* until her second cruise five months later. After taking several prizes between the New England coast and the West Indies, she sailed for Charleston.

One afternoon a sail was sighted to the leeward. "We wore around," says the narrative, "and made sail in chase, found we gained fast upon her and at sunset we could see her hull. When night shut in we lost sight of her. There came over us a heavy cloud with squalls of thunder and lightning and by the flashes we discovered the ship which had altered her course. We hauled our wind in chase and were soon alongside. The next flash of lightning convinced us she was of English colours. We hailed her. She answered 'from Charleston bound to Jamaica,' and inquired where we were from. The first lieutenant shouted back:

"'The *Alliance*, United States frigate.'

"Our men were all at quarters and lanterns burning at every port. Our captain told him to haul down his colours, and heave to. There was no answer. We fired three twelve pounders. He called out and said he had struck. Captain Williams asked why he did not shorten sail and heave to. He replied that his men had gone below and would not come up. Our barge was lowered, a prize crew and master put on board and we took possession of the ship. She proved to be of eight hundred tons burden, with three decks fore and aft carrying twenty-four nine-pounders and manned with eighty men. We ordered her for Boston where she arrived safe."

This handsome capture was achieved by an audacious "bluff," but this cruise of the *Protector* was fated to have a less fortunate ending. A few days later another prize was taken and, lucky for Luther Little, he was put aboard as prizemaster. While he was waiting in company with the *Protector* for his orders to proceed, the cruiser sighted another sail and made off in chase. Prizemaster Little tried to follow her until night shut down, and then as she showed no lights he gave up the pursuit and shaped his course for Nantucket. At daylight next morning, the mate who was standing his watch on deck,

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went below to inform Skipper Little that two large ships were to the leeward. The latter climbed aloft with his glass and made them out to be British frigates in chase of the *Protector*. They took no notice of the prize a mile to windward of them but pelted hard after the Yankee war ship and when last seen she was in the gravest danger of capture.

Luther Little cracked on sail for Boston with his prize and upon arriving called upon Governor John Hancock and told him in what a perilous situation he had left the *Protector*. Ten days later the news came that the cruiser had been taken by the *Roebuck* and *Mayday* frigates and carried into New York.

Luther Little, having escaped with the skin of his teeth, forsook the service of the United States and like many another stout seaman decided to try his fortune privateering. Captain William Orme, a Salem merchant, offered him the berth of lieutenant aboard the letter of marque brig *Jupiter*. She was a formidable vessel, carrying twenty guns and a hundred and fifty men. From Salem, that wasp's nest of Revolutionary privateersmen, the *Jupiter* sailed for the West Indies. Captain Orme went in his ship, but while he was a successful shipping merchant, he was not quite a dashing enough comrade for so seasoned a sea-dog as this young Luther Little. To the windward of Turk's Island they sighted a large schooner which showed no colors.

"Our boatswain and gunner had been prisoners a short time before in Jamaica," says Lieutenant Little, "and they told Captain Orme that she was the *Lyon* schooner, bearing eighteen guns. Our boatswain piped all hands to quarters and we prepared for action. Captain Orme, not being acquainted with a warlike ship, told me I must take the command, advising me to run from her. I told him in thus doing we should surely be taken. I ordered the men in the tops to take in the studding-sails. We then ran down close to her, luffed, and gave her a

broadside, which shot away both of her topmasts. She then bore away and made sail and ran from us, we in chase. We continued thus for three hours, then came alongside. I hailed and told them to shorten sail or I'd sink them on the spot. Our barge was lowered and I boarded her; all this time she had no colours set. I hailed our ship and told Captain Orme I thought her a clear prize, and bade the men prepare to board her. But the captain hailed for the boat to return. I obeyed and told him she had a good many men and several guns. The captain said he would have nothing to do with her, as he feared they might rise upon us. Much to my reluctance we left her."

After having thirty men of the crew violently ill at one time in the fever-stricken harbor of Port au Prince, the letter of marque *Jupiter* was freighted with sugar and coffee and set out for Salem. Dodging two English frigates cruising for prizes in the Crooked Island passage, she passed a small island upon which some kind of signal appeared to be hoisted.

"I was in my hammock quite unwell," relates Lieutenant Little of the *Jupiter*. "The captain sent for me on deck and asked me if I thought a vessel had been cast away on the island. After spying attentively with my glasses, I told him it was no doubt a wreck, and that I could discover men on the island, that probably they were in distress. I advised him to send a boat and take them off. He said the boat should not go unless I went in her. I told him I was too sick, to send Mr. Leach, our mate. He would not listen to me. I went. We landed at the leeward of the island, and walked toward the wreck, when ten men came towards us. They were the captain and crew of the unfortunate vessel. They were much moved at seeing us, said they were driven ashore on the island and had been there ten days without a drop of water. By this time Captain Orme had hove a signal for our return, there being a frigate in chase. Going to the ship the wrecked captain, who

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was an old man named Peter Trott, asked me where our vessel was from. I told him we were bound to Salem, and he was quite relieved, fearing we were an English man-of-war. We came alongside and the boat was hoisted up and every sail set, the frigate in chase. She gained upon us and at dark was about a league astern. The clouds were thick and I told the captain we were nearly in their power, our only chance being to square away and run to the leeward across the Passage, it being so thick that they could not discover us with their night glasses. We lay to until we thought the frigate had passed, made sail toward morning, and fetched through the Passage."

After this voyage Luther Little became captain of a large brig which had a roundhouse and was steered by a wheel which was uncommon for merchantmen in those days. He had one terrific winter passage home from the West Indies, fetched up off the Massachusetts coast with every man of his crew but one helplessly frozen, and his vessel half full of water. With his one lone seaman he was blown off to sea, and at length ran his water-logged craft ashore on the Maine coast. Nothing daunted, he worked her down to Boston, after being frozen up and adrift in ice, and sending ashore for men to help him pump out his hold.

"Here at this era of my life, the wheel of fortune turned," he makes comment. "The last seventeen years had been spent mostly on the wide waters. I had passed through scenes at which the heart shrinks as memory recalls them; but now the scene changed. Ill luck was ended."

Thereafter Captain Luther Little continued in the West India trade until he had made twenty-four successful voyages. "always bringing back every man, even to cook and boy." After this he shifted to the commerce with Russia, making six yearly voyages to St. Petersburg at a time when the American flag was almost unknown in that port.

"During one of these voyages," he recounts, "when off Norway in a cold snow storm lying to, a man on the main yard handling the mainsail fell overboard, went under the vessel, and came up on the lee side. I was then on the quarterdeck, caught a hen coop, and threw it into the ocean. He succeeded in getting hold of it. I then ordered topsails hove aback, and to cut away the lashings of the yawl. The man not being in sight I ordered the boat to pull to windward. They succeeded in taking him and brought him on board. He was alive though unable to speak or stand. I had him taken into the cabin, and by rubbing and giving him something hot, he was soon restored to duty. I asked him what he thought his fate would be when overboard. He said that he tried the hen coop lying to and found that would not answer. Then he thought he would try it scudding, and 'sir,' he answered, 'if you had not sent your boat just as you did, I should have borne away for the coast of Norway.'"

When his sea life ended at the age of forty-one, Captain Luther Little could say with a very worthy pride:

"In all my West India and Russian voyaging I never lost a man, never carried away a spar, nor lost a boat or anchor."

In 1799, before the opening of the nineteenth century, this sturdy Yankee seaman, Luther Little, was ready to retire to his ancestral farm in Marshfield where his great-grandfather had hewn a home in the wilderness. In the prime of his vigor and capacity, having lived a dozen lives afloat, he was content to spend forty-odd years more as a New England farmer. And in his eighty-fifth year this old-fashioned American sailor and patriot still sunny and resolute, was able to sit down and describe the hazards through which he had passed just as they are here told.

CHAPTER VII

JOURNAL OF WILLIAM RUSSELL

(1776-1782)

AN attempt to portray the seafaring life of our forefathers would be signally incomplete without some account of the misfortunes endured when the American privateersman or man-of-war's-man was the loser in an encounter on blue water. During the Revolution, when privateers were swarming from every port from Maine to the Carolinas, scores of them were captured by superior force and their crews carried off to be laid by the heels, often for two and three years, in British prisons of war. Brilliant as was the record of the private armed ships of Salem, her seamen, in large numbers, became acquainted with the grim walls of Old Mill Prison at Plymouth and Forton Prison near Portsmouth.

They were given shorter rations than the French, Spanish and Dutch prisoners of war with whom they were confined, and they were treated as rebels and traitors and committed as such. Manuscript narratives of their bitter experiences as preserved in Salem show that these luckless seamen managed to maintain hope, courage and loyalty to a most inspiring degree, although theirs was the hardest part to play that can be imagined. Many of them shipped again in privateer or Continental cruiser as soon as they were released and served their country until the end of the war.

As recalling this prison life in a personal and intimate way, the subjoined journal of William Russell is quoted at consider-

The Ships and Sailors of Old Salem

able length although he was not a native of Salem. He sailed and was captured in a ship commanded by Captain John Manley, of Marblehead; however, he met many masters and seamen of Salem vessels during his years of confinement in Old Mill Prison, and his journal came at length into the hands of his grandson, James Kimball of Salem. And in more detail than it has anywhere else been related, does he describe what Salem sailors endured in British prisons.

Worthy of prefacing his story are the following letters written by Caleb Foote, a privateersman of Salem who was captured in the sloop *Gates* in 1778 and confined for two years in Forton Prison. These letters were addressed to his wife.

“FORTON PRISON, near Portsmouth, in Great Britain,

“AUGUST 21, 1780.

“I take this opportunity to write you a few lines to let you know that I am in good health at present, and I trust that by the blessing of God these lines will find you and all whom it may concern enjoying the same blessing. I have nothing very remarkable to write about at present; but I am sorry to inform you that I have no prospect of getting my liberty until the wars are over, if we do then, for everything appears very dark and gloomy on our side at present. There are one hundred and ninety of my dear countrymen in this prison and about ninety or a hundred in Mill Prison at Plymouth. And here we must lie inclosed within these bars of iron and guarded by bloody tyrants; forsaken by our country and despised and insulted by the inhabitants of this place. But what can I say or what can I do to get my liberty? It is impossible without the help of some friends. It is almost impossible for a man to make his escape from this without the help of money to take him off the Island; and if he is taken up again sometimes they keep him on board their ships of war, and if we are brought back to the

prison again we must lie forty days in the Black Hole and upon half allowance, which is only two pounds of beef and one pint of peas for a week to live upon; and likewise put upon the back of the list and will not be exchanged until the last if there should ever be any exchanged.

“This is the eighth letter that I have wrote to you and never have I had the comfort to hear of your welfare which is a little surprising when there are so many letters come to this prison from Salem and Marblehead. There have ships come from Salem and the neighboring ports to France and Holland, which brought letters to the prison. This makes me think you have certainly forgot me, or perhaps you may blame me for being so long absent. But I do assure you that it is not my will to be so long absent from you. It is out of my power to escape what hard fortune has allotted to me.

“I conclude at present by Subscribing myself

“Your most obliged and most affectionate Husband,

“CALEB FOOT.”

“P. S. I would inform you that Captain Haraden* was so kind as to send a gentleman whom he captured of late to redeem me, and I am under great obligations for his kindness. Mr. Scott came to the prison on the twenty-fifth of July but he gave me no assistance nor have I heard from him since. Had he but helped me to the value of five guineas it would have done more toward my liberty than to send five hundred men, for the English will not let any of us go upon that condition, for their hearts are very bloody towards what few of us they have got under their command.”

“FEBRUARY 24th, 1780.

“MOST AFFECTIONATE FRIEND:

“I take this opportunity to write you a few lines to acquaint you of my welfare which is very poor at present for here we lie

* Captain Jonathan Haraden of Salem. See Chapter V.

in prison in a languishing condition, and upon short allowance, surrounded by tyrants and with no expectation of being redeemed at present, for we seem to be cast out and forsaken by our countrymen, and no one to grant us any relief in our distress; and many of our noble countrymen are sick and languishing for the want of things to support Nature in their low estate of health, and many of them have gone to the shades of darkness.

“We seem to have very poor accounts of the noble Doctor Franklin, who has neglected the great and important business of our redemption; the neglect of which, we are told, is his fault altogether. By what we learn we might have been exchanged long ago had he sent the Agent’s name with the passports. Many of my countrymen that had money have made their escape, and I should have done the same if I had money or friends.”

One hundred and thirty years ago William Russell was earning a humdrum livelihood as an usher in a “public school” of Boston taught by one Master Griffith. Whatever else he may have drilled into the laggard minds of his scholars, it is certain that the young usher did not try, by ferrule or precept, to inspire loyalty for their gracious sovereign, King George and his flag. It is recorded that “he was of an ardent temperament and entered with great zeal into the political movement of the Colonies,” and was early enrolled among the “Sons of Liberty,” which organization preached rebellion and resistance to England long before the first clash of arms. At the age of twenty-three this undignified school teacher was one of the band of lawless patriots who, painted and garbed as red Indians, dumped a certain famous cargo of tea into Boston Harbor.

When a British fleet and army took possession of seething Boston, Master Griffith had to look for another usher, for William Russell had “made himself obnoxious to the ‘authori-

ties," and found it advisable to betake himself with his family to places not so populous with red coats.

His active service in the cause of the Revolution did not begin until June of 1777, when the Massachusetts State's Train of Artillery for the defense of Boston was reorganized, and the first entry in the regimental orderly book was in the handwriting of Sergeant Major William Russell; a roll of the officers which included the name of "Paul Revere, Lieutenant Colonel."

Sergeant Major Russell was later appointed adjutant of this regiment and served in the Rhode Island campaign until the end of the year 1778. Thereafter that "ardent temperament" in his country's cause led him to seek the sea, and the artillery officer entered the naval service as a captain's clerk on board the Continental ship *Jason* under the famous Captain John Manley of Marblehead. They were sure of hard fighting who sailed with John Manley. While in command of the frigate *Hancock* he had taken the British twenty-eight-gun frigate *Fox* after a severe and bloody action. Later, in the privateer *Cumberland*, he had suffered the misfortune of being carried into Barbados by the British frigate *Pomona*, but breaking out of jail with his men at night he seized a British government vessel, put her crew in irons, and sailed her to the United States. Reaching Boston, Captain Manley was given the fine Continental cruiser *Jason*, of twenty guns and a hundred and twenty men.

It was this vessel and its dashing commander which lured young William Russell from his military service. But the *Jason* was captured during Captain Manley's first cruise in her by the swift British frigate *Surprise* after a hammer and tongs engagement in which the American loss was thirty killed and wounded. Carried as prisoners to England, the officers and some of the men of the *Jason* were thrown into Old Mill Prison at Plymouth where William Russell kept the journal which is

by far the most complete and entertaining account of the experience of the Revolutionary privateersmen and naval seamen who suffered capture that has been preserved.

After two and a half years' confinement in a British prison, William Russell, having left a wife and children at home, was exchanged and sent to Boston in a cartel, or vessel under a flag of truce. He enjoyed his homecoming no more than a few days when he re-entered the service of his country as a privateersman and was again captured during his first cruise, and sent to the notorious prison ship *Jersey* in New York harbor. He was not paroled until the spring of 1783, when with health shattered by reason of his years of hardship as a prisoner of war he returned to Cambridge and endeavored to resume his old occupation of teaching. He mustered a few scholars at his home in the "Light House Tavern," but consumption had gripped him and he died in the following year, on March 7, 1784, at the age of thirty-five. He had given the best years of his life to his country and he died for its cause with as much indomitable heroism and self-sacrificing devotion as though musket ball or boarding pike had slain him.

The Journal of William Russell's long captivity in Mill Prison begins as follows:*

"Dec. 19, 1779. This morning the Boatswain told us to get ready to go on shore to be examined. Went to the Fountain Inn Dock. Examined by two Justices and committed to Mill Prison in Plymouth for Piracy, Treason and Rebellion against His Majesty on the High Sea.† This evening came to the

* From manuscripts in the possession of the Essex Institute, Salem.

† The commitment proceedings in the case of William Russell were conducted by two justices, and their findings read in part as follows:

"For as much as appears unto James Young and Ralph Mitchell, two of the Justices of our Lord the King, assigned to keep the Peace within the said county (of Devon) on the examination of William Russell, Mariner late of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay in North America, a Prisoner brought before us, charged with being found in Arms and Rebellion on the High Seas on board the

Prison, finding 168 Americans among whom was Captain Manley and some more of my acquaintances. Our diet is short, only $\frac{3}{4}$ pound of beef, 1 lb. of bread, 1 qt. of beer per day per man."

Much of this vivacious journal is occupied with the stories of attempted escapes from the prison. The punishment was severe, but nothing could daunt the high spirits of these Yankee seamen who were continually burrowing through the walls, gnawing their way to liberty like so many beavers, and now and then scoring a success. This appears to have been their chief diversion, a warfare of wits waged against their guards, with considerable good humor on both sides. Less than two weeks after his commitment William Russell records, January 1, 1780: "Made a breach in the wall of the Prison, with the design of escaping, but it was discovered by the Sentinel on the other side. The masons were sent to mend it but it being dinner time they left for dinner and two Sentinels were placed to prevent our escape. Eight of our men put on frocks and took mortar and daubed their clothing, going through the hole as workmen. One of them came back into the yard undiscovered, but the rest were taken or gave themselves up.

"Jan. 7th. Began another hole at the south end of the prison. The dirt was put in our bread sacks which was the occasion of our being found out. The masons were sent for and the hole stopped again. Richard Goss, Jacob Vickary, Samuel Goss and John Stacey were put upon one half diet and confined to the Black Hole for forty days.

Jason ship American Privateer, sailed out of Boston in North America, and commissioned by the North American Congress, which was taken by the *Surprise*, English Frigate;

"That the said William Russell was taken at Sea in the High Treason Act committed on the High Seas, out of the Realm on the 29th day of September last, being then and there found in Arms levying War, in Rebellion and aiding the King's Enemies, and was landed in Dartmouth in the County of Devon, and the said William Russell now brought before in the Parish of Stock Damerall aforesaid, charged with and to be committed for the said offense to the Old Mill Prison in the Borough of Plymouth."

"Jan. 28th. Began upon the same again and tho' the two Sentinels were kept with us all night, and two lamps burning, we went on with it with great success. The weather being very rainy and frost in the ground which thawed just as we were going through, the Sentinel marching on his post broke into the hole that ran across the road. Immediately the guard was alarmed and came into the prison, some with guns, some with cutlasses. However we got to our hammocks and laughed at them. One of the prisoners threw a bag of stones down stairs and liked to have killed a drummer. The hole was mended next day and all hopes of our escape is at an end. Very bad weather and very dark times."

The attention of these energetic prisoners was diverted from more attempts to break through the walls by the tidings of the arrival of a cartel or vessel sent to take home exchanged Americans. The list of "Pardons," as the journal calls them, did not include Captain Manley and the men of the *Jason*, and on March 5th it is related:

"One hundred embarked to-day in the cartel for France, we remained in good spirits. I wrote a petition to the Honourable Commissioners for taking care of Sick and Hurt Seamen at London, in Captain Manley's name, to obtain His Majesty's pardon for nineteen Americans that came after the 168 that were pardoned, that we might be ready to go in the next draft. The cartel sailed and we are awaiting her return with great expectation of being released from this disagreeable confinement."

The story of their bitter disappointment is told in a letter written by William Russell to his wife in Boston at this time. This true-hearted patriot was much concerned about the fortunes of his fighting countrymen, news of whom was filtering into Mill Prison in the form of belated and distorted rumors. He wrote:

“MY DEAR:

“I transmit these few lines to you with my best love, hoping by the blessing of God they will find you and my children, with our Mother, Brother and Sisters, and all relations in as good state of health as they leave me, but more composed in mind. I desire to bless Almighty God for the measure of health I have enjoyed since this year came in, as I have not had but one twenty-four hours’ illness, tho’ confined in this disagreeable prison, forgotten as it seems by my Countrymen.

“My dear, in my last letter sent by Mr. Daniel Lane, I mentioned my expectation of being at home this summer (but how soon are the hopes of vain man disappointed), and indeed everything promised fair for it till the return of the Cartel from France which was the 20th of last month. We expected then to be exchanged, but to our sorrow found that she brought no prisoners back. She lay some weeks in Stone Pool waiting for orders, till at last orders came from the Board at London that she was suspended until such time as they knew why the prisoners were not sent. Then all hope of our being exchanged was and still is at an end, except kind Providence interposes.

“It is very evident that the People here are in no wise blameable, for they were ready and willing to exchange us, had there been anybody sent from France. We have been informed by one of our friends that saw a letter from Doctor Franklin which mentioned that the reason of our not being exchanged was owing to the neglect of Monsieur Le Sardine, Minister at France. If so I shall never love a Frenchman. However, God only knows!

“I understand Mr. John Adams has superseded Doctor Franklin at France, to whom I am going to write if he can’t get us exchanged this Fall. If he don’t I think many in the yard will enter into the King’s service. And I should myself, was it not that (by so doing) *I must sell my Country, and that*

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which is much more dearer to me, yourself and my children, but I rely wholly on God, knowing He will deliver me in His own good time.

“I am extremely sorry to hear that Charleston is taken. Had our people beat them there the War would have been over, for that was all their dependence. They would have readily granted us our Independence for they are sick of the War. It is not too late yet if the people in America would turn out in good spirit, as they might soon drive them off the Earth.”

The foregoing letter was written in April, 1780, and Charleston was not captured by General Clinton's army until May 12th. It was a false report, therefore, which brought grief to the heart of William Russell and his comrades, and must have been born of the fact that Clinton was preparing to make an overland march against Charleston from his base at Savannah. The history of two and a half years of the Revolution as it was conveyed to the Americans in Mill Prison in piecemeal and hearsay rumors was a singularly grotesque bundle of fiction and facts.

No sooner was the hope of exchange shattered than the industrious Americans were again absorbed in the game of playing hide-and-seek with the prison guard. On April 11th, William Russell goes on to say in his matter-of-fact fashion:

“This evening Captain Manley and six others got over the sink dill wall and went across the yard into the long prison sink and got over the wall, except Mr. Patten who seeing somebody in the garden he was to cross was afraid to go down the wall by the rope. He came back and burst into the prison by the window, frightening the Sentinel who was placed to prevent escapes. He in turn alarmed the guard, but by this time the rest had got into Plymouth, and being late at night they took shelter in Guildhall. The guard finding a rope over the wall knew that somebody had made their escape. They surrounded

Plymouth, made a search and found Captain Manley, Mr. Drummond, Knight, Neagle and Pike, and put them into the Black Hole that night."

A more cheering item of news found its way into the journal under date of June 27th:

"Somerset Militia mounted guard. Have just heard from a friend that Captain Paul Jones had taken two Frigates, one Brig and a Cutter."

There is something fine and inspiring in the following paragraph which speaks for itself:

"July 4, 1780. To-day being the Anniversary of American Independence, the American prisoners wore the thirteen Stars and Stripes drawn on pieces of paper on their hats with the motto, *Independence, Liberty or Death*. Just before one o'clock we drew up in line in the yard and gave Thirteen Cheers for the Thirteen United States of America and were answered by the French prisoners. The whole was conducted in a decent manner and the day spent in mirth."

It is the more to be regretted that Mr. Patten and one John Adams should have chosen this day to turn traitor and enlist on board the British sixty-four gun ship *Dunkirk* "after abusing Captain Manley in a shameful manner." To atone for their desertion of their flag, however, there is the shining instance of one Pike as told on July 26th:

"When we were turning in at sunset some high words arose between the soldiers and our people. An officer and two men came to the window and asked if we were English, and began to use uncivil language. Upon which Pike said he was an Englishman and was taken by the Americans in the first of the war, and would fight for them as long as they had a vessel afloat. They called him a rascal and threatened to put him in the Black Hole. We laughed at them and told them there were more rascals outside than in. They went out of the yard and

soon returned with six or seven more soldiers to put Pike into the Black Hole, but not knowing him they seized on several and let them go. They searched the prison, and we told them that if they confined one they should confine all. Whereupon they went out again and we clapped our hands at them and gave them three Cheers."

Late in July the master, mate and crew of the American Letter of Marque *Aurora* were brought into the prison, increasing the number of American prisoners to an even hundred. That England was fighting the world at large during this period appears in the muster roll of Mill Prison which included also 287 French and 400 Spanish seamen.

The capture of Henry Laurens, formerly President of the Congress of the United States and recently appointed Minister to Holland, was a matter of great interest to the Yankee seamen in Mill Prison, and the diarist has this to say about it in his journal for September, 1780:

"10th. A frigate arrived last Friday at Dartmouth from New Foundland and brought three Americans as prisoners. One was Henry Laurens, Esq., of South Carolina who was taken in a tobacco-laden vessel which sailed with a fleet of twelve from Virginia.

"Mr. Laurens, Esq., late President of the Congress of the United States but now Ambassador to Holland, and his clerk, were committed to the Tower after a spirited speech."

"Sept. 30, 1780. *To-day I am twelve Months a Prisoner and fourteen Months since I left Home.*"

Thus ends the chronicle of the first year of William Russell's wearing exile in Old Mill Prison, the story of a brave and patient man who showed far more concern for the cause of his fellow patriots at home than for his own hapless plight and separation from his loved ones. Crew after crew of American privateering vessels had been brought into the prison, and

most of this unfortunate company seem to have been of a dauntless and cheerful temper. They had tried one hazard of escape after another, only to be flung into the "Black Hole" with the greatest regularity. And whereas in other British jails and in their prison ships there were scenes of barbarous oppression and suffering, these sea-dogs behind the gray walls at Plymouth appear to have been on terms of considerable friendliness with their guards, except for the frequent and painful excursions to the "Black Hole." The Americans, however, took their punishment as a necessary evil following on the heels of their audacious excursions over and through the prison walls.

Christmastide of 1780 brought a large addition to the prison company, eighty-six Frenchmen from Quebec and nine Americans belonging to the privateerships *Harlequin* and *Jack* of Salem and the *Terrible* of Marblehead. All hands found cause for rejoicing that war was declared between Holland and England, and the journal makes mention on December 25th:

"To-day being Christmas and the happy news of the Dutch War, I drew up the Americans in the yard at one o'clock to Huzza in the following manner: Three times for France; three times for Spain; and seven times for the seven states of Holland. The French in the other yard answered us and the whole was performed in a decent manner.

"28th. Captain Samuel Gerrish made his escape over the wall into the French prison. He remained in the French prison all night and went off about eight o'clock this morning. We were informed that Captain Gerrish got the French barber to dress his hair this morning in the prison. A little while after, Mr. Cowdry with some French officers came into the yard, and when they retired Captain Gerrish placed himself among them, and went out bowing to the Agent who did not know him. He has not been heard of since. The Agent ordered all the

prisoners shut up at noon. After dinner we were all called over, but no Captain Gerrish. The Agent is pretty good-natured. Mr. Saurey brought us our money, and says he has enough for us all winter.

"Dec. 31st. We have now 122 Dutch prisoners. The year closes at twelve o'clock midnight; *and we still in prison.*

"1781. Jany. 1st. A Sentinel informed Captain Manley to-day that a Minister in Cornwall had been in a trance and when he came out said that England would be reduced and lose two Capital places or Cities, and that in the run of a year there would be Peace.

"3d. To-day eighteen or twenty of the Americans innoculated themselves for the Small Pox. Mr. Saurey came to-day and brought our money which is augmented to a Shilling a week and to be continued during our confinement. Such as are necessitated for clothes Captain Connyngham is to make a list of and Mr. Saurey* will send it to Mr. Diggs† at London in order to obtain them.

"Feb. 4th (Sunday). This morning Captain Manley communicated to me that he had received a great deal of abuse from Captain Daniel Brown and was determined to have satisfaction by giving him a challenge to fight a duel with pistols,

* In his "History of Prisons," published in 1792, John Howard, the philanthropist, mentions in an account of a visit to Forton Prison near Portsmouth during the Revolution:

"The American prisoners there had an allowance from the States paid by order of Dr. Franklin."

The small payments of cash doled out to the American seamen in Mill Prison were entrusted to this Miles Saurey, of London, by Benjamin Franklin, at that time in France as Minister.

† Under date of "Passy, 25 June, 1782," Franklin wrote his friend Robert R. Livingston:

"I have long suffered with these poor brave men who with so much public virtue have endured four or five years' hard imprisonment rather than serve against their country. I have done all I could toward making their situation more comfortable but their numbers were so great that I could do little for each, and that very great villain, Digges, defrauded them of between three and four hundred pounds, which he drew from me on their account."

and desired me to load them. Accordingly Captain Manley* went into the chamber and took his pistols with ammunition and put them on the table and told Captain Brown that he had been ill-treated and desired him to fight like a Gentleman or ask his pardon. Brown said he would not ask his pardon and refused to accept the challenge, upon which Captain Manley told him he was no Gentleman but a great Coward, and bid him have a caution how he made use of his name again.

"28th. Read the speech of Sir P. Clark in the House of Commons, reported in the *Sherbourne Gazette*, who said that the American refugees, *instead of a Prison ought to have a Halter.*

"An Agent from Congress with proposals is undoubtedly in London at this time and it is whispered that his terms will be agreed to by the English Cabinet.

"March 4th. Wrote a letter to my wife and mother."

The letter referred to has been preserved and reads in part:

"MILL PRISON, MARCH 4, 1781.

"Notwithstanding my long confinement, I bless God that I have not experienced the want of any of the necessaries of life in this prison, for with my industry† and what I am allowed, I live comfortably for a prisoner.

"The usage we receive, if I am any judge, is very good, for we are allowed the liberty of the yard all day and an open market at the gate to buy or sell, from nine o'clock in the morn-

*The diarist, oddly enough, fails to explain how Captain Manley secured "his pistols with ammunition" while in prison.

†William Russell had organized a school among the prisoners soon after his arrival at Plymouth. This school he taught during the two years of his captivity and the small store of pence received as "tuition fees" enabled him to buy many extras in the way of food and clothing. There were many youngsters in the prison who had been taken out of privateers as cabin-boys, powder-boys, etc., and lads of twelve and thirteen were then shipping as full-fledged seamen to "fight the British." The prison schoolmaster helped keep these small firebrands out of mischief.

ing to two in the afternoon, besides we have comfortable lodgings. I have never been in the Black Hole once, for I have made it my study to behave as a prisoner ought and I am treated accordingly. Last year before this time we had the pleasing prospect of an Exchange and one hundred went, but to my inexpressible grief I see but little hope of being exchanged now till the war is at an end. Where to lay the blame I'm at a loss, tho' I think our People might do more than they do. However, I keep up good spirits and still live in hopes as we are informed that something is doing for us tho' very slowly."

In a letter written a week later and addressed also to his wife in Boston, William Russell said:

"You can't imagine the anxiety I have to hear from home, for my spirits are depressed and I grow melancholy to think in what situation you must be, with three young children to maintain. But I hope you will be carried through all your trouble and remember that there is a God that never suffers such as put their trust in Him to want."

"May 4, 1781. Samuel Owens informed the Agent of the people's innoculating themselves for the Small Pox, upon which the Agent and Doctor of the Royal Hospital came into the yard and searched the arms of such as had been inoculated and took the names of the others to report to the Board of Commissioners.

"May 5th. Samuel Owens, *Informer*, was cut down* last night upon which he told the Agent that Mayo and Chase were the persons and that they had threatened his life. The Agent threatened to put Mayo in irons. However, upon Mayo's shaking hands with Owens the matter was settled.

"9th. An account from New York says that Connecticut and Massachusetts are in the greatest disorder and almost starved, that their Treasuries are exhausted and their Taxes

* Meaning that the lashings of his hammock were cut.

so high that the People refuse to pay them; that George Washington has advertised his Estate for Sale. *Thus far for you, ye Lying Gazette!*

"Yesterday Captain Manley dressed himself with an intent to go out at the Gate behind the Doctor. Just as he got past through the Gate, the Turnkey looked him in the face, which prevented his escape. In the afternoon Joseph Adams was dressed for the same purpose, which would have been effected had not Captain Connyngham prevented. To-day a lugger's crew was brought to Prison, forty in number, mostly Americans. Nothing more remarkable except the digging of a hole being discovered.

"May 18th. Lieutenant Joshua Barney made his escape over the gate at noon, and has not been missed yet. Mr. James Adams got over the paling into the little yard in order to escape but making too great a noise, was discovered by the guard and was obliged to get back.

"19th. A tailor brought a suit of clothes to the prison for Lieutenant Barney by which means his escape was discovered and we were mustered. The Agent says he saw him at 12 o'clock this day, and has ordered us to be locked in the yard all day, dinner time excepted. The way we concealed his escape was when we were counted into the prison we put a young boy out through the window and he was counted twice. So much for one of our Mill Prison capers!"

This Lieutenant Joshua Barney, after whom one of the torpedo craft of the modern American navy is named, made a brilliant sea record, both as an officer of the naval service and as a fighting privateersman. His escape from Mill Prison was perhaps the most picturesque incident of his career. Although the story of his flight came back to William Russell and his comrades only as a scanty report that he had made way to sea, it is known from other sources that after leaving the prison

Lieutenant Barney found refuge in the home of a venerable clergyman of Plymouth who sympathized with the American cause. There he was so fortunate as to find two friends from New Jersey, Colonel William Richardson, and Doctor Hindman, who had been captured as passengers in a merchant vessel and were seeking an opportunity to return home. They had bought a fishing smack in which they proposed sailing to France as the first stage of their voyage.

Barney disguised himself as a fisherman and safely joined the smack as pilot and seaman. They put to sea past the fleet of British war vessels off Plymouth, and stood for the French coast. Alas, a Guernsey privateer overhauled them in the Channel and insisted upon searching the smack. Barney played a desperate game by throwing off his fisherman's great coat and revealing the uniform of a British officer. He declared that he was bound for France on a secret and urgent business of an official nature and demanded that he be suffered to proceed on his course. The skipper of the privateer was suspicious and stubborn, however, and the upshot of it was that the smack was ordered back to Plymouth.

Making the best of the perilous situation, Barney insisted that he be taken aboard the flagship of Admiral Digby, where "his captor would find cause to repent of his rash enterprise." Once in Plymouth harbor, however, the American officer escaped to shore and after wandering far and wide amid hairbreadth escapes from recapture found a haven in the heavily wooded grounds of Lord Edgecomb's estate. From this hiding place he managed to return to the home of the clergyman whence he had set out. Three days later, in another kind of disguise he took a post chaise to Exeter, and from there fled by stage to Bristol, and so to London, France and Holland.

In Holland Lieutenant Barney secured passage in the private armed ship *South Carolina*, bound to Bilboa. In his diary,

John Trumbull, the famous American painter, pays a fine tribute to the seamanship of Joshua Barney. The *South Carolina* was caught in a terrific storm which strewn the English Channel with shattered shipping. The vessel was driving onto the coast of Heligoland, and almost helpless. "The ship became unmanageable," writes Trumbull, "the officers lost their self-possession, and the crew all confidence in them, while for a few moments all was confusion and dismay. Happily for us Commodore Barney was among the passengers—he had just escaped from Mill Prison. Hearing the increased tumult aloft, and feeling the ungoverned motion of the ship, he flew upon deck, saw the danger, assumed command, the men obeyed, and he soon had her again under control."

Shortly after reaching America, Lieutenant Barney was offered command of the *Hyder Ally*, a ship commissioned by the Pennsylvania Legislature, mounting sixteen six-pounders and carrying one hundred and twenty men. In this converted merchantman, hastily manned and equipped, Barney won one of the most brilliant naval victories of the Revolution against the *General Monk* off the Capes of the Delaware.

CHAPTER VIII

THE JOURNAL OF WILLIAM RUSSELL (*continued*)

(1779-1783)

WHILE the ship's clerk and diarist, William Russell, made almost no complaint during the first year and a half of his captivity, and while there seems to have been an astonishing amount of good humor in the relations between the prisoners and their jailors, certain grievances suffered with a brave and dogged hardihood were brought at length to the attention of the English Government. Singularly enough, as it appears from our far distant view-point, the initiative in the effort to make the situation of the American prisoners more endurable was undertaken by an English nobleman, the Duke of Richmond, a leader in the councils of the Whig party, who favored granting absolute independence to the American Colonies. Early in June of 1781 William Russell wrote in his journal:

"Received a letter from the Duke of Richmond in an answer to the one we sent. He says we had best petition for Cloathing and more victuals, and more Prison room, and omit mentioning *Committee, War, Exchange* and our being *Committed*, as it would cause debate in the House* and take their attention from the other parts of the Petition."

The Parliamentary records show that the petitions drawn up in Mill Prison as the result of this advice were made the subject of debate in the latter part of June. The Duke of Richmond

* Whether they were rebels or prisoners of war.

laid a memorial before the House of Lords, together with the prisoners' petitions, of which action the British Parliamentary Record for 1781 records:

"Several motions were grounded on these petitions, but those proposed by the Lords and gentlemen in the Opposition were determined in the negative, and others, to exculpate the Government in this business, were resolved in the affirmative. It appeared upon inquiry that the American prisoners were allowed half a pound of bread less per day than the French and Spanish prisoners. But the petitions of the Americans produced no alterations in their favor, and the conduct of the Administration was equally impolitic and illiberal."

In the House of Commons the pleas of the Americans in Mill Prison were first debated on June 20, 1781, their petitions representing that they were "debarred of the many benefits which are usually and generally shown to all other prisoners and captives, almost naked and barefooted, and in their being allowed and supplied with only two-thirds the quantity of bread usually and daily allowed the prisoners of France, Spain and Holland, etc."

The petitions were ordered to be considered on June 29th, on which date a physician from the Sick and Hurt Office of the Old Mill Prison was called to the Bar of the House as a witness. "He informed the House that the prisoners had an allowance per day per man of 1 lb. of bread, $\frac{3}{4}$ of a lb. of meat, 1 pot of beer, $\frac{1}{2}$ an oz. of butter or cheese, together with about $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of peas or greens. This was not so much as the French, Spanish or Dutch Prisoners, but this allowance was made for the Americans before the War with France."

The British navy ration during this period was as follows:

Sunday, 1 lb. of biscuit, 1 gallon of Small Beer, one (1) lb. of pork and half a pint of pease.

Monday, one Pound of Biscuit, one Gallon of Small Beer, one

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Pint of Oatmeal, two Ounces of Butter, and four Ounces of Cheese.

Tuesday, one Pound of Biscuit, one Gallon of Small Beer, and two pounds of Beef.

Wednesday, One pound of Biscuit, one Gallon of Small Beer, half a Pint of Pease, a pint of Oatmeal, two Ounces of Butter and four Ounces of Cheese.

Thursday, same as Sunday.

Friday, same as Wednesday.

Saturday, same as Tuesday.

The difference between the allowances of the American prisoners and the British sailor may be tabulated as follows:

FULL WEEKLY ALLOWANCE

	Rations per man	
	Americans	English Navy
Biscuit or Bread	7 pounds	7 pounds
Beer	1 $\frac{3}{4}$ gallons	7 gallons
Pork }	5 $\frac{1}{4}$ pounds	{ 2 pounds
Beef }		{ 4 pounds
Pease	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ pints	1 quart
Oatmeal		3 pints
Butter }	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ ounces	{ 6 ounces
Cheese }		{ 12 ounces

Or to compare the total weight of rations, exclusive of beer, the Americans received fifteen pounds and four ounces of food per week per man, and the British sailors sixteen and one-half pounds, two ounces. The prisoners were compelled to follow a confined and sedentary habit of life, while the British tar was hard at work in the out-of-doors. Bearing this fact in mind, it would appear that the seamen in Old Mill Prison fared as well as the sailors and marines behind Britain's walls of oak.

This apparent fairness of treatment in the matter of rations, however, needs qualification. It is known that the allowances

The Journal of William Russell

were often below the scheduled weight and amount. John Howard in his *History of Prisons* states of his visit to Forton Prison, Portsmouth:

“At my visit Nov. 6, 1782, I found there was no separation of the Americans from other prisoners of war, and they had the same allowances of bread, *viz.*, one pound and a half each. . . . The wards were not cleaned. No regulations hung up. I weighed several of the 6 lb. loaves, and they all wanted some ounces of weight.”

William Russell's journal goes on to relate:

* * * * *

“June 18th. I was abused by Benj. Stetson, and am very sorry to say that my Countrymen are void of the feelings of humanity (after serving them at all times as I have done, to suffer me to be ill-treated by so absurd a fellow), or they would have resented my abuse; however, being fully determined during my Confinement, whether longer or shorter, upon any occasion whatsoever, never more to have anything to do with the affairs of the prison, either directly or indirectly; and am sorry to find a set of Men, who call themselves Americans so void of virtue.

“This afternoon Mr. Silas Talbot* got into the cookroom,

* Silas Talbot went to sea as a cabin boy in his thirteenth year, and won his way to the merchant quarterdeck while in his teens. At twenty-one he had built himself a home in Providence, in 1772. He was commissioned a captain in a Rhode Island regiment in 1775, and after the operations around Boston he was ordered to New York. While on the way he joined the squadron of Captain Ezek Hopkins at New London as a volunteer, helped the ships reach Providence and then proceeded to New York. There he was given command of a fireship, several of which had been equipped to be sent against the British fleet. Captain Talbot launched his inflammable craft against the sixty-four-gun ship of the line *Asia*, and was so badly burned that he was blind for some time. For his gallantry Congress made him a major.

He was wounded in the attack on Fort Mifflin in November, 1777, and went home to recuperate. In the campaign of the next year he was assigned to build and assemble a fleet of boats for transferring General Sullivan's army to Rhode Island as part of a plan to drive the British from that region. A little later this versatile officer fitted out a coasting schooner, the *Hawk*, with sixty men, and attacked and captured the brig *Pigot* against heavy odds, cutting her out from under the guns of a Rhode Island fort. For this exploit Captain Talbot was

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and went out at the Gate, and set out for Plymouth, but was discovered, brought back and confined in the Black Hole.

"July 4, 1781. This being the fifth anniversary of American Independence the American prisoners in this Prison wore Cockades in their Hats with thirteen Stripes and Stars, and at 12 o'clock at noon drew up in the yard and gave thirteen cheers and hoisted an ensign with thirteen Stripes at large. We were answered by the French and Spanish with display of colours to the great mortification of our enemy. The whole was conducted in a decent manner and the day spent in mirth.

"5th. Captain Talbot came into our prison in order to escape through a hole to be opened to-night. Captain Manley wanted the same favor but was denied. We thought the hole was discovered, but it was not.

"6th. This morning our people at about two o'clock opened

promoted to the rank of lieutenant colonel (for he was still a nominal soldier), and Rhode Island gave him a sword.

Late in 1778 he tried to destroy the fifty-gun ship *Renown* by attacking her with a fireship of fairly infernal design, but both vessels became frozen in for the winter before he could fetch alongside. In the Spring of 1779 Captain Talbot took the little sloop *Argo* to sea as an army privateer manned by volunteer soldiers, and captured three British privateers in rapid succession. Next he went after the stout privateer *King George*, which was manned by Tories, and took her into New London. As an "army privateersman," Captain Talbot had taken five vessels and now showed his men hard sea fighting by laying alongside the formidable English privateer *Dragon* of three hundred tons and eighty men. He fought her until most of his men on deck were killed or wounded but made her strike. Before there was time to repair damages he met, fought and captured the brig *Hannah*, of twice his size and force.

Congress now saw fit to give this successful soldier-seaman a commission as captain in the navy. In the *Argo* he made prize after prize, and fought her as if she had been a frigate. In fact he did not have a craft worth calling a war vessel until the private cruiser *General Washington* was given him in 1780. She mounted twenty six-pounders and carried 120 men. In his first cruise in her Captain Talbot took a large merchantman from Charleston to London, but soon after this he had the misfortune to be overhauled and captured by the fleet of Admiral Arbuthnot off Sandy Hook. He was first confined in the prison ship *Jersey*, but toward the end of 1780 was taken to Mill Prison, England. In October, 1781, he was released and made his way home by way of France. After the Revolution Captain Silas Talbot was on the regular navy list, and commanded the *Constitution* in 1799. One of the new torpedo craft has been named in his honor.

the hole through the wall into a pasture on the southeast side of the prison. It not being large enough at the farther end by reason of a rock, few could get out without stripping. Mr. Thomas Farless of Salem, Samuel Hubbell, Samuel Simons, Zachariah Bassett, W. B. Fogg, and Isaac Chauncey got out. The Relief going to the hole saw one of the men, and the Sentinel fired, which alarmed the Guard. They were pursued, and Farless, Bassett, Hubbell and Simons were retaken and confined in the Black Hole. Fogg and Chauncey escaped without Coats or jackets and are not heard of yet.

"12th. We heard a flying report that we are to be exchanged for the *Snake Packet's* crew taken by the American Privateer *Pilgrim*. This morning we were locked out in the yard owing to boys begging at holes in the prison. The Agent called Captain Manley into the Office and informed him that there was a probability of some of us being exchanged for those men set at liberty by the *Pilgrim* and advised him to write to his friends about it. Mr. Turner informed Captain Henfield that fifty-seven of us would be exchanged if no more, and they expected to hear on Tuesday next. He did not doubt that the whole would go soon for he understood there were prisoners enough in France and Spain to exchange all the Americans in England.

"20th. Francis Henry de la Motte was tried at the Old Bailey last week for Treason and found guilty. He was sentenced to be hanged by the neck, not dead, his bowels to be taken out, and burnt before his face, his head severed from his body, his body cut in four quarters and them with his head to be at the King's disposal. The above La Motte was a Spy and had furnished the French with intelligence.

"This morning fourteen men belonging to the ship *Essex* and Brig *Phenix* of Boston were committed here and two brought in by the *Galatia* from Carolina. Received the agree-

able news by Mr. Stratton of Boston or Cambridge of my Wife and family's health, that Brother Moses (Richardson) was married to Miss Sally Clark, that Elias (Richardson) was out of the Army and that Hard Money and Provisions was plentiful in Boston.

"24th. This morning James Bryant of Philadelphia entered on board of a Man of War. This P.M. twenty Americans were brought to the Justices and committed. Ten of them said they were not taken in arms. These were ordered on board different (British) ships of war, the remaining ten belonging to various ships were committed, *viz.*, more of ship *Essex*, Brig *Eagle* and sloop *Hunter* (taken at Eustacia).

"25th. This afternoon eight Americans entered the British service, *viz.*, Noah Power, Benj. Gowin, James Hickey, M. McGraw, Jno. Ennis, Jas. Johnstone, George Roshford. This P.M. the whole Prison was brought to an allowance of Water, one quart per man, and that took from a Ditch, very thick and dirty, resembling Water from our Frog Ponds. *Be astonished, Heavens, and tremble, oh Earth, when thou comest to hear of People on an allowance of Water in an Inhabited Land. May the All Wise God whose Omnipotence and Omnipresence is Universal quickly extricate us from the cruel and tyrannical Power of Britain who wantonly sports with our Calamity and like Pharoah of old will not let us go.* However, we hope to have some rain to flow in the Springs.

"25th. We have the agreeable news of Lord Cornwallis being defeated and himself and Army being made Prisoners, but don't give much credit to it.*

"30th. Thomas Campbell of Virginia, William Leach of Maryland, and John Williams, an Englishman, entered on board a Man of War, Williams had been transported some

* Cornwallis did not surrender his army at Yorktown until October 19, 1781, or three months later than the date of this rumor.

time gone for stealing. Whilst here he stole sixteen dollars from one of his fellow prisoners which occasioned him to quit our Company. The Soldiers found a hole we had begun to dig under the stairs and took away our trowel and digging instruments. The Agent was huffy and threatened us very much.

“August 1, 1781. This morning all hands were turned out into the yard and the Prison locked. Cowdry has ordered no Beer to come to the Gate and *is as full of spite as an Infernal Fiend could be*. A letter from Captain Connyngham at France says that no blame is to be laid to Doctor Franklin concerning our Exchange; that the French had tried to persuade the British Minister to exchange us for Englishmen taken by them. But they return for answer that they’ll exchange for none but such as are taken under the American flag. He further states that provision is made and Prisons provided for the Americans to confine their prisoners in France, so we hope that something will be done for us. He says also that we had been allowed a Shilling per week per man, Officers one and six, which we have not received.

“2d. Mr. Cowdry gave orders that such as drew Cloathing some time gone to produce the same. We went through an Examination and the newcomers were put down for Cloathes. The Prison was opened all day and Strong Beer allowed to come to the Gate.

“5th. Captain Edward Chase, Officer of the Guard (East Devon Militia), ordered his Sentinels to use us with the greatest civility, and gave permission for each man to have a pint of Strong Beer and ordered the Soldiers to fetch us Water, the Waiters not supplying us as they ought to. The Captain will report both them and the Agent to the General.

“6th. This morning before the old guard marched off, I returned the thanks of our Ward to the Captain of the Guard for his civilities whilst on Guard, *viz*:

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"MILL PRISON, Monday Morning, 6th August, 1781.

"(Ward, Letter B.)

"HONOR'D SIR:

"We return you our warmest thanks for the many favors we have experienced from you whilst on Guard, especially in ordering and seeing that we was supplied with Water, and the Indulgence, in permitting us to refresh ourselves by purchasing a Drink of Strong Beer, which is not allowed us on Sunday, for which kind favors we shall ever retain a grateful acknowledgment.

"Signed) AMERICAN PRISONERS.

"To Capt. of Guard.

"8th. Adoniram Hidden of Rowley died with the Small Pox. There are twenty down with it now. Nothing material to-day, except a few words between Mr. Cowdry and the Sergeant of the Guard.

"9th. Mr. Saurey brought our money, and said he had no Orders to give us any more than Sixpence, the money being exhausted, and what we received came from Doctor Franklin. Mr. Saurey went away in a great passion.

"The ungrateful in our Ward accused Capt. Manley with knowing in what manner the money was used. Mr. Appledale waited upon him, and Captain Manley satisfied him. After dinner one Peter Aspinwall took it upon himself to handle Captain Manley's character very slender, which highly incensed me, and occasioned me to take the part of my Captain, which I did, and told them they were no Men, to talk against a gentleman behind his back; and told them if they had anything against him I would call him out, and let them say it before his face. A number of high words passed, but I soon silenced them, but shall ever hold them in detestation.

"10th. The Officer of the Guard ordered his Sergeants to

see we had clean water; the water being very dirty in the tub, the sergeant overset it. Mr. Turner sided in with them, and the waiters were obliged to fetch that which was clean. The Officer and his Guard treated us very kind.

“13th. This morning Mr. Cowdry turned us all out, and locked the Prison. We had a great deal of noise with him. P.M. All hands turned out. The Agent came into the Yard, and called for the whole Guard, except the Officers. We formed a Circle around him and had a deal of talk; one of our People threw a stone at him which lodged in his hat whereupon he ordered the Soldiers to draw their Bayonets, and seize the man by the collar and bring him before him. The Soldiers did not obey through fear—we laughed, and the Agent turn’d, and went out of the Yard. We gave three cheers after him and he went into his Office and talked from his Window, threatening us very hard. He said he’d put us on one half diet, and said we should not be allow’d to purchase anything after hours, however he let the Woman come to the Gate with milk. In all his actions he seemed as if he would burst with spite, and what angered him the most was we would not listen to his discourse. What set him in this frenzy we can’t tell, unless it was his *Old Friend and Ally, the Devil, by whom he acts*. Nothing more remarkable.

“14th. This morning we were turned out of our Prison to have it smoked by the Agent’s orders. 188 men are on half diet. P.M. The Turnkeys and Soldiers came to turn us out of the long Prison, and lock the door. Our People refused and told the Corporal they would not go out, that Mr. Cowdry had done as much as he could by putting them on half allowance, and shewed the meat which was not four ounces. The Corporal said it was a shame, and he’d acquaint his Officer. He went out and the Soldiers with him. About two hours after the Officers came into the Yard and Lieut. Brown

and the other Gentlemen behaved very pretty, and did not insist upon our turning out. We asked the liberty for a drink of Strong Beer and it was granted us. The Agent came in at the same time. Opening his window, he told us he was sorry that the innocent were punished with the guilty, but he was determined to keep us on half allowance 'till we gave up the man who threw the stone (in short Mr. Cowdry talked well). At last seeing it would not do to stand out, and as he seemed pliable, we told him we had drawn lots, and had a man ready for him to be given up (which we had not). Mr. Cowdry said if that was the case he would not take him, but would restore us to full diet, and give us the back allowances and restore us to our former liberties, and if we would keep the Prison clean and the Hammocks turned back, we should not only have the Prison open to us, but he would do anything for us that lay in his power. He granted the liberty of purchasing Beer, and said the fellow that abused him might go, like a *rascal*!

“15th. Mr. Cowdry seems very good natured. I went into the Office for him to inspect a couple of letters for me to America; he only looked on the Directions and sealed them and gave them to me to deliver to the person myself who is to convey them.

“Mr. Cowdry gave me liberty to improve my Hammock in the day time, at School Hours, and desired me to set the example by turning it back after I had done.

“16th. Doctor Ball came to see if the Prison was clean and the Hammocks turned back. He made a great deal of noise about the stairs, and threatened us with one-half allowance, tho' the Prison was very clean considering there is nigh 200 men in it, but they must do something to show their despotic power over a few Americans, *whom they hate as they do the Devil*. I hope God will soon extricate us out of their hands.

“21st. This morning Mr. Danforth, the lawyer, son of the

late Judge Danforth, of Cambridge, came here to offer his Services to any belonging to Boston, Charleston, or Cambridge, that were confined unjustly. By what authority, or who sent him, I can't understand.

"We have heard the melancholy news of our money being out, and we in a miserable condition; no news of an exchange, and our People daily entering the British Service.*

"24th. To-day being His Most Christian Majestie's Birthday, the French Prisoners displayed their Colors and in the afternoon gave three cheers, which was answered by the Americans as we were counted in, but the Guard made a miscount, and we were ordered out again, and immediately drew up in the yard and gave thirteen cheers for the *United States* of America which was answered by our Friends and Allies the *French*.

* * * * *

"Sept. 30, 1781. This year two years gone, I was captured by the *Surprise* Frigate (commanded by one Reaves) on the Banks of New Foundland, in the Ship *Jason*, John Manley, Esq., Commander, and carried into St. Johns.

"Oct. 1st. This morning as a dead man was being carried out for burial, Mr. Absalom Tindall intended to remove him and go out in the Coffin but had not time to effect it, otherwise he would have made his escape.

* In a letter to his English friend, David Hartley, Franklin discusses these grievances as follows:

"I am sorry you have had so much trouble in the affairs of the prisoners. You have been deceived as well as I. No cartel ship has yet appeared, and it is now evident that the delay has been one of design; to give more opportunity of seducing the men by promises and hardships to seek their liberty by engaging against their country; for we learn from those who have escaped that there are persons continually employed in cajoling and menacing them; representing to them that we neglect them; that your (British) Government is willing to exchange them and that it is our fault if it is not done; that we shall be conquered and that they will be hanged if they do not accept the gracious offer of being pardoned on condition of serving the king."

“We have received an answer to our Petition from the Board of Commissioners who have granted leave for a Minister to come to us on Sundays and if a person runs away and is taken he is to be put on two-third allowance in the Black Hole. They will not build a Shed in the Yard, and say the Prison must hold 800 men.

“4th. We learn from yesterday’s papers that the Kings of Prussia, Sweden and Denmark have agreed that North and South America shall have their Independence, and that Washington is augmented with seventy pieces of Cannon and that his Army consists of 32,835 men.

“17th. This morning one Ward was detected stealing Potatoes. Our People took him and hung them about his neck and made an example of him in the Yard. One of our men lost two Crowns and a pair of shoes last night, and found them in Thomas White’s Hammock. White denied taking them. Frederick Blanchard of Carolina was examined and found guilty. He was sentenced to stand on a stool in the Yard for twenty minutes, five minutes each facing the four points of the Compass, with the shoes around his neck and to say in a loud voice that he was the Thief. Afterwards he was to be taken out to the Lamp Post and receive six strokes on his Naked Breech with the Shoes. The whole was performed among a crowd of spectators.

* * * * *

“Oct. 19, 1781. To-day the Captains had a Dinner in their Ward on hearing of the defeat of the English in America.

“24th. There is a Newspaper Quarrel between General Vaughan and Admiral Rodney concerning the taking of Eustacia in the West Indies. The Public have them in their Picture shops, drawn at a dice table and gambling for a pair of Dutch sleeve-buttons which they had plundered at Eustacia. Rodney throws his dice and cries: ‘*Six and four. A good heave, by God.*’

“There is great talk of making Peace with America.

“25th. To-day being the Anniversary of George the Third’s Accession to the Throne, the Forts displayed their Colours and fired at one o’clock. Mr. Cowdry hoisted St. George’s Jack at the Gate and fired several Swivels. The sixty that were to be exchanged have fallen to fifty-three and the *Essex* crew are to be included which leaves me to spend my days in a disagreeable, loathsome Prison.

“28th. Sunday. This afternoon the Rev. Mr. Gibbs preached to us from 16 Chap. 15 v. of St. Mark’s Gospel: ‘And He saith unto them, go into the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.’ Our people behaved in a very decent manner. After service he returned us thanks. Mr. Cowdry was very polite and let the People out of the Black Hole.

“29th. Samuel Knapp of Salem who entered on Board the *Echo* Sloop of War (British), was taken in the *Black Princess* (American), and committed to Prison, was this morning taken out by a File of Marines, to be tried by a Court Martial for his Life, by order of the Board of Admiralty.

“I am under the dreadful apprehension of being left out of the present exchange for I’m informed it’s to be a partial one; when we shall have a chance to get from this *awful place*, God alone knows, for I see not the least prospect. Our number increases daily and we are now 442 Americans, and are daily expecting 200 more from Ireland. We have no one to blame but our own Countrymen, who wickedly let their Prisoners go when captured. Neither has Congress made any provision for prisoners in France; therefore, we have not the least prospect of being Exchanged till the War is over. For when Capt. McCarty of the *Black Princess* carried a number of Prisoners into France, and applied to Doctor Franklin for a Prison to keep them on his account and expense, he was ordered to give them up to the French Agent and they went for French-

men. So we have been served ever since the War by the negligence of our People in America.

"Is there not some chosen Curse, some hidden Thunder, in the stores of Heaven, red with uncommon Wrath, to Blast the Men who owe their greatness to their Country's ruin?"

"Nov. 6, 1781. Last night as our people were digging under the Prison Wall, the Earth broke in and discovered their light to the Sentinel on the outside, who alarmed the Guard who came in and found the hole. A Sergeant had his sword broke and scabbard cut up by our People. One of the officer's servants, being with the Soldiers, used high words and threatened to knock us down, whereupon one of our People threw a stone at him which broke his leg. Mr. Cowdry has debarred us from the privilege of the market to-day, and demands two men for digging the hole and a man for throwing the stone at the servant, and says when the Black Hole is full, he'll put us in Irons on board the Guard ship, and that everyone that is detected in digging shall be put back on the list and lose his turn in the Cartel.

"We are informed by a letter from France that they have a number of British Privateers now, and hope soon to Exchange, and that Dr. Franklin is expecting an Agent from Congress, who will come to England to supply us with money, &c. We also learn that Mr. Thomas Diggs has wronged us out of 400 Guineas,* and that 500 prisoners had been set on Shore and Receipts taken, but it was doubtful whether the Ministry would allow them to be Exchangeable.

"Yesterday, two Years, I sailed on board the *Charlotte* (a Snow) one Pigsley, Commander, for Dartmouth, England.

"8th. Last night I had a Dream, that I was in a room fronting the street, with two windows, each having seats. I sat myself down and desired a Young Woman (the express

* See footnote on page 132.

image of my wife), to sit on my knees. She seemed to refuse;— I threw my left leg into the window seat, and then desired her to sit down. She set down in the window seat and I gave her my right hand, and desired her to give me hers. Accordingly she did (I had a ring on my middle finger of my right hand with a stone and four sparks, two on each side of it). I desired her to give me her heart. She seem'd lovely and every way like the true possession of my Soul. *Would to God I could in a Dream be sent into the arms of my beloved and adored wife;* for my apprehensions are such that I shall never see her; or at least find some alteration in my family. May the Lord fit and prepare me for His wise and holy purposes.

"9th. The *Exeter Journal* gives an account of the treacherous Arnold destroying New London, but we don't hear much of Cornwallis. It's said that the Americans have sued for Peace, and their proposals are liked by the Ministry. 'Tis likewise stated that Washington has gone to join Lafayette and Wayne.

"10th. This morning Mr. Green, White, Brown and Captain Kemp went out with the Tubs in order to get some brandy which they purchased with the Sergeant's consent. When they got back to the Prison gate the Sergeant, with the Sentinel, searched Mr. White, and took from him his liquor and would have from the rest but they were too quick for him. Our people threw mud and water at the Sergeant and hooted him out of the Yard. The fellow was only a lance Sergeant, by name Ricketts. Richard Tibbets was robbed by the same Sergeant. However our *Smugglers*, have had great luck, considering the number of *English Cruisers* around.

"11th. Sunday. This P.M. the Rev. Mr. Gibbs preached a Sermon to us in our Ward from the 15th Chap. of St. Matthew and 10th verse. 'And He saith unto the Multitude, hear ye, and understand.' He made an excellent discourse, and a very fine prayer.

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"Nov. 14th. Rained very hard last night. Several of our People taking the opportunity of the rain, intended to make their escape. As soon as the men were come down by the rope and had paid the Sentinel, the Guard were alarmed and the Officer and Soldiers took them as they came out at the end of the Alley. *This is the second time this Officer has done this dirty action.*

"Samuel Knapp of Salem who was retaken in the *Black Princess*, after he had entered from this Prison in the *Echo* English Sloop of War and deserted her and who was carried from this Prison on the 30th of October on board the Guard Ship and put in Irons to be tried for his life, has been set on shore destitute and naked.

*"Great Mars with me, come now and view, this more than Hellish crew!
Great Vulcan send your thunder forth, and all their fields bestrew!
Rain on their heads perpetual fire in one eternal flame:
Let black destruction be their doom, dishonor'd be their name:
Send mighty bolts to strike the traitors, North and Mansfield, dead:
And liquid fires to scald the crown from royal George's head:
Strike all their young posterity, with one eternal curse.
Nor pity them, no more than they, have ever pitied us!*

"Willm. Russell.

Mill Prison, Nov. 23, 1781, 3 P.M.

"25th. Capt. John Malcolm came here to see us to-day; by whom we received the *Agreeable News of the Capture of Earl Cornwallis by the Army of the United States of America.* 'Tis currently reported for truth. We had no preaching to-day, by reason of the Parson being sick.

"Great are our Expectations, from this Noble Achievement of Genl. Washington, by which we hope to obtain our liberties.

"27th. One of the 50th Regt. whilst on Sentry in the Prison last night stole two shirts from Mr. Toombs, who entered a complaint this A.M. to the Officer who promised a search should be made. Just before the Guard was reliev'd, one of the soldiers, in sweeping the Guard room, was seen to put the

Shirts under the Guard bed. The fellow was immediately confined and the shirts returned. Mr. Cassaday went into the office to the agent concerning the billet he wrote and matters were settled.

"Dec. 31st. Mr. Jos. M——* of Nantucket wrote a letter to us from on Board a British Man of War advising our People to enter British Service, telling them they will not be exchanged 'till the War is over, and says that he has lost the use of one arm. *It is a pity it was not his Neck, for what business had he to sell his Country, and go to the worst of Enemies. For my part I wish that every one that joins them may meet with worse fate.*

"This is the last day of the year. I am twenty-nine months from my Dear Wife and Family, and twenty-seven months in captivity. May the Great and Allwise God, in the Midst of His Judgments remember Mercy; and point out such ways and means for our deliverance that we may like Israel (of Old) enjoy the Promised Land (America) where we may sit down with our Wives and Families, each under their own vine and fig tree, and the Sons of Violence not make them afraid.

"1782, January 1st. This morning, Thos. V——* of Brintree was detected in stealing his fellow prisoner's bread. A Court Martial was called and he plead guilty. He was sentenced to stand on a table in the Yard with the bread in his hand one-half hour, and to be taken to the Lamp Post, and whipped twenty-six strokes on the Naked Breech with a Cat. The above sentence was immediately put in execution by Mathew Chambers.

"Jan. 4th. This morning our names were called over, and we were asked if we were taken in Armed Vessels, and whether anybody swore against us, or if we were Committed by our own confession. We can't tell what they are going to do with us.

"Mr. Laurens is paroled from the Tower, and it is said

* Illegible in manuscript.

allowed six months after being called for to return in. Whilst he remained in the Tower, the Keeper charged him, and presented his Bill for Fees of £95 10s to which Mr. Laurens replied: 'Sir, I believe I must change my lodgings, you grow too dear for me.'

"Last week a Marine Officer, who had been under arrest (and discharged) was at the Play. A Colonel seeing him with a sword on, sent for the Guard to take him. The Marine Officer drew his Sword on the Colonel, the Soldiers drew their Bayonets, and a number of Marines being there, they drew likewise. The Action became general until the People interposed, and parted them, tho' several got wounded.

"10th. Read in the Plymouth Paper of the 31st December that last Saturday 'sailed from this place in a Cartel a number of French and American prisoners, among whom was that *Noted Rebel Commodore Manley*,* who took the *Fox*, and was afterwards taken by the *Rainbow*.

"16th. We learn that Capt. Linsey in a forty-Gun Ship was risen upon by sixty Prisoners who took the Ship, and threw him overboard, and towed her into Martinique. The said Linsey married one of Mr. Inman's daughters of Cambridge.

"17th. This afternoon went into the Office to see Capt. Williams† who sails for France to-morrow in a Cartel. This evening I wrote to my wife and Capt. Manley; likewise to Mr. Edes.

* * * * *

"March 11th. Captain Green and several of the Gentlemen made a Frolic, and invited the Officers, eighty in number, to

* "Within a few days past several persons came to town from Philadelphia, arriving there in 29 days from France. They were lately prisoners in England, some of whom have been confined since 1777, and have now been exchanged. The brave but unfortunate Captain J. Manley is one of the number." (*Salem Gazette*, April 4, 1782.)

† Captain John Foster Williams of the Continental Cruiser *Protector*. See Page 108.

dinner. A hog that weighed four and one-half score pounds was barbecued in the yard, a sight never seen in Mill Prison before. We dined at two o'clock. After dinner a number of very good Toasts were drunk and the day spent in jollity and mirth.

"12th. All hands Merry and *myself* rather Groggy still kept it up, fiddling and dancing all day in our Ward, everything conducted peaceably.

"17th. Sunday. Last Friday Mr. Saury brought us forty-eight jackets and three great-coats, a present from our friends. Captain Green began to distribute them, but the Prisoners were dissatisfied, and would have them divided among the States, accordingly they were taken back from the men.

"19th. Yesterday a gentleman came to the Office (who left London Saturday) for Captain Smith and Mr. Collins as witnesses in favour of Captain McCarty who is to be tried the last of this month at the Old Bailey for being found in Arms against his Majesty while a subject of Great Britain. It is said that McCarty belongs to France and has a wife and children there. Mr. Priest who came down for Captain Smith informs us that the Bill for our Exchange passed on the 15th, the third Reading in the House of Commons, and became an Act and was sent up to the House of Lords. Mr. Saury brought our money and confirmed the above news.

"20th. The 'Bill for Making a Peace with America,' was read the first time on the 14th inst. and ordered to be printed.

"21st to 23d. This afternoon the jackets and coats which was to be divided amongst those most in need, were put to vote, whether it should be by Lottery, or no. The Lottery carried the vote but some of the People seiz'd on them, and gave them to such as stood most in need.

"25th. Benedict Arnold was introduced last week into the House of Commons and room made for him in the Gallery. After he was seated, the *Speaker* arose, and said no business

could be done with that man Arnold in the House. The People turned him out. It's said that Arnold and Elizabeth his Wife have a pension of £1,000 a year settled on them.

"27th. Mr. John Marsh of Marblehead was brought to prison in Irons; he has laid in Exeter Goal nigh a year.

"31st. This morning Capt. John Greene rec'd a letter from Mr. Saurey, informing him that *Mr. Henry Laurens* arrived in Plymouth last evening, at the King's Arms Tavern, and intended to visit the Prison at one-half past two o'clock. Mr. Laurens came at the time appointed and we turned out to receive him, each State by themselves. Capt. Greene presented each State, and the Gentlemen belonging to them to Mr. Laurens, who discoursed very familiarly with us, and informed us that he had full power to settle our Exchange, which would be in a short time. He had received a letter from London for him to return for that purpose, and should leave to-morrow. He advised us not to attempt an Escape, but to make ourselves easy, for he would do everything in his power for us, and did not doubt we should be away by the 1st of May. We are to be exchanged for the Grenadiers and Light Infantry of Cornwallis' Army which has enough to Exchange every American Prisoner in this Kingdom, Ireland, Scotland, and all Public Prisons, and then have 7,000 and some hundred left.

"The People behaved very well and shewed that respect which was due to so venerable a Person as Mr. Laurens; and he deserves all the respect that Mortals can show. *To speak of him words fail me.* Capt. Greene deserves applause for his politeness, and the Yard in general were well satisfied with him. He introduced a number of Gentlemen in the Yard to Mr. Laurens who had considerable conversation with them. The gentlemen that came with Mr. Laurens intends to give each man a pair of shoes.

"April 1, 1782. A new Ministry has been formed, and they

have desired his Majesty to declare America *Independent*. He desires longer time to consider it.

"3d. This P. M. Mr. Saurey brought a letter from Mr. Hodgson informing us of our Exchange immediately. We are to be Cloathed, and furnished with necessaries for our voyage in a decent manner. He speaks very prettily of the New Ministry and advises Cowdry to use us well as a *Means* to recommend himself to the New Ministry, as his *Severity* did to the Old. He desires us not to attempt an Escape, as it will be to the highest degree a Folly, inasmuch as we are likely to get home in a manner much more commodious than if we were our own providers. The New Ministry seem to make great Changes in this Kingdom, and are determined to use us different from the Old, by granting us every Indulgence. We are preparing facts to break Cowdry.

"5th. This morning Capt. Kemp and six others who escaped with him were missed; we were called over but we were determined to throw the blame of the running away on the 50th Regmt. who were then on Guard, because they have used us so badly, firing and wounding our People several times; wherefore we would not conceal it any longer.

"8th. We expect some Americans here from Ireland. We are now 584 in these Prisons, and all in good spirits, in daily expectation of our liberty.

"9th. This P. M. seventy American prisoners were brought here from Ireland. They were escorted by the Gloucester Militia, as prisoners of War, with Musick, &c. *They are the first Americans that's been put to Prison, without being Committed by a Magistrate, which acknowledges America a Power.**"

* In a letter to the Committee of Foreign Affairs of the American Congress, Franklin wrote:

"The late Act of Parliament for exchanging American prisoners as *Prisoners of War* according to the law of nations (anything in their Commitments notwithstanding), seems to me a renunciation of their pretensions to try our people as subjects guilty of high treason, and to be a kind of tacit acknowledgment of our Independence."

CHAPTER IX

THE JOURNAL OF WILLIAM RUSSELL (*concluded*)

(1779–1783)

JUNE 5, 1782. Yesterday was ‘George the Foolish’s’ Birthday. The Shipping and Forts fired Salutes at noon; Cowdry hoisted an English Jack, and a *French* one under it, and fired his Battery. In the afternoon the Officers of the Guard took some of their men, and fired the Cannon a number of times. In loading a piece, they did not stop the vent, and fire took the cartridge before the rammer was out, and killed one and wounded three of their men. A very melancholy circumstance has happened, two to three hundred of us taken ill with a violent cold, myself included. I still remain unwell, but something better; the men in general are improving. I was taken with a violent pain in my head, back, stomach and legs with a dry cough, but knowing the Doctor would give me but one sort of medicine, let the ail be what it may, I thought to use none of his drugs, but to trust the *Physician of Physicians*, and use such means as I might think proper.

“One of our Men said to the Doctor,

“‘Doctor, I’ve a violent pain in my Head.’

“Reply: ‘Take some Mixture.’

“‘Doctor, I’ve a sour Stomach.’

“Reply: ‘Take some Mixture.’

“Doctor, ‘I’ve a violent Fever on me every Night.’

“Reply: ‘Take some Mixture.’

“In short let the disease be what it will, you must take his Mixture, or Electuary. N. B.,—This Medicine is Salts and Jalap; his Electuary, Conserve of Roses and Balsam. However, we have styled it Doctor Ball’s Infallable Cure for all Manner of Diseases.

“6th. This morning the Doctor came and bled one of our men, and went out without doing up his arm, or even saying what quantity of blood should come from him. This is the second man he has stuck his lance in, and left bleeding. I remain very ill, and the whole Prison is put on Hospital diet, which is: 1 lb. of white bread, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of mutton, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of cabbage, and 1 quart of beer. By not hearing anything of the Transports and with the violent pain in my head, I am almost beside myself.”

Under date of Dec. 22, 1781, William Russell had set down in his journal: “Mr. *Burke* in the House of Commons, speaking of Hon. Mr. *Lauren*’s ill treatment in the Tower, was told by Lord Newhaven, that if he (Newhaven) had said as much, he should have expected to be put in Mr. *Lauren*’s place. To whom Mr. *Burke* replied that he did not aspire to such places, being a poor man he could not afford it; as for his Lordship, he being a man of Fortune, such places would suit him best, but a meaner prison would do for him, and he should think himself very happy in any place, *if he had such agreeable Companions with him as Mr. Laurens and Doctor Franklin.*

“General Burgoyne being asked in the House of Commons concerning his not being Exchanged for Mr. *Laurens* said he would sooner return to America, and spend his days in a Dungeon there than ask a favor of the Ministry.”

After his surrender at Saratoga Major General Burgoyne was permitted to return to England as a prisoner of war on parole. When the British Government refused to release Henry Laurens from his imprisonment in the Tower of London, the Congress

of the United States demanded that General Burgoyne be summoned to return to America to save his parole. This retaliatory measure and the unusual circumstances of Mr. Laurens's confinement were discussed in Parliament in the debate referred to in the foregoing entry of the journal.

"8th. This morning we had a quarrel with the old Guard. The Sergeant was very insolent and went out and brought in a number of the Guard, primed and loaded, but we did not value them, but took our own time in turning out, after which we stoned and hooted them out of the Yard. They presented twice but the Officer would not let them fire. We had a sermon preached to us from the 22d Chap. 21st verse of Job, by My Lady Huntingdon's Chaplain, who came down from London on purpose to preach our farewell sermon. Mr. Miles Saurey came with him, and brought letters from Mr. Laurens to Captain Greene, informing him that Lord Shelborn says we are to be sent away as soon as possible to our respective States, and that such as have property in France are to be paroled to leave for France.

"Mr. Laurens is to be Exchanged for Lord Cornwallis,* and will leave the Kingdom in a few days. Mr. Laurens writes that we are to be provided with necessaries for our voyage, and wishes us a good passage, and safe return to our Native Land.

"14th. Mr. Saurey brought a letter from the Rev. Mr.

* "Mr. Laurens having been constituted one of the five Commissioners to negotiate a Peace, the New Administration consulted with Mr. Laurens, and after the first conference he was released from his Parole, as well as his securities. Earl Cornwallis was released from his parole in consideration of the favors granted Mr. Laurens." (From a London Newspaper of May 8th, 1782.)

In a letter from Sir Guy Carelton and Admiral Digby to General Washington, dated at New York August 2, 1782, they stated:

"With respect to Mr. Laurens we are to acquaint you that he has been discharged from all engagements without any conditions whatever; after which he declared of his own accord, that he considered Lord Cornwallis as free from his Parole."

Wren of Portsmouth; the purport of which is that a Ship is Victualed and at Portsmouth to carry the Americans belonging to the North to Boston, and the men belonging to the Southward are to come around to Plymouth and join the men in our Prison. They are expected to embarque in a week or ten days.

“Mr. Pollard received a letter from Mr. John Joy formerly of Boston, informing him that the Cartels were fitting out and were to sail the next day, wind permitting. We are in high spirits, and hope soon to be delivered from this Castle of Despair. I’m afraid we shall be detained by contrary winds, for the wind keeps to the Westward and blows fresh, which is against the vessels coming from the Downs.

“15th. We are informed by a letter from Mr. Joy to Jacob Homer, that His Majesty has been pleased to pardon us, in order for our Exchange, and that we are to be immediately delivered from this Awful place of Confinement.

“We had an excellent sermon, by the Rev. Mr. Sampson, a Dissenter, belonging in Cornwall, from 61 Chap. of Isaiah, 1st and 2d verses. In reading the last Hymn, when he came to the word *Rebel*, he made a stop, and compar’d the Rebel to the Prodigal spoken of in the New Testament, and lest we should be offended at using the Word, altered it to *Children* and *Stubborn*. His discourse was very suitable to our circumstances. The manner in which he delivered himself drew the greatest attention. When he spoke of our Parents, Wives and Children and the tears they had shed for us whilst in this deplorable place, and when I come to reflect on the precarious situation we were in some months gone, in a strange land, not knowing what might happen, and then to comprehend the reality of the Transporting News, of being released from this dismal place of exile and suffering, *I am compelled to cry out, O God, in the midst of Thy Judgments, Thou has remembered Mercy!*

“9th. Capt. Malcolm came to see us, and informed us that the air is infected with this Disorder that is among us. Some persons have experimented by flying a kite in the air with a piece of beef to the tail. When it came down the beef was tainted. I desire to thank God that the pain in my head is somewhat abated, and the people in general are getting better.

“No news from any Quarter. Dark times, low in Spirits and low in purse.

“17th. Fair, a grand wind E. by N. for our Transports to come from Torbay. This morning Thomas Adams of Old York died in the Hospital. I have greatly recovered from my sickness, and find myself able to embarque, was the vessel ready to receive me.

“19th. Only one Cartel has arrived, and she is for the Southward, her Captain named Maxwell, who informed me that the Cartel for the North (the *Lady's Adventure*) could not get out of Torbay last Monday. We are in daily expectation of seeing them as a signal is now hoisted for a Fleet from the East.

“This day I am thirty months a Prisoner in this disagreeable place.

“We have had the happiness of receiving the joyful news of the arrival of the Northern Cartel. The men for the Southward embarque on Saturday, and the men for the North on Monday or Tuesday next. The long-looked for day is come at last for us to leave these Gloomy Walls, where nothing but Horror and Despair reigns. This afternoon we were Honor'd with a visit from the Duke of Richmond, and a number of generals and other Officers.

“His Grace asked if we had any complaints against Mr. Cowdry. Capt. Greene reply'd to the Duke ‘that Cowdry was a dirty fellow.’ The Duke reply'd: ‘Government keeps dirty fellows, to do their dirty Work.’



The Salem Custom House, built in 1818

“His Grace said to us, that we had gained what we had been fighting for, and we should find it so when we arrived in America.

“21st. This morning Mr. Cowdry ordered the Men bound South to get ready to embarque to-morrow at 10 o'clock. Slops are to be served this afternoon, and the Prisoners to be examined at 6 o'clock in the morning.

“*I desire to bless God that I once more have my health*, but I am in a Miserable condition for want of cash, and what I am to do for Sea-stores I am at a loss.

“22d. Yesterday the Cloathing was served out to the South'ard Men, and instead of 20 shillings they drew only 16/3. One O'Hara and John Cooper abused the Agent and broke his Windows for which they were put in the Black Hole. Mr. Cowdry embarked 215 men on board the Cartel for the South'ard.

“23d. We are to hold ourselves in readiness to embarque to-morrow at 2 o'clock. Cowdry sent a Paper into the Prison for our People to sign, that he had used us with marks of kindness, &c. It was immediately torn up.

“June 24th. The Escort came and the Agent opened the *Gate of the Castle of Despair*, and 400 Americans marched out to the Water side, where we found four Launches, and a Cutter waiting to receive us, I went on board the Cutter, and in a short time was on board the Good Ship *Lady's Adventure*, a Cartel bound to Boston. We had our complement on board by 6 o'clock. The Agent came off and received a Receipt for 400 Men and wished us a good Voyage.

“We immediately hove up anchors, and at 8 o'clock made sail. I was transported with Joy at my deliverance from a loathsome Prison, where I've been confined thirty Months and five days, almost despairing of ever seeing my Native Country, my Loving Wife and Dear Children and my relatives and friends who are so dear to me; but 'Glory to God in the Highest'

for His goodness unto us. I thank God I've a prospect now before me of seeing *America*, that *Land of Liberty*, and on my arrival of finding all connected with me in health and happiness.

"The Rev. Robert Heath and Mr. Saurey took their leave of us. The Ship is 700 Ton with accommodations, and well found, the Captain and crew are very civil, and *now I've taken my departure from Old Mill Prison, and hope never to see it again.*

"We have fine Wind, and May God grant us a quick passage, and guide the Ship to her desired Port."

Thus ends the Journal written in Mill Prison. During the voyage to the United States, William Russell kept a detailed diary, or log, of the working of the *Lady's Adventure*, which makes dry reading for landlubbers. Here and there, however, he jotted down a paragraph having to do with the company on board the Cartel, after the manner of the following extracts:

"Thursday, July 4, 1782. Our People requested the Owner to let them have an allowance of Brandy, it being the Anniversary of our Independence. Accordingly it was granted, and he gave two quarts to a man to a Mess. I was desired to acquaint the Captain that we meant to give thirteen cheers for the thirteen United States of America, if agreeable to him. He was agreed and accordingly the men came on deck, and manned the Yards and Tops, and gave thirteen Cheers, and then three cheers for the Captain. He was very polite and sent for me down to the Cabin, where I was kindly entertained. The People behaved very well, and very few drunk: *Myself Merry.* I desired one Lieutenant Weeks and Captain Henfield to take the command, but they refused and I was obliged to officiate myself. Whether Lieutenant Weeks thought himself too good or not, I can't say, but Captain Henfield was *very excusable.*

"July 9th. Hoisted out the boat to catch turtle. Captains Henfield and Hamilton very angry because we kept the ship on

her course and did not heave to. Captain Hamilton said he was a lousy rascal that kept her away. Mr. John Washburn replied: 'I was at the wheel and am no more lousy than your Honour.' Upon that Captain Hamilton struck Mr. Washburn, and Mr. Brewer resented it and made a strike at Hamilton.

"August 7th. Discovered land under our leebow, and made it to be Cape Sable. A man at the Mast Head discovered a Light House off Cape Sambro bearing East by South, and a number of Islands around us, from the weather bow to the lee quarter. Set jib, foretopmast staysail and spritsail topsail. Captain Trask (one of our Company) took charge of the ship as Pilot, filled the topsails and bore down for the northern part of the Rock bound Island. Saw a small vessel under the lee of the Island (a privateer) which immediately made sail and ran out. Later saw a boat (Shallop) with three men which made a Signal of Distress. They came alongside but their Skipper was very much afraid, and wouldn't believe we were a Cartel until he was taken into the cabin. The Captain had some discourse with him by which we were informed that the American War is not over, that five American Privateers from Salem lately demolished the Forts at Chester* and Malagash,* and plundered the town, but used the prisoners with humanity. Came to anchor in seven fathoms. The American Sod appears very comforting to a person whose anxious desires for three years past have been to see the land where Freedom reigns.

"Dined on Halibut, went on shore and picked and ate Goose-

* "In the month of July, 1782, four privateers, two of them, the *Hero* and the *Hope* of Salem, attacked Lunenburg in Nova Scotia. They landed ninety men who marched to the town against a heavy discharge of musketry, burnt the commander's dwelling and a blockhouse. Their opponents retreated to another blockhouse upon which one of the privateers brought her guns to bear and forced them to surrender. The captors carried a considerable quantity of merchandise to their vessel and ransomed the town for one thousand pounds sterling. The Americans had three wounded." (From Felt's "Annals of Salem.")

berries. Washed and Loused myself, and made great fires in the woods. The boats were employed in bringing the People on board."

The party spent several days ashore, catching and cleaning fish, cutting spars, gathering firewood and enjoying their freedom after the long and trying voyage. At length the foretopsail was cast loose as a signal for sailing, the ensign hoisted with a wisp to recall the boats and the *Lady's Adventure* got under way for the southward. William Russell's journal relates under date of August 12th:

"Spoke a fishing schooner three days out from Plymouth which enquired for John Washburn. We told the captain he was on board whereupon the old man gave three cheers with his Cap and then threw it overboard. No tongue can express the Heart-feeling Satisfaction it is unto us to have the happiness of a few moments' conversation with an American so short from Home. Cheer up, my Heart, and don't despair for thy Deliverance draweth near.

"August 13th. At one half past six o'clock discovered land, Cape Cod over our lee quarter. Stood in for Boston Light House Island. The men are very uneasy, and clamour, some for Marblehead, some for Boston, and can't agree. Captain Humble is very willing the ship should go to Boston this evening, if any man will take charge of her. None will venture, so Captain Humble ordered the Ship to stretch off and on till morning."

Thus ends the sea journal of William Russell, but the *Salem Gazette* of August 15, 1782, contains the following item under the head of Shipping Intelligence:

"By an arrival of two Cartel Ships at Marblehead from England, 583 of our Countrymen have been restored to their Families and Friends. One of the Ships which arrived on Sunday last had an eight weeks' passage from Portsmouth and

brought in 183 prisoners. The other which arrived in fifty-two days from Plymouth sailed with 400 and one died on the passage."

It makes the story of this humble sailor of the Revolution much more worth while to know that after three years of the most irksome captivity, he was no sooner at home with his "dear wife and family" than he was eager and ready to ship again under the Stars and Stripes. Ill-fated as was his superb devotion to his Country, he had suffered his misfortunes in Old Mill Prison with a steadfast courage. It was so ordered, however, that he should be free no more than thirty days after his glad homecoming in the *Lady's Adventure*. He must have re-entered the American naval service a few days after reaching Boston, for we know that he was captured in a privateer on September 16th, by a British Man of War and taken into Halifax. On November 28th he was committed to the *Jersey* Prison ship in New York harbor. Here he found himself in a far worse plight than in Mill Prison with its genial routine of escape and its friendly relations with the Agent, the Guard, and the French and Spanish prisoners. All that is known of this final chapter in the case of William Russell, patriot, must be gleaned from a few letters to his wife and friends. The first of these is addressed to "Mrs. Mary Russell, at Cambridge," and says in part:

"On Board the *Jersey* Prison ship, New York, November 21st, 1782.

"I write with an aching heart to inform you of my miserable condition. I'm now in the worst of places and must suffer if confined here during the Winter, for I am short of cloathing and the provisions is so scant that it is not enough to keep body and soul together. I was two months on board the Man of War and have been almost to Quebec. This is the awfulest place I ever saw, and I hope God will deliver me from it soon.

I conclude, praying for your support in my absence, and the prosperity of an Honoured Mother and family."

To his mother, "Mistress Mary Richardson, Light House Tavern, Cambridge," he wrote on November 25th:

"HONOURED MAMA:

"I present these Lines with my Duty to you hoping they'll find you with the family and all connected in perfect health. I was taken on the 16th Sept. and brought to New York, the 13th inst., and put out on board this ship the 18th. Indeed it is one of the worst places in the World, and the Prisoners are suffering; Sickly and dying daily, not having the common necessaries of life. I have seen Mr. Welsh who promised to assist me but have heard no more from him since the 18th inst. Mr. Chadwell has tried to get me exchanged but has not made out. He talks of taking Mr. Stone and me ashore and will assist us whilst confined. You will give my kind love to my Wife and family, likewise to my Brothers and Sisters, and desire Moses to write to me, and try to get me exchanged. My love to all relations and friends.

"May God preserve you in health and all with whom we are connected, is the earnest prayer

"of your Dutiful Son

"WM. RUSSELL."

Two weeks later the Captain addressed to his friends, "Messrs. Edes and Sons, Printers, Boston," a moving appeal for help in the following words:

"JERSEY PRISON SHIP, New York Harbor,

"Dec. 7th, 1782.

"MR. EDES,

"Dear Friend:

"I write you a few lines to inform you of my miserable situation, and at the same time to beg your assistance. I am again

by the fortune of War thrown into the Enemies' hands, where our scanty allowance is not sufficient to support nature, and part of that we are cheated out of. I had the promise of a Gentleman's friendship at York, to get me Paroled or Exchanged but find that Admiral Digby is so inveterate against Privateersmen that he'll not allow any Paroles. Therefore, Sir, I most earnestly intreat of you to use your influence with Maj. Hopkins to send to Mr. Sproat Commissioner of Prisoners at New York, for Mr. John Stone and me, which he may do very easily, and pray send in the *first Flag some British Prisoner to release me. I suppose my Brother has arrived and brought some in.*"

Some happy shift of fortune seems to have bettered the situation of the prisoner in January of 1783, for he wrote to his wife in a wholly different strain to inform her of his deliverance from "that horrid pit" below the decks of the prison ship. Although still confined aboard the *Jersey*, he was able to say:

"My Dear, my situation is greatly altered. I am aft with a gentleman where I want for nothing, but live on the best, with good Tea night and morning and fresh meat every day. In short I am used like a gentleman in every respect both by Mr. Emery and his wife. Indeed, my Dear, I am happy in getting from between decks, out of that horrid pit where nothing but Horror is to be seen. My duty to my Mother, love to my Brothers and Sisters, and hope ere long to enjoy your agreeable company. Your affectionate husband,

"WM. RUSSELL."

On March 21, 1783, after more than six months of this second term of imprisonment, the influence and persistency of his friends in Boston obtained for him a three months' parole.*

* The following is the text of the parole issued, granted to William Russell:
"We the Subscribers, having been captured in American Vessels and brought into this Port, hereby acknowledge ourselves Prisoners of War to the King of

Without going home William Russell at once endeavored to repair his shattered fortunes by embarking in a "venture" aboard a merchant vessel in order that he might return to Boston with money for the support of his family. The following letters to his wife explain his plans and purposes. He had obtained passage from New York to New Haven in the *Lady's Adventure*, the same merchant vessel which had fetched him from Plymouth six months before. Her Master, Captain Humble, proved himself a staunch friend of our most unfortunate but undaunted seafarer. Writing from New Haven on March 23, 1783, William Russell told his wife:

"NEW HAVEN, Connecticut, 23d March, 1783.

"MRS. RUSSELL:

"By the assistance of good friends I am once more in the land of *Freedom and Independence*, for which I've fought, Bled and Suffered as much as any without exception on the Continent, but the greatest of my concern has (as ever) been for you and our little ones.

Great Britain; and having permission from His Excellency, Rear Admiral Digby, Commander in Chief, etc., etc., to go to Rhode Island, Do Pledge our Faith and most Sacredly promise upon our Parole of Honour that we will not do, say, or write, or cause to be done, said, or written, directly or indirectly, in any Respect whatever, anything to the Prejudice of His Majesty's Service; and that we will return to this Place unless Exchanged in three Months from the date hereof, and deliver up again to the Commissary General for Naval Prisoners, or to the Person acting for or under him; And do further promise upon our Honour that we will not in future enter on Board, or otherwise be concerned in an American Privateer.

"In Testimony whereof we have hereunto set our hands and Seals, at New York, this 21st day of March, 1783.

"Present

"WM. WEIR

WM. RUSSELL (seal)

SAMUEL THOMPSON (seal)

"Bachus, a Negro Boy, their Servant, is also to go with them.

"These are to certify that the above is a true Copy of the Original Parole, signed by the Persons above named and filed in this Office; and that they have leave to pass by the way of Long Island to Connecticut.

"Commissary's Office for Naval Prisoners at New York.

"March 21, 1783.

"To Whom it may Concern.

THOS. D. HEWLINGS,

"D. C. M. P.

"On the 20th inst. Capt. D. Adams came on board the *Lady's Adventurer* (Capt. Humble) with an order from the Admiral for me. You can't think the joy I must feel (without you had been in my place) on seeing my townsman, my Captain and Friend. True friendship is never known till we are in adversity, and then experience the assistance of the Advocate, who steps forward to our defence. Capt. Adams has been at great cost in getting me from New York, and I have no way to make satisfaction without my remaining on Board his vessel will effect it. Our circumstances are such that for me to come home with my fingers in my mouth would be of little consolation to those who have been without my help for almost four years. Therefore I think it my duty to try what I can do, and hope by the assistance of Capt. Adams to obtain a small Adventure and try my luck at a Merchant Voyage, and if Fortune smiles, expect to see you in a short time.

"I recover my health slowly, and hope that Salt water will do what the Physician could not effect.

"I am grieved at not hearing from you. Though out of sight, and the enjoyment of liberty might make you forgetful, I'm not so."

(To Mrs. Mary Russell, Cambridge.)

"HALIFAX, Nova Scotia, May 16, 1783.

"I doubt not you thought it strange I did not come home when *Paroled* from New York, but the fever left me so low I could not stand the fatigues of so long a journey, and at the same time was destitute of money to support me on the road.

"Capt. Daniel Adams gave me a kind offer to go with him and laid me in a Venture which don't at present seem to succeed so well as I would wish. However, I shall bring you home something for yourself and hope to see you soon. I desire if any person should make any inquiry where we are, you would

answer at the Eastwd. for I don't know whether the trade is opened among you or not. However, we are not the only vessel that's here from the *Thirteen States*.

"We are treated very politely by his Excellency, and the Inhabitants, and I've a number of old friends here, and shall give you an acct. of them on my return."

During the summer of 1783, William Russell returned to Cambridge, broken in health, with a scanty reward from his trading venture. He tried to gather together enough pupils to form a small school in his living quarters at the "Light House Tavern," Cambridge. This endeavor was short-lived, for he was fast wasting with consumption. He died in the spring following his return from the sea whereon he had suffered greatly for his Country. He was no more than thirty-five years old when his untimely end came, but his life was exceedingly worth while even though it was his lot rather to endure than to achieve. Nor could he have desired any more worthy obituary, nor wished to preach a more inspiring doctrine to later generations of free-born Americans than was voiced in these words sent to his wife from Old Mill Prison, England, one hundred and twenty-six years ago:

"I think many in the Yard will enter into the King's service. And I should myself, was it not that (by so doing) *I must sell my Country, and that which is much more dearer to me, yourself and my children*, but I rely wholly on God, knowing He will deliver me in His own good time."

CHAPTER X

RICHARD DERBY AND HIS SON JOHN

(1774-1792)

THE first armed resistance to British troops in the American colonies was made at Salem and led by Captain Richard Derby of the third generation of the most notable seafaring family in this country's annals. Born in 1712, he lived through the Revolution, and his career as a shipmaster, merchant and patriot covered the greater part of the American maritime history of the eighteenth century. Until 1757, when he retired from active service on the sea, his small vessels of from fifty to one hundred tons burden were carrying fish, lumber and provisions to the West Indies and fetching home sugar, molasses, cotton, rum and claret, or bringing rice and naval stores from Carolina. With the returns from these voyages, assorted cargoes were laden for voyages to Spain and Madeira and the proceeds remitted in bills on London, or in wine, salt, fruit, oil, lead and handkerchiefs to America.

Captain Richard Derby's vessels ran the gauntlet of the privateers during the French War from 1756 to 1763, and their owner's letters to his London agents describe them as mounting from eight to twelve cannon, mostly six-pounders, "with four cannon below decks for close quarters." Accustomed to fighting his way where he could not go peaceably, Richard Derby and the men of his stamp whose lives and fortunes were staked on the high seas, felt the fires of their resentment against

England wax hotter and hotter as her shipping laws smote their interests with increasing oppression.

In fact, the spirit of independence and protest against interference by the mother country had begun to stir in the seaport towns a full century before the outbreak of armed revolution. It is recorded in Salem annals that "when it was reported to the Lords of Plantations that the Salem and Boston merchants' vessels arrived daily from Spain, France, Holland, and the Canaries (in 1763) which brought wines, linens, silks and fruits, and these were exchanged with the other colonies for produce which was carried to the aforesaid kingdoms without coming to England, complaint was made to the Magistrates that these were singular proceedings. Their reply was 'that they were His Majesty's Vice-Admirals in those seas and *they would do that which seemed good to them.*'"

The spirit of those "Vice Admirals" who proposed to do what seemed good to them continued to flourish and grow bolder in its defiance of unjust laws, and the port of Salem was primed and ready for open rebellion long before that fateful April day at Lexington and Concord. In 1771, four years before the beginning of the Revolution, the *Salem Gazette* published on the first anniversary of the "Boston Massacre," the following terrific proclamation framed in a border of black in token of mourning:

"As a Solemn and Perpetual Memorial:

"Of the Tyranny of the British Administration of Government in the years 1768, 1769, and 1770;

"Of the fatal and destructive Consequences of Quartering Armies, in Time of Peace, in populous cities;

"Of the ridiculous Policy and infamous Absurdity of supporting *Civil Government by a Military Force.*

“Of the Great Duty and Necessity of firmly opposing Despotism at its first Approaches;

“Of the detestable Principles and arbitrary Conduct of those *Ministers* in Britain who advised, and of their *Tools* in America who desired the Introduction of a Standing Army in this Province in the year 1768;

“Of the irrefragible Proof which those ministers themselves thereby produced, that the Civil Government, as by them Administered, was weak, wicked, and tyrannical;

“Of the vile Ingratitude and abominable Wickedness of every American who abetted and encouraged, either in Thought, Word or Deed, the establishment of a Standing Army among his Countrymen;

“Of the unaccountable Conduct of those *Civil Governors*, the immediate Representatives of His Majesty, who, while the *Military* was triumphantly insulting the whole LEGISLATIVE AUTHORITY OF THE STATE, and while the blood of the Massacred Inhabitants was flowing in the Streets, persisted in repeatedly disclaiming all authority of relieving the People, by any the least removal of the Troops:

“And of the Savage cruelty of the IMMEDIATE PERPETRATORS:
 “Be it forever Remembered

“That this day, THE FIFTH OF MARCH, is the Anniversary of
 BOSTON MASSACRE IN KING ST. BOSTON,
 NEW ENGLAND, 1770.

“In which Five of his Majesty’s Subjects were slain and six wounded, By the Discharge of a number of Muskets from a Part of Soldiers under the Command of Capt. Thomas Preston,

 “God Save the People!

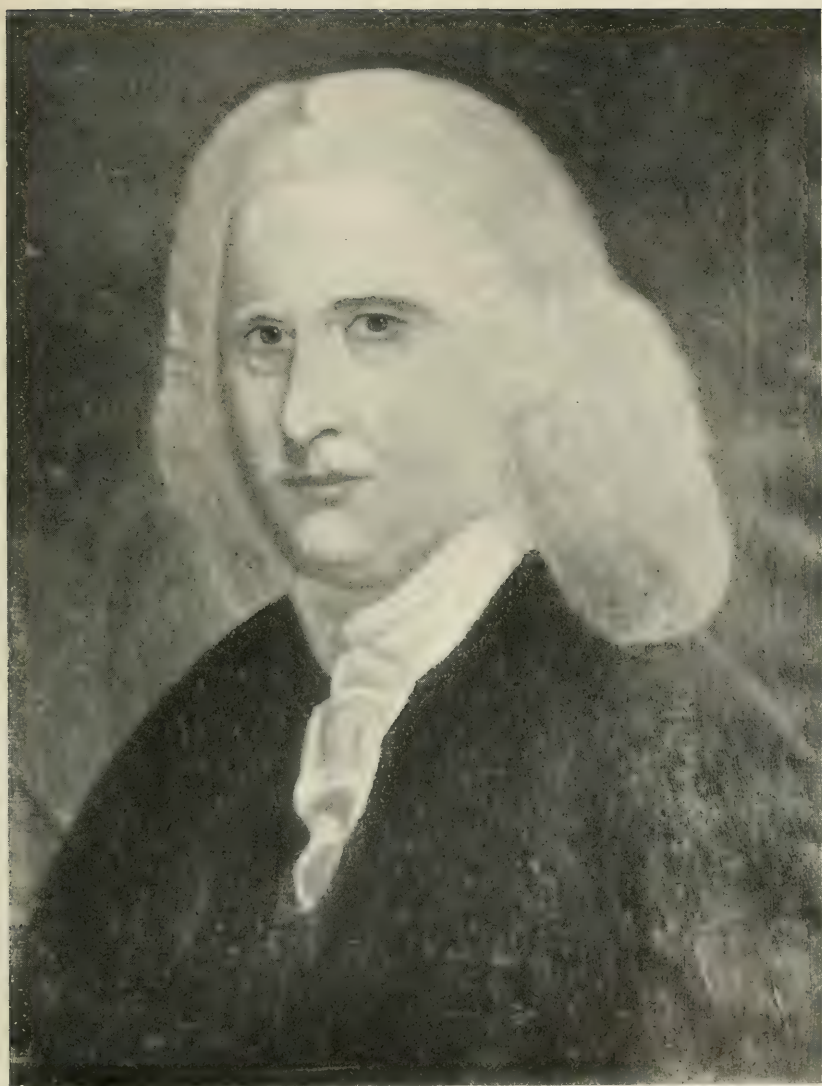
“Salem, March 5, 1771.”

The fuse was laid to the powder by the arrival of Lieutenant General Thomas Gage as the first military governor of Massa-

chusetts in May, 1774. He at once moved the seat of government from Boston to Salem which was the second town in importance of the colony, and Salem began to exhibit symptoms of active hostility. Gage's change of administrative headquarters was accompanied by two companies of the Sixty-fourth Regiment of the line, Colonel Alexander Leslie, which were encamped beyond the outskirts of the town. The presence of these troops was a red rag to the people of Salem, and furthermore, Gage outraged public opinion by proposing to choose his own councillors, which appointments had been previously conceded to the Provincial Assembly. A new Act of Parliament, devised to suit the occasion, eliminated the councillors who had been named by the Assembly or General Court, and Gage adjourned this body, then in session in Boston, and ordered it to reconvene in Salem on June 7th.

When the Assembly met in Salem it passed a resolution protesting against its removal from Boston, and acted upon no other political measures for ten days when the House adopted a resolution appointing as delegates to the Congress at Philadelphia, James Bowdoin, Thomas Cushing, Samuel Adams, John Adams, and Robert Treat Paine "to consult upon measures for the restoration of harmony between Great Britain and the Colonies." This action angered General Gage, and he at once prepared a proclamation dissolving the General Court. His secretary posted off to the Salem "town house" to deliver said proclamation, but he was refused admittance, word being brought out to him that the "orders were to keep the door fast." Therefore the defeated secretary read the document to the curious crowd outside and afterwards in the empty council chamber. So ended the last Provincial Assembly of Massachusetts under a British Governor.

Having moved his headquarters to Salem, General Gage let it be known that he regarded the odious Boston Port Bill as a



Richard Derby

measure which must be maintained by military law and an army of twenty thousand men if needs be. He also suppressed the town meetings, appointed new councillors, and heaped up other grievances with such wholesale energy that Salem flew up in arms and defied him. A town meeting had been called for August 24th to choose delegates to a county convention, and the people of the town refused to harken unto the order prohibiting their most jealously guarded institution of local government, the town meeting. Gage hurried back from Boston, took command of his troops, and ordered the Fifty-ninth Regiment of foot to make ready for active service. It is recorded that he showed "Indecent passion, denounced the meeting as treasonable and spoke with much vehemence of voice and gesture, threatened the committee of the town whom he met at the house of Colonel Brown, and ordered up his troops."

The citizens thereupon held a meeting in the open air, chose their delegates to the county convention, and dispersed. Timothy Pickering, afterwards Washington's Secretary of War, and other members of the Committee were placed under arrest for their part in this town meeting. Before nightfall of the same day three thousand men of Salem and nearby towns had armed themselves with muskets and were ready to march to the rescue if their town meeting should be further molested, or British troops employed to enforce any further punishments.

General Gage had declared with an oath that he would transport every man of the Committee, and the "embattled farmers" and sailors feared lest these fellow townsmen of theirs might be carried on board the frigate *Scarboro* which was making ready to sail for England. An express rider was sent out from Boston at midnight to carry the warning of the proposed sailing of this man-of-war, and with the threat of transportation bracing their resolution, the men of Salem replied that "they were ready to receive any attacks they might be exposed to for acting in

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pursuance to the laws and interests of their country, as becomes men and Christians.”

The issue was not forced by General Gage and having made a failure of the campaign and a blunder of the transfer of the seat of government he returned to Boston with his troops in September. In February of the following year, 1775, he was informed that the Provincial Congress had stored a large amount of munitions and a number of cannon in Salem, and he ordered Colonel Leslie to embark in a transport with a battalion of infantry, disembark at Marblehead, march across to Salem and seize this material of war. These troops, two hundred and fifty strong, sailed from Boston at night and landed on the Marblehead beach Sunday afternoon. Major Pedrick, a patriot of the town, at once mounted a horse and galloped to Salem, two miles away, to carry warning of this invasion. The British infantry marched along the turnpike until they came to the North River, a small, navigable stream making up from Salem Harbor. This was spanned by a drawbridge, and Colonel Leslie was much disturbed to find the drawbridge raised and a formidable assemblage of Salem citizens buzzing angrily at the farther side of the stream. The British officer had no orders to force the passage, and the situation was both delicate and awkward in the extreme. Timothy Pickering had been chosen colonel of the First Regiment of militia and forty of his armed men were mustered, drawn up ready to fire at the order. Colonel Leslie threatened to let loose a volley of musketry to clear the road, and was told by Captain John Felt of Salem:

“You had better not fire, for there is a multitude, every man of whom is ready to die in this strife.”

Some of the more adventurous patriots climbed to the top of the raised drawbridge and hurled insulting taunts at the British infantry, yelling “Fire and be damned to you.” Rev. Thomas Barnard of the North Church tried to make peace and addressed

Colonel Leslie: "You cannot commit this violation against innocent people, here on this holy day, without sinning against God and humanity. Let me entreat you to return."

At the head of the crowd of armed men of Salem stood Captain Richard Derby. He owned eight of the nineteen cannon which had been collected for the use of the Provincial Congress and he had not the slightest notion of surrendering them. There was a parley while Colonel Leslie argued that he was in lawful use of the King's highway. The Salem rejoinder was to the effect that the road and the bridge were private property to be taken from them only by force and under martial law. At this juncture, when bloody collision seemed imminent, Captain Richard Derby took command of the situation, and roared across the stream, as if he were on his own quarterdeck:

"Find the cannon if you can. Take them if you can. They will never be surrendered."

A fine portrait of this admirable old gentleman has been preserved, and in a well-powdered wig, with a spyglass in his hand, he looks every inch the man who hurled this defiance at Great Britain and dared a battalion of His Majesty's foot to knock the chip off his stalwart shoulder. Colonel Leslie made a half-hearted attempt to set his men across the river in boats, and it was at this time that the only casualty occurred, a Salem man, Joseph Whicher, receiving a bayonet thrust. Meanwhile the Marblehead regiment of patriot militia had been mustered under arms, and the Minute Men of Danvers were actually on the march toward the North River bridge. Perceiving that to force a passage meant to set the whole colony in a blaze, and unwilling to shoulder so tremendous a responsibility without orders from General Gage, the British colonel delayed for further discussion. At length Captain Derby and his friends proposed that in order to satisfy Colonel Leslie's ideas of duty and honor, he should be permitted to cross the bridge and immedi-

ately thereafter return whence he came. This odd compromise was accepted, and after marching to the farther side of the river the troops faced about and footed back to their transport at Marblehead, without finding the cannon they had come out to take. It was a victory for Captain Richard Derby and his townsmen and well worth a conspicuous place in the history of the beginnings of the American Revolution.

Another prominent figure in this tremendously dramatic situation was Colonel David Mason, a veteran soldier who had commanded a battery in the French War in 1756-7, and a scientist of considerable distinction who had made discoveries in electricity of such importance that he was requested to journey to Philadelphia to discuss them with Doctor Franklin. Colonel Mason was a man of great public spirit and patriotism, and in November, 1774, he had received an appointment as Engineer from the "Massachusetts Committee of Safety," which was the first military appointment of the Revolutionary War. He was from this time actively engaged in collecting military stores for the use of his country and making secret preparation for the approaching contest with England. He had obtained from Captain Derby the cannon which Colonel Leslie wished to confiscate and had given them to a Salem blacksmith to have the iron work for the carriages made and fitted.

Colonel Mason resided near the North Bridge and Doctor Barnard's church. When he heard the British troops were drawing near he ran into the North Church and disrupted the afternoon service by shouting at the top of his voice: "The regulars are coming and are now near Malloon's Mills." He and others in authority among their fellow-townsmen tried to control the hotheads and avert hostilities. But the task was made difficult by defiant patriots who bellowed across the drawbridge:

"Soldiers, red jackets, lobster coats, cowards, damn your government."

A high-spirited dame, Sarah Tarrant by name, poked her head out of a window of her cottage overlooking the scene and shrilly addressed the British colonel:

"Go home and tell your master he has sent you on a fool's errand, and broken the peace of our Sabbath. What? Do you think we were born in the woods to be frightened by owls? Fire at me if you have the courage, but I doubt it."

John Howard of Marblehead, who was one of the militia men under arms, stated in his recollections of the affair at the North Bridge that there were eight military companies in Marblehead at that time, comprising nearly the whole male population between sixteen and sixty years of age. They were all promptly assembled under Colonel Orne, to the number of a thousand men. Their orders were "to station themselves behind the houses and fences along the road prepared to fall upon the British on their return from Salem, if it should be found that hostile measures had been used by them; but if it should appear that no concerted act of violence upon the persons or property of the people had been committed, they were charged not to show themselves, but to allow the British detachment to return unmolested to their transport."

The episode was taken seriously in England as shown by an item in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of London of April 17, 1775, which reported: "By a ship just arrived at Bristol from America, it is reported that the Americans have hoisted the standard of liberty at Salem."

William Gavett of Salem wrote an account of the affair of which he was an eye-witness and described certain lively incidents as follows:

"One David Boyce, a Quaker, had gone out with his team to assist in carrying the guns out of reach of the troops, and they were conveyed to the neighborhood of what was then called Buffum's hill, to the northwest of the road leading to Danvers

and near the present estate of Gen. Devereux. My father looked in between the platoons, as I heard him tell my mother, to see if he could recognize any of the soldiers who had been stationed at Fort William on the Neck, many of whom were known to him, but he could discover no familiar faces and was blackguarded by the soldiers for his inquisitiveness, who asked him, with oaths, what he was looking after. The northern leaf of the draw was hoisted when the troops approached the bridge, which prevented them from going any further. Their commander (Col. Leslie) then went upon West's, now Brown's, wharf, and Capt. John Felt followed him. He then remarked to Capt. Felt, or in his hearing, that he should be obliged to fire upon the people on the northern side of the bridge if they did not lower the leaf. Capt. Felt told him if the troops did fire they would be all dead men, or words to that effect. It was understood afterwards that if the troops fired upon the people, Capt. Felt intended to grapple with Col. Leslie and jump into the river, for said he, 'I would willingly be drowned myself to be the death of one Englishman.' Mr. Wm. Northey, observing the menacing attitude assumed by Capt. Felt, now remarked to him, 'don't you know the danger you are in opposing armed troops, and an officer with a drawn sword in his hand?' The people soon commenced scuttling two gondolas which lay on the western side of the bridge and the troops also got into them to prevent it. One Joseph Whicher, the foreman in Col. Sprague's distillery, was at work scuttling the Colonel's gondola, and the soldiers ordered him to desist and threatened to stab him with their bayonets if he did not—whereupon he opened his breast and dared them to strike. They pricked his breast so as to draw blood. He was very proud of this wound in after life and was fond of exhibiting it."

It was a son of this Captain Richard Derby who carried to England the first news of the Battle of Lexington in the swift



From a painting by Lewis J. Bridgman

"Leslie's Retreat," North Bridge, Salem, Mass., February 26, 1775

schooner *Quero*, as the agent of the Provincial Congress. No American's arrival in London ever produced so great a sensation as did that of this Salem sailor, Captain John Derby, in May, 1775. He reached England in advance of the king's messenger dispatched by General Gage, and startled the British nation with the tidings of the clash of arms which meant the loss of an American empire.

Three days after the fight at Lexington, the Provincial Congress met at Concord, and appointed a committee "to take depositions *in perpetuam*, from which a full account of the transactions of the troops under General Gage in the route to and from Concord on Wednesday last may be collected to be sent to England by the first ship from Salem."

Captain Richard Derby was a member of this Congress, and he offered his fast schooner *Quero* of sixty-two tons for this purpose, his son Richard, Jr., to fit her out, and his son John to command her for this dramatic voyage. Old Captain Richard, hero of the North River bridge affair, was a sturdy patriot and a smart seaman. He knew his schooner and he knew his son John, and the news would get to England as fast as sail could speed it.

General Gage had sent his official messages containing the news of the Lexington fight by the "Royal Express-packet" *Sukey*, which sailed on April 24th. Captain John Derby in the *Quero* did not get his sailing orders from the Provincial Congress until three days later, on April 27th. These orders read as follows:

"*Resolved*: that Captain Derby be directed and he hereby is directed to make for Dublin, or any other good port in Ireland, and from thence to cross to Scotland or England, and hasten to London. This direction is given so that he may escape all enemies that may be in the chops of the Channel to stop the

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communication of the Provincial Intelligence to the agent. He will forthwith deliver his papers to the agent on reaching London.

“J. WARREN, Chairman.

“P. S.—You are to keep this order a profound secret from every person on earth.”

The letter which Captain John Derby carried with his dispatches read as follows:

“IN PROVINCIAL CONGRESS, WATERTOWN,

“APRIL 26, 1775.

“TO THE HON. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, ESQ., LONDON:

“SIR: From the entire confidence we repose in your faithfulness and abilities, we consider it for the happiness of this Colony that the important trust of agency for it, on this day of unequalled distress, is devolved on your hands; and we doubt not your attachment to the cause of the liberties of mankind will make every possible exertion in our behalf a pleasure to you, although our circumstances will compel us often to interrupt your repose by matters that will surely give you pain. A single instance hereof is the occasion of the present letter; the contents of this packet will be our apology for troubling you with it. From these you will see how and by whom we are at last plunged into the horrors of a most unnatural war. Our enemies, we are told, have despatched to Great Britain a fallacious account of the tragedy they have begun; to prevent the operation of which to the publick injury, we have engaged the vessel that conveys this to you as a packet in the service of this Colony, and we request your assistance in supplying Captain Derby, who commands her, with such necessaries as he shall want, on the credit of your constituents in Massachusetts Bay. But we most ardently wish that the several papers herewith enclosed may be immediately printed and dispersed through every Town in England, and especially communicated to the Lord Mayor,

Aldermen, and Common Council of the City of London, that they may take such order thereon as they may think proper, and we are confident your fidelity will make such improvement of them as shall convince all who are not determined to be in everlasting blindness, that it is the united efforts of both Englands that must save either. But whatever price our brethren in one may be pleased to put on their constitutional liberties, we are authorized to assure you that the inhabitants of the other, with the greatest unanimity, are inflexibly resolved to sell theirs only at the price of their lives.

“Signed by order of the Provincial Congress,

“JOS. WARREN, President *pro tem.*”

John Derby cracked on sail like a true son of his father, and made a passage across the Atlantic of twenty-nine days, handsomely beating the lubberly “Royal-Express packet” *Sukey*, which had sailed from Boston four days ahead of him. It is supposed that he made a landing at the Isle of Wight, went ashore alone, and hurried to London as fast as he could. The tidings he bore were too alarming and incredible to be accepted by the statesmen and people of Great Britain. Nothing had been heard from General Gage and here was an audacious Yankee skipper, dropped in from Heaven knew where, spreading it broadcast that the American colonists were in full revolt after driving a force of British regulars in disastrous rout. From the office of the Secretary of State, Lord Dartmouth issued this skeptical statement, May 30th:

“A report having been spread and an account having been printed and published, of a skirmish between some people of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, and a detachment of His Majesty’s troops, it is proper to inform the publick that no advices have as yet been received in the American Department of any such event. There are reasons to believe that there are

dispatches from General Gage on Board the *Sukey*, Captain Brown, which though she sailed four days before the vessel that brought the printed accounts, is not arrived."

On the following day, Hutchinson, who had preceded Gage as Governor of Massachusetts, wrote from London to his son in Boston:

"Captain Darby, in ballast arrived at Southampton from Marblehead the 27, and came to London the next evening. I am greatly distressed for you. Darby's own accounts confirm many parts of the narrative from the Congress, and they that know him say he deserves credit and that he has a good character; but I think those people would not have been at the expense of a vessel from Marblehead or Salem to England for the sake of telling the truth."

On June 1st, Lord Dartmouth wrote General Gage as follows:

"WHITEHALL, 1st June, 1775.

"SIR: Since my letter to you of 27th ult. an account has been printed here, accompanied with depositions to verify it, of skirmishes between a detachment of the troops under your command and different bodies of the Provincial Militia.

"It appears upon the fullest inquiry that this account, which is chiefly taken from a Salem newspaper, has been published by a Capt. Darby, who arrived on Friday or Saturday at Southampton in a small vessel in ballast, directly from Salem, and from every circumstance, relating to this person and the vessel, it is evident he was employed by the Provincial Congress to bring this account, which is plainly made up for the purpose of conveying every possible prejudice and misrepresentation of the truth.

"From the answers he has given to such questions as has been asked, there is the greatest probability that the whole amounts to no more than that a Detachment, sent by you to destroy

Cannon and Stores collected at Concord for the purpose of aiding Rebellion, were fired upon, at different times, by people of the Country in small bodies from behind trees and houses, but that the party effected the service they went upon, and returned to Boston, and I have the satisfaction to tell you that, the affair being considered in that light by all discerning men, it has had no other effect here than to raise that just indignation which every honest man must feel at the rebellious conduct of the New England Colonies. At the same time it is very much to be lamented that we have not some account from you of the transaction, which I do not mention from any supposition that you did not send the earliest intelligence of it, for we know from Darby that a vessel with dispatches sailed four days before him. We expect the arrival of that vessel with great impatience, but 'till she arrives I can form no decisive judgment of what has happened, and therefore can have nothing more to add but that I am, &c., DARTMOUTH."

Alas for British hopes and fears, the eagerly awaited arrival of the *Sukey* confirmed the disastrous news revealed by Captain John Derby, as may be learned from the following article in *The London Press*:

"TO THE PUBLICK.

"LONDON, June 12, 1775.

"When the news of a massacre first arrived, the pensioned writer of the *Gazette* entreated the publick 'to suspend their judgment, as Government had received no tidings of the matter.' It was added that there was every reason to expect the despatches from General Gage, by a vessel called the *Sukey*. The publick have suspended their judgment; they have waited the arrival of the *Sukey*; and the humane part of mankind have wished that the fatal tale related by Captain Derby might prove altogether fictitious. To the great grief of every thinking man,

this is not the case. We are now in possession of both the accounts. The Americans have given their narrative of the massacre; the favorite servants have given a Scotch account of the skirmish. In what one material fact do the two relations, when contrasted with each other, disagree? The Americans said 'that a detachment of the King's Troops advanced toward Concord; that they attempted to secure two bridges on different roads beyond Concord; that when they reached Lexington they found a body of Provincials exercising on a green; that on discovering the Provincial militia thus employed, the King's Troops called out to them to disperse, damned them for a parcel of rebels, and killed one or two, as the most effectual method intimidating the rest.' This the writer of the Scotch account in the *Gazette* styles, 'marching up to the rebels to inquire the reason of being so assembled.' Both relations, however, agree in this, that a question was asked; the pensioned varnisher only saying that it was asked in a civil way, attended with the loss of blood.

"Thus far, then, the facts, in every material circumstance, precisely agree; and as yet, we have every reason to believe that the *Salem Gazette* is to the full as authentick as our Government paper, which, as a literary composition, is a disgrace to the Kingdom.

"The *Salem Gazette* assured us that the King's Troops were compelled to return from Concord; that a handful of militia put them to rout, and killed and wounded several as they fled. Is this contradicted in the *English Gazette*? Quite the contrary; it is confirmed. The Scotch account of the skirmish acknowledges that 'on the hasty return of the troops from Concord, they were very much annoyed, and several of them were killed and wounded.' The Scotch account also adds 'that the Provincials kept up a scattering fire during the whole of the march of the King's Troops of fifteen miles, by which means several of

them were killed and wounded.' If the American Militia 'kept up a scattering fire on the King's Troops, of fifteen miles,' the Provincials must have pursued, and the regulars must have fled, which confirms the account given in the *Salem Gazette*, wherein it is asserted that the Regulars 'were forced to retreat.' Whether they marched like mutes at a funeral, or whether they fled like the relations and friends of the present ministry who were amongst the rebel army at the battle of Cullodon, is left entirely to the conjecture of the reader; though it should seem that a scattering fire, poured in upon a retreating enemy for fifteen miles together, would naturally, like goads applied to the sides of oxen, make them march off as fast as they could."

The newspaper account which Captain Derby carried to London was printed in *The Essex Gazette* of the issue of "from Tuesday, April 18, to Tuesday, April 25." *The Salem Gazette* had suspended publication the day before the great events of Concord and Lexington, and therefore it was *The Essex Gazette* of Salem which was taken to England, the slight error in the name of the journal being immaterial. This edition of the little four-paged weekly newspaper which shook the British Empire to its foundations, was not made up after the pattern of modern "scarehead" journals. The story of Concord and Lexington was tucked away on an inside page with no headline, title or caption whatever, and was no more than a column long. It may be called the first American war correspondence and no "dispatches from the front" in all history have equaled this article in *The Essex Gazette* as a stupendous "beat" or "scoop," measured by the news it bore and the events it foreshadowed. The *Gazette* carried on its title page the legends, "Containing the freshest advices, both foreign and domestic"; "Printed by Samuel and Ebenezer Hall at their Printing-Office near the Town House."

The article in question read, for the most part, as follows:

“SALEM, April 25.

“Last Wednesday, the 19th of April, the troops of his *Britannick* Majesty Commenced Hostilities upon the People of this Province, attended with circumstances of cruelty not less brutal than what our venerable Ancestors received from the vilest savages of the Wilderness. The Particulars relative to this interesting Event, by which we are involved in all the Horrors of a Civil War, we have endeavoured to collect as well as the present confused state of affairs will admit.

“On Tuesday Evening a Detachment from the Army, consisting, it is said, of 8 or 900 men, commanded by Lieut. Col. Smith, embarked at the Bottom of the Common in Boston, on board a Number of Boats, and landed at Phip’s farm, a little way up Charles River, from whence they proceeded with Silence and Expedition, on their way to Concord, about 18 miles from Boston. The People were soon alarmed, and began to assemble, in several towns, before Day-light, in order to watch the Motion of the Troops. At Lexington, 6 miles below Concord, a Company of Militia, of about 100 Men, mustered near the Meeting House; the Troops came in Sight of them just before Sun-rise, and running within a few rods of them, the Commanding Officer accosted the Militia in words to this Effect:

“‘*Disperse, you Rebels—Damn you, throw down your Arms and disperse.*’

“Upon which the Troops huzza’d, and immediately one or two Officers discharged their Pistols, which were instantaneously followed by the Firing of 4 or 5 of the Soldiers, and then there seemed to be a general discharge from the whole Body; Eight of our Men were killed, and nine wounded. In a few minutes after this action the Enemy renewed their March for Concord; at which Place they destroyed several Carriages, Carriage

Wheels, and about 20 barrels of Flour; all belonging to the Province. Here about 150 Men going toward a Bridge, of which the Enemy were in Possession, the latter fired and killed 2 of our Men, who then returned the Fire, and obliged the Enemy to retreat back to Lexington, where they met Lord Percy, with a large Reinforcement, with two Pieces of Cannon. The Enemy now having a Body of about 1800 Men, made a Halt, picked up many of their Dead, and took care of their Wounded. At Menotomy, a few of our Men attacked a Party of twelve of the Enemy (carrying stores and Provisions to the Troops), killed one of them, wounded several, made the Rest Prisoners, and took Possession of all their arms, Stores, Provisions, &c., without any loss on our side. The Enemy having halted one or two Hours at Lexington found it necessary to make a second Retreat, carrying with them many of their Dead and Wounded, who they put into Chaises and on Horses that they found standing in the Road. They continued their Retreat from Lexington to Charlestown with great Precipitation; and notwithstanding their Field Pieces, our People continued the Pursuit, firing at them till they got to Charlestown Neck (which they reached a little after Sunset), over which the Enemy passed, proceeded up Bunker Hill, and soon afterward went into the Town, under the protection of the *Somerset* Man of War of 64 guns."

There follows a list of the names of the Provincial Casualties, numbering 38 killed and 19 wounded, with accusations of savage and barbarous behavior on the part of the British troops. The writer then goes on to say:

"I have seen an account of the Loss of the Enemy, said to have come from an officer of one of the Men of War; by which it appears that 63 of the Regulars, and 49 Marines were killed, and 103 of both wounded; in all 215. Lieut. Gould of the 4th

Regiment, who is wounded, and Lieut. Potter of the Marines, and about twelve soldiers, are Prisoners. . . .

“The Public most sincerely sympathize with the Friends and Relations of our deceased Brethren, who gloriously sacrificed their Lives in fighting for the Liberties of their Country. By their noble, intrepid Conduct, in helping to defeat the Forces of an ungrateful Tyrant, they have endeared their Memories to the present generation who will Transmit their Names to Posterity with the highest Honour.”

The opposite page of *The Gazette* contained an editorial, or communication, signed “Johannes in Ermo,” which Captain John Derby must have enjoyed spreading broadcast in London. It was a battle-hymn in prose, the voice of a free people in arms, indomitable defiance at white-heat. This was the message it flung to the mother country over seas:

“Great Britain, adieu! no longer shall we honour you as our mother; you are become cruel; you have not so much bowels as the sea monsters toward their young ones; we have cried to you for justice, but behold violence and bloodshed! your sword is drawn *offensively*, and the sword of New England *defensively*; by this stroke you have broken us off from you, and effectually alienated us from you. O, Britain, see you to your own house!

“King George the third, adieu! no more shall we cry to you for protection, no more shall we bleed in defense of your person. Your breach of covenant; your violation of faith; your turning a deaf ear to our cries for justice, for covenanted protection and salvation from the oppressive, tyrannical, and bloody measures of the British Parliament, and putting a sanction upon all their measures to enslave and butcher us, have *Dissolved our Allegiance* to your Crown and Government! your sword that ought in *justice to protect* us, is now drawn *with a witness* to destroy us! Oh, George, see thou to thine house!

“General Gage, pluck up stakes and be gone; you have

drawn the sword, you have slain in cool blood a number of *innocent* New England men—you have made the assault—and be it known to you, the *defensive sword* of New England is now drawn, it now studies just revenge; and it will not be satisfied until your blood is shed—and the blood of every son of violence under your command—and the blood of every traitorous *Tory* under your protection; therefore, depart with all your master's forces—depart from our territories, return to your master soon, or destruction will come upon you; every moment you tarry in New England, in the character of your Master's General, you are viewed as an *Intruder*, and must expect to be treated by us as our inveterate enemy.

“O, my dear New England, hear thou the alarm of war! the call of Heaven is to arms! to arms! The sword of Great Britain is drawn against us! without provocation how many of our sons have been fired upon and slain in cool blood, in the cool of the day. . . .

“I beseech you, for God's sake, and for your own sake, watch against every vice, every provocation of God Almighty against us; against intemperance in drinking—against profane language and all debauchery!—and let us all rely on the army of the Most High. . . . ”

That after a safe homeward voyage Captain Derby reported to General Washington in person* on the 18th of July, appears from the *Essex Gazette* for that month as follows:

“CAMBRIDGE, July 21.

“Capt. John Derby, who sailed from Salem for London a few Days after the Battle of Lexington, returned last Tuesday,

* (July 18, 1774.) “Captain John Derby who carried to England the tidings of Lexington battle, appears at headquarters in Cambridge and relates that the news of the commencement of the American war threw the people, especially in London, into great consternation, and occasioned a considerable fall of stocks; that many there sympathized with the Colonies.” (Felt's *Annals of Salem*.)

and the same Day came to Head-Quarters in this Place. Very little Intelligence has yet transpired—we only learn, that the News of the Commencement of the American War through the People in England, especially the City of London, into great Consternation, and occasioned a considerable Fall of the Stocks. That the Ministry (knowing nothing of the Battle till they saw it published in the London papers) advertised, in the *Gazette*, that they had received no Account of any Action, and pretended to believe that there had been none. That the Parliament was prorogued two Days before Capt. Derby arrived, but it was said would be immediately called together again. That, when he left London, which was about the 1st of June, no Account of Hostilities had been received by the Ministry from General Gage, notwithstanding the Vessel he dispatched sailed four Days before Capt. Derby. That our friends increased in Number; and that many who had remained neuter in the dispute, began to express themselves warmly in our Favor: That we, however, have no Reason to expect any Mercy from the Ministry, who seem determined to pursue their Measures (long since concerted) for ruining the British Empire.

“Capt. Derby brought a few London Papers, some as late as the 1st of June, but we have not been able to obtain a Sight of them. We are informed they contain very little News, and scarce any Remarks on American Affairs.”

It was singularly appropriate that this same Captain John Derby who carried the news to England of the beginning of the American Revolution should have been the shipmaster to carry home to the United States the first tidings of peace in 1783, when he arrived from France in the ship *Astrea* with the message that a treaty had been signed.

This Captain John Derby won a claim to further notice in the history of his times as one of the owners of the ship *Columbia* which sailed from Boston in 1787, circumnavigated the globe,

and on a second voyage discovered and named the mighty Columbia River on the northwest coast of America. The vast territory which includes the states of Oregon, Washington and Idaho was then an unknown and unexplored land, claimed by Spain because her navigators discovered it, by Great Britain because Francis Drake had sailed along the coast in 1759, by Russia because Bering had mapped the North Pacific and prepared for the opening in 1771 of the fur trade from Oregon to China. But no nation had established a foothold in this territory and its extent and natural features were wrapped in mystery.

In 1783, a young American seaman who had sailed with Captain Cook on an exploring voyage of the North Pacific, published a chart and a journal of the voyage, and first brought to the attention of American shipowners the importance of the Northwest fur trade. Ledyard was called an enthusiast, a visionary, until his story attracted the serious consideration of the leading shipping merchants of Boston and Salem. John Derby joined three men of Boston in the venture and the quartette of partners subscribed what was then a huge capital of fifty thousand dollars to equip and despatch a ship to the northwest coast and open an American trade in furs with the Indians.

The *Columbia* was chosen, a ship of two hundred and thirteen tons, small even for that period, mounting ten cannon. Captain John Kendrick was given the command. As consort and tender for coastwise navigation and trade a sloop of ninety tons, the *Lady Washington*, Captain Robert Gray, was fitted out.

Besides the ship's stores, the two vessels carried a cargo of hardware, tools, utensils, buttons, toys, beads, etc., to be bartered with the Indians. The State and Federal Governments granted special letters to the captains, and "hundreds of medals signaling the enterprise were put aboard for distribution wherever the vessel touched. Years afterward some of these medals and cents and half-cents of the State of Massachusetts were to

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be found in the wake of the *Columbia* among the Spaniards of South America, the Kanakas of Hawaii and the Indians of Oregon.” *

The two little vessels fared bravely around Cape Horn, and steered north until they reached the fur wilderness country of the great Northwest. After many hardships and thrilling adventures the *Columbia* returned to Boston with a cargo of tea from China. It was a famous voyage in the history of American commercial enterprise, but it brought so little profit to the owners that Captain John Derby and one other partner sold out their shares in the *Columbia*. She was refitted, however, and again sent to the Northwest in 1790 in command of Captain Gray. On this voyage Captain Gray discovered the Columbia River shortly after he had met at sea the English navigator, Vancouver, who reported passing the mouth of a small stream “not worthy his attention.” By so close a margin did Vancouver miss the long-sought great river of Oregon, and the chance to claim the Northwestern America for the British flag by right of discovery.

On May 19, 1792, Captain Gray landed with his seamen, after sailing twenty-five miles up the river and formally named it the Columbia. “It has been claimed for many men before and since Marcus Whitman that they saved Oregon to the United States. But surely the earliest and most compelling title to this distinction is that Captain Robert Gray of Boston, and the good ship *Columbia*. They gave us the great river by the powerful right of discovery, and the great river dominated the region through which it ran. . . . The voyage of the *Columbia* was plainly and undeniably the first step which won for the United States a grip on the Oregon territory that no diplomatic casuistry and no arrogant bluster could shake. Twelve years after Gray sailed into the great river and named

* “The American Merchant Marine,” by Winthrop L. Marvin.

it for his ship and claimed it for his flag and country, Lewis and Clark's hardy band of explorers entered the upper Columbia and floated down to the Sea." *

As venturesome a voyage as that of the *Columbia*, but one unknown to fame, was that of the Salem ship *Margaret*, Captain James Magee, which sailed to the northwest coast after furs in 1791, and was the second American ship to risk the hazards of these unknown waters.† A journal kept on board the *Margaret* records meeting the *Columbia* on the Oregon coast and contains this interesting passage:

"Monday, ye 7th (May, 1792). One of our officers with a party of men were daily employed on Shore sawing boards. At Eleven O'clock in the forenoon we saw a sail standing into the harbour where we lay, and Mr. Lamb was sent in the whale boat to discover what Vessel it was. He very shortly return'd and inform'd us it was the Sloop *Adventure* Commanded by Mr. Robert Haswell, a Vessel about forty-seven Tons burden, being a Tender to the Ship *Columbia* commanded by Captain Robert Gray from Boston. In the Evening after Mr. Haswell had got in and secur'd his Vessel within us, he favoured us with his Company on board the *Margaret*, and gave us the following Interesting Intelligence:

"That Mr. Caswell, the second officer of the *Columbia* and two seamen were killed the season before, in a harbour in B—— Sound as they were fishing in a boat out of sight of the Ship. Likewise that Captain Hendricks as he was laying in this Harbour, the last season, was attacked by the natives of the adjacent Village under the command of Coyah, the Chief of

* "The American Merchant Marine," by Winthrop L. Marvin.

† "Upwards of seventy sail of vessels sailed from this port on Monday last for all parts of the world. Among them was the ship *Margaret*, James Magee, Esq., Commander, bound on a voyage of observation and enterprise to the northwest coast of this Continent. This vessel is copper-bottomed, and is said to be the best provided of any one that ever sailed from this port." (*The Independent Chronicle*, Boston, Oct. 27, 1791.)

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the Tribe, and in his defense he killed about forty-five according to the best of his judgment, and wounded several, Coyah among the rest. In the attack there were between one and two hundred on board and alongside. In the first place those on deck took his Arm Chest from him which was upon the quarterdeck. Therefore he was obliged to flee with his men to the Cabbin where luckily he happened to have a few Muskets and some Ammunition, and Arming himself and his Officers and Men with them and some Cutlasses, they rushed on deck and having discharged their Pieces they exercised their Cutlasses so dexterously that they immediately clear'd the Ship of the Indians, and then plying them so warmly with his Cannon and Musketry that they immediately fled to the shore after having received the above loss. The reason of this attack probably might have arisen from Captain Hendricks having taken some of ye Natives previously and put them in Irons for repeated Thefts that were committed by the Natives on board."

CHAPTER XI

ELIAS HASKET DERBY AND HIS TIMES

(1770-1800)

ELIAS HASKET DERBY, the son of Captain Richard Derby, and a brother of Captain John Derby, was the most conspicuous member of this great seafaring family, by reason of his million-dollar fortune, his far-seeing enterprise and his fleet of ships which traded with China, India, Mauritius, Madeira, Siam, Arabia and Europe. He was the first American to challenge the jealous supremacy of the East India, the Holland, the French and the Swedish chartered companies in the Orient. He made of commerce an amazingly bold and picturesque romance at a time when this infant republic was still gasping from the effects of the death grapple of the Revolution. He was born in 1739, went to sea as had his father and his grandfather before him, and like them rose to the command and ownership of vessels while still in his youth. As told in a previous chapter, he was the foremost owner of Salem privateers during the Revolution, and finding the large, swift and heavily manned ship created by the needs of war unfitted for coastwise and West India trade, he resolved to send them in search of new markets on the other side of the globe.

No sooner was peace declared than he was making ready his great ship, the *Grand Turk*, for the first American voyage to the Cape of Good Hope. The *Grand Turk* had been built in 1781 for privateering and as a letter of marque. She was of three hundred tons burden, the largest vessel built in a Salem shipyard until after the Revolution, and Elias Hasket Derby was

proud of her speed, her beauty and her record. During the Revolution she mounted twenty-two guns and fought them handily. On her second cruise as a privateer she captured two rich prizes, took them into Bilboa, and more than paid for herself. Later the *Grand Turk* made several cruises in West India waters and, among other successes, captured a twenty-gun ship, the *Pompey*, from London.

This was the ship with which Elias Hasket Derby blazed a trail toward the Orient, the forerunner of his pioneering ventures to the East Indies. Of the methods and enterprise of Elias Hasket Derby, as typified in such voyages as this of the *Grand Turk*, one of his captains, Richard Cleveland, wrote in his recollections of the methods and enterprise of this typical merchant of his time:

“In the ordinary course of commercial education, in New England, boys are transferred from school to the merchant’s desk at the age of fourteen or fifteen. When I had reached my fourteenth year it was my good fortune to be received in the counting house of Elias Hasket Derby of Salem, a merchant who may justly be termed the father of American commerce to India, one whose enterprise and commercial sagacity were unequalled in his day. To him our country is indebted for opening the valuable trade to Calcutta, before whose fortress his was to be the first vessel to display the American flag; and following up the business, he had reaped golden harvests before other merchants came in for a share of them. The first American ships seen at the Cape of Good Hope and the Isle of France belonged to him. His were the first American ships which carried cargoes of cotton from Bombay to China, and among the first ships which made a direct voyage to China and back was one owned by him. Without possessing a scientific knowledge of the construction and sparring of ships, Mr. Derby seemed to have an intuitive faculty in judging of models and

proportions, and his experiments in several instances for the attainment of swiftness in sailing were crowned with success unsurpassed in this or any other country.

“He built several ships for the India trade immediately in the vicinity of the counting house, which afforded me an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the building, sparring and rigging of ships. The conversations to which I listened relating to the countries then newly visited by Americans, the excitement on the return of an adventure from them and the great profits which were made, always manifest from my own little adventures, tended to stimulate the desire in me of visiting those countries, and of sharing more largely in the advantages they presented.”

The *Grand Turk*, “the great ship,” as she was called in Salem, was less than one hundred feet long, yet she was the first of that noble fleet which inspired a Salem historian, Rev. George Bachelor, to write in an admirable tribute to the town in which his life was passed:

“After a century of comparative quiet, the citizens of this little town were suddenly dispersed to every part of the Oriental world and to every nook of barbarism which had a market and a shore. . . . The reward of enterprise might be the discovery of an island in which wild pepper enough to load a ship might be had almost for the asking, or of forests where precious gums had no commercial value, or spice islands unvisited and unvisited by civilization. Every shipmaster and every mariner returning on a richly loaded ship was the owner of valuable knowledge.

“Rival merchants sometimes drove the work of preparation night and day when virgin markets had favors to be won, and ships which set out for unknown ports were watched when they slipped their cables and sailed away by night, and dogged for months on the high seas in the hope of discovering the secret

well kept by owner and crew. Every man on board was allowed a certain space for a little venture. People in other pursuits, not excepting the merchant's minister, intrusted their savings to the supercargo, and watched eagerly the results of their ventures. This great mental activity, and profuse stores of knowledge brought by every ship's crew, and distributed, together with India shawls, blue china, and unheard of curiosities from every savage shore, gave the community a rare alertness of intellect."

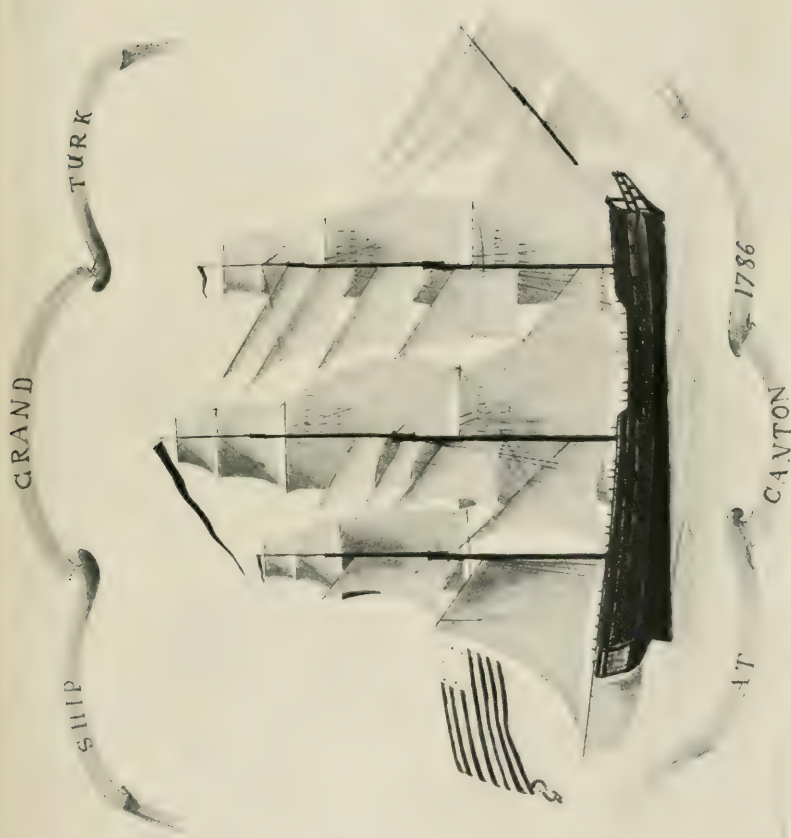
It was the spirit as is herein indicated that achieved its finest flower in such merchants as Elias Hasket Derby. When his ships took their departure from the Massachusetts coast they vanished beyond his ken for one or two years. His captains were intrusted with the disposal of the cargo to the best advantage. There was no sending orders by mail or cable. It was this continual sense of facing unknown hazards, of gambling with the sea and hostile, undiscovered shores that prompted those old shipmasters to inscribe on the title pages of their log books:

"A Journal of an Intended Voyage by God's Assistance . . . Cape Ann bore W.N.W. from whence I take my departure. So God send the good ship to her Desired Port in Safety. Amen."

When the *Grand Turk* made her first voyage to the Cape of Good Hope in 1784, commanded by Captain Jonathan Ingersoll, the scanty navigating equipment of his time is said to have consisted of "a few erroneous maps and charts, a sextant and a Guthrie's Grammar."* The *Grand Turk* made her

*The edition of 1800 of this popular compendium of knowledge bore on the title page: "A New Geographical, Historical and Commercial Grammar and Present State of the Several Kingdoms of the World. Illustrated with a Correct Set of Maps, Engraved from the Most Recent Observations and Draughts of Geographical Travellers. The Eighteenth Edition Corrected and Considerably enlarged. London. 1800."

The work contained "Longitude, Latitude, Bearings and Distances of Principal Places from London" as one of its qualifications for use among mariners.



From a painting made by a Chinese artist at Canton, 1786

The *Grand Turk*, first American ship to pass the Cape of Good Hope

passage in safety and while she lay in Table Bay, Major Samuel Shaw, an American returning from Canton, sent a boat aboard for Captain Ingersoll and later wrote of this Salem venture:

“The object was to sell, rum, cheese, salt, provisions and chocolate, loaf sugar, butter, etc., the proceeds of which in money with a quantity of ginseng, and some cash brought with him, Captain Ingersoll intended to invest in Bohea tea; but as the ships bound to Europe are not allowed to break bulk on the way, he was disappointed in his expectations of procuring that article and sold his ginseng for two-thirds of a Spanish dollar a pound, which is twenty per cent. better than the silver money of the Cape. He intended remaining a short time to purchase fine teas in the private trade allowed the officers on board India ships, and then to sail to the coast of Guinea, to dispose of his rum, etc., for ivory and gold dust; thence without taking a single slave to proceed to the West Indies and purchase sugar and cotton, with which he would return to Salem. Notwithstanding the disappointment in the principal object of the voyage and the consequent determination to go to the coast of Guinea, his resolution not to endeavor to retrieve it by purchasing slaves did the captain great honor, and reflected equal credit upon his employers, who, he assured me, would rather sink the whole capital employed than directly or indirectly be concerned in so infamous a trade.”

The *Grand Turk* returned by way of the West Indies where the sales of his cargo enabled her captain to load two ships for Salem. He sent the *Grand Turk* home in charge of the mate and returned in the *Atlantic*. During the voyage Captain Ingersoll rescued the master and mate of an English schooner, the *Amity*, whose crew had mutinied while off the Spanish Main. The two officers had been cast adrift in a small boat to perish. This was the first act in a unique drama of maritime coincidence.

After the castaways had reached Salem, Captain Duncanson, the English master of the *Amity*, was the guest of Mr. Elias Hasket Derby while he waited for word from his owners and an opportunity to return to his home across the Atlantic. He spent much of his time on the water front as a matter of course, and used to stand at a window of Mr. Derby's counting house idly staring at the harbor.

One day while sweeping the seaward horizon with the office spyglass, the forlorn British skipper let fly an oath of the most profound amazement. He dropped the glass, rubbed his eyes, chewed his beard and stared again. A schooner was making across the bar, and presently she stood clear of the islands at the harbor mouth and slipped toward an anchorage well inside.

There was no mistaking her at this range. It was the *Amity*, his own schooner which had been taken from him in the West Indies, from which he and his mate had been cast adrift by the piratical seamen. Captain Duncanson hurried into Mr. Derby's private office as fast as his legs could carry him. By some incredible twist of fate the captors of the *Amity* had sailed her straight to her captain.

Mr. Derby was a man of the greatest promptitude and one of his anchored brigs was instantly manned with a heavy crew, two deck guns slung aboard, and with Captain Duncanson striding the quarterdeck, the brig stood down to take the *Amity*. It was Captain Duncanson who led the boarders, and the mutineers were soon overpowered and fetched back to Salem jail in irons. The grateful skipper and his mate signed a crew in Salem, and took the *Amity* to sea, a vessel restored to her own by so marvelous an event that it would be laughed out of court as material for fiction.

In November, 1785, the *Grand Turk* was cleared, in command of Captain Ebenezer West for the Isle of France, but her owner had it in his mind, and so instructed his captain, to continue

the voyage to Batavia and China. In June of 1787, she returned to Salem with a cargo of teas, silks, and nankeens; a notable voyage in seas when the American flag was almost unknown. Her successful commerce with Canton lent a slightly humorous flavor to the comment of the *Independent Chronicle* of London, dated July 29, 1785:

“The Americans have given up all thought of a China trade which can never be carried on to advantage without some settlement in the East Indies.”

Captain Ebenezer West who took the *Grand Turk* to the Orient on this voyage was a member of so admirable a family of American seamen and shipmasters that the records of the three brothers as written down in the official records of the Salem Marine Society deserves a place in this chapter.

“Captain Nathaniel West was born in Salem, Jan. 31, 1756, and died here December 19, 1851. His elder brother, Ebenezer, and his younger, Edward, as well as himself, were possessed of great energy and enterprise, and all three early selected the ocean for their field of action. Ebenezer was for nearly four years during the Revolution a prisoner of war, and was exchanged shortly before peace was proclaimed. He subsequently had command of E. H. Derby’s famous ship, the *Grand Turk*, and in her completed the second voyage by an American vessel to Canton, returning to Salem in 1786.

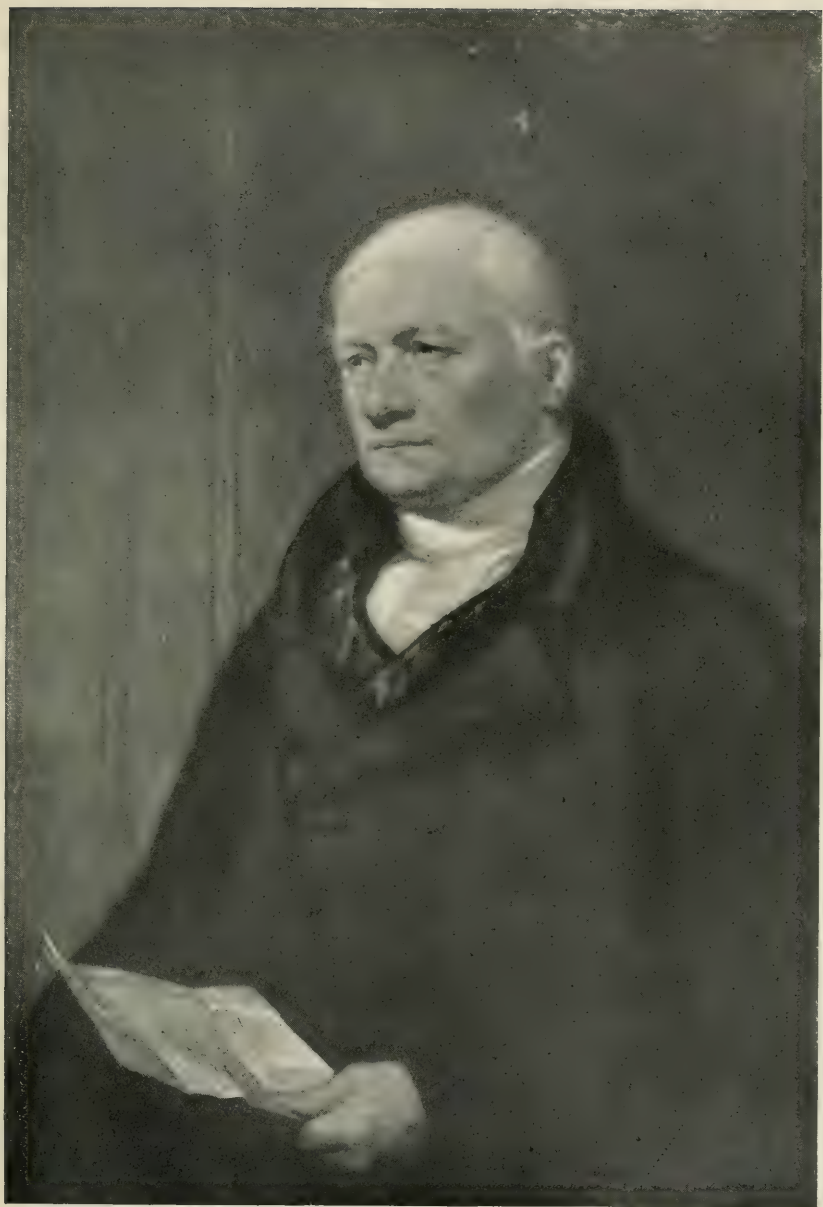
“Capt. Edward West, the youngest, was in command of his brother Nathaniel’s ship, *Hercules*, seized in Naples in 1809, and had the good fortune to obtain her release in order to transport Lucien Bonaparte and family to Malta, thus saving his ship from confiscation. He died at Andover, June 22, 1851, six months before his brother Nathaniel, at the age of ninety-one.

“In 1775, Nathaniel, at the age of nineteen, being in command of a merchant vessel in the West India trade, was captured by a British frigate, and was soon recognized by Capt. Gayton, her

commander, as the son of an old friend, and was compelled to serve as midshipman on board a British seventy-four, under the command of Capt. Edwards. Of their personal kindness he often spoke in after life. Being on shore as officer of a press gang, he effected his escape in London, and made his way to Lisbon, where he embarked on board the *Oliver Cromwell*, a Salem privateer of sixteen guns, and returned to this port. On the passage, having been closely pursued for three days, he narrowly escaped being captured by a British frigate. Aware of his impending fate, if taken, he encouraged and stimulated the crew to the use of the sweeps, himself tugging at the oar, and by his energy and incessant diligence was mainly instrumental in saving the ship.

“He made several cruises in the *Oliver Cromwell* and other armed vessels, and took many prizes. He participated with the famous Captain of the privateer *Black Prince*, carrying eighteen guns and one hundred and fifty men. On one occasion, with Capt. Nathaniel Silsbee as his Lieutenant, he put into Cork on a dark night and cut out and took away a valuable prize.

“Capt. West subsequently embarked in commerce and pursued it with continued success until he had amassed a large fortune. He was among the pioneers in various branches of trade, the Northwest, China, East India, etc.—and knew their origin and progress through their various stages. In 1792, he built and despatched the schooner *Patty*, commanded by his brother, Capt. Edward West, and she was the first American vessel to visit Batavia. His ship *Prudent* (in 1805) was among the first of the very few American vessels that visited the Dutch Spice Islands, Amboyna, etc. His ship *Minerva* was the first Salem vessel to circumnavigate the globe, having sailed from here in 1800 for the N. W. coast and China. His ship *Hercules*, under his brother Edward’s command, on the conclusion of the war with Great Britain in 1815, was the first vessel to sail from



Nathaniel West

the United States for the East Indies, under the terms of the treaty. The *Hercules*, built for Capt. West in 1805, was a few years since doing good service as a whaler out of New Bedford, and is, we believe, still in existence.

“His age so nearly approximated an hundred years that we may say he flourished during four generations of his race, in the most active and enterprising walks of life. In person, Capt. West was of fine figure, and of a majestic mien and gait. He never forgot the dignity which belonged to his years and station. He was a gentleman of the old school in manners and dress, and adhered with scrupulous tenacity to the costume of his early years. His physical powers were so little impaired, even in his extreme old age, that he was frequently seen driving along in his gig, or walking with vigorous and elastic step, until a very short time before his death; and many of our readers can recall his commanding and dignified appearance in our streets. He united in himself personal frugality, economy, and untiring industry; and his favorite maxim was, ‘without these none can be rich, and with these few would be poor.’”

When Mr. Derby decided to push out for a share of the East India commerce he sent his eldest son, Elias Hasket, Jr., to England and the Continent as soon as he was graduated from Harvard College. There the young man remained until he had become a linguist and had made a thorough study of the English and French methods of trade with the Far East. Having laid this thorough foundation for his bold venture, Elias Hasket, Jr., was now sent to India where he lived three years in the interests of his house, and firmly established an immensely profitable trade which for half a century was to make the name of Salem far more widely known in Bombay and Canton than that of New York or Boston. A little later the Derby ship *Astrea* was showing the American flag to the natives of Siam.

The Ships and Sailors of Old Salem

How fortunes were won in those brave days may be learned from the record of young Derby's activities while in the Far East. In 1788 the proceeds of one cargo enabled him to buy a ship and a brigantine in the Isle of France (Mauritius) in the Indian Ocean. These two vessels he sent to Bombay to load with cotton. Two other ships of his house, the *Astrea* and the *Light Horse* he filled with cargoes at Calcutta and Rangoon, and sent them home to Salem. Then he returned in still another ship, the brig *Henry*.

When the profit of these several transactions were reckoned it was found that more than \$100,000 had been earned by this little fleet above all outlay. Soon after his return young Derby sailed for Mocha, an Arabian port in the Red Sea, to pick up a cargo of coffee. The natives had never heard of America, and the strange vessel was a nine days' wonder.

In 1788 Mr. Derby decided to send a ship for a direct voyage to Batavia, another novel commercial undertaking. While the purely business side of these enterprises is not thrilling, it holds a certain interest as showing the responsibilities of the shipmasters upon whose judgment depended the results of the voyage. For this first American voyage to Batavia, the instructions of the captain and supercargo from the owner, Mr. Derby, read as follows:

“SALEM, February, 1789.

“CAPTAIN JAMES MAGEE, Jr.,

“MR. THOMAS PERKINS (supercargo)

“Gents: The ship *Astrea* of which James Magee is master and Mr. Thomas Perkins is supercargo, being ready for sea, I do advise and order you to come to sail, and make the best of your way for Batavia, and on your arrival there you will dispose of such part of your cargo as you think may be the most for my interest.

“I think you had best sell a few casks of the most ordinary

ginseng, if you can get one dollar a pound for it. If the price of sugar be low, you will then take into the ship as much of the best white kind as will floor her, and fifty thousand weight of coffee, if it is as low as we have heard—part of which you will be able to stow between the beams and the quintlings, and fifteen thousand of saltpeter, if very low; some nutmegs, and fifty thousand weight of pepper. This you will stow in the fore peak, for fear of its injuring the teas. The sugar will save the expense of any stone ballast and it will make a floor for the teas, etc., at Canton.

“At Batavia you must if possible, get as much freight for Canton as will pay half or more of your charges; that is, if it will not detain you too long, as by this addition of freight it will exceedingly help the voyage. You must endeavor to be the first ship with ginseng, for be assured you will do better alone than you will if there are three or four ships at Canton at the same time with you. . . .

“Captain Magee and Mr. Perkins are to have five per cent. commission for the sales of the present cargo and two and one-half per cent. on the cargo home, and also five per cent. on the profit made on goods that may be purchased at Batavia and sold at Canton, or in any other similar case that may arise on the voyage. They are to have one-half the passage money—the other half belongs to the ship. The privileges of Captain Magee is five per cent. of what the ship carries on cargo, exclusive of adventures. It is ordered that the ship’s books shall be open to the inspection of the mates and doctor of the ship, so that they may know the whole business, as in case of death or sickness it may be of good service in the voyage. The Philadelphia beer is put up so strong that it will not be approved of until it is made weaker; you had best try some of it first.

“You will be careful not to break any acts of trade while you are out on the voyage, to lay the ship and cargo liable to seizure,

for my insurance will not make it good. Be very careful of the expense attending the voyage, and remember that a one dollar laid out while absent is two dollars out of the voyage. Pay particular attention to the quality of your goods, as your voyage very much depends on your attention to this. You are not to pay any moneys to the crew while absent from home unless in a case of real necessity, and then they must allow an advance for the money. Annexed to these orders you have a list of such a cargo for my own account as I at present think may do best for me, but you will add or diminish any article as the price may be.

“ . . . Captain Magee and Mr. Perkins—Although I have been a little particular in these orders, I do not mean them as positive; and you have leave to break them in any part where you by calculation think it for my interest, excepting your breaking Acts of Trade which I absolutely forbid. Not having to add anything, I commit you to the Almighty’s protection, and remain your friend and employer,

“ELIAS HASKET DERBY.”

The captain was expected to “break his orders in any part,” if he could drive a better bargain than his employer had been able to foresee at a distance of ten thousand miles from the market. Merchants as well as navigators, the old-time shipmaster found compensation for these arduous responsibilities in the “privileges” which allowed him a liberal amount of cargo space on their own account, as well as a commission on the sales of the freight out and back. His own share of the profits of two or three voyages to the Far East might enable him to buy and ship and freight a vessel for himself. Thereafter, if he were shrewd and venturesome enough, he rose rapidly to independence and after a dozen years of the quarterdeck was ready to step ashore as a merchant with his own counting house and his fleet of stout ships.

In 1793, Captain Jonathan Carnes of Salem was looking for trade along the Sumatra coast. Touching at the port of Bencoolen, he happened to learn that wild pepper might be found along the northwest coast of Sumatra. The Dutch East India Company was not as alert as this solitary Yankee shipmaster, roaming along strange and hostile shores.

Captain Carnes kept his knowledge to himself, completed his voyage to Salem, and there whispered to a merchant, Jonathan Peele, that as soon as possible a secret pepper expedition should be fitted out. Mr. Peele ordered a fast schooner built. She was called the *Rajah*, and carried four guns and ten men. There was much gossiping speculation about her destination, but Captain Carnes had nothing at all to say. In November, 1795, he cleared for Sumatra and not a soul in Salem except his owner and himself knew whither he was bound. The cargo consisted of brandy, gin, iron, tobacco and dried fish to be bartered for wild pepper.

For eighteen months no word returned from the *Rajah*, and her mysterious quest. Captain Carnes might have been wrecked on coasts whereof he had no charts, or he might have been slain by hostile natives. But Jonathan Peele, having risked his stake, as Salem merchants were wont to do, busied himself with other affairs and pinned his faith to the proven sagacity and pluck of Jonathan Carnes. At last, a string of signal flags fluttered from the harbor mouth. Jonathan Peele reached for his spyglass, and saw a schooner's topsails lifting from seaward. The *Rajah* had come home, and when she let go her anchor in Salem harbor, Captain Jonathan Carnes brought word ashore that he had secured a cargo of wild pepper in bulk which would return a profit of at least seven hundred per cent. of the total cost of vessel and voyage. In other words, this one "adventure" of the *Rajah* realized what amounted to a comfortable fortune in that generation.

There was great excitement among the other Salem merchants. They forsook their desks to discuss this pepper bonanza, but Captain Jonathan Carnes had nothing to say and Mr. Jonathan Peele was as dumb as a Salem harbor clam. The *Rajah* was at once refitted for a second Sumatra voyage, and in their eagerness to fathom her dazzling secret, several rival merchants hastily made vessels ready for sea with orders to go to that coast as fast as canvas could carry them and endeavor to find out where Captain Carnes found his wild pepper. They hurried to Bencoolen, but were unsuccessful and had to proceed to India to fill their holds with whatever cargoes came to hand. Meanwhile the *Rajah* slipped away for a second pepper voyage, and returned with a hundred and fifty thousand pounds of the precious condiment.

There was no hiding this mystery from Salem merchants for long, however, and by the time the *Rajah* had made three pepper voyages, the rivals were at her heels, bartering with native chieftains and stowing their holds with the wild pepper which long continued to be one of the most profitable articles of the Salem commerce with the Orient. It was a fine romance of trade, this story of Captain Carnes and the *Rajah*, and characteristic of the men and methods of the time. For half a century a large part of the pepper used in all countries was reshipped from the port of Salem, a trade which flourished until 1850. During the period between the first voyage of Captain Carnes and 1845, the Salem custom house records bore the entries of almost two hundred vessels from the port of Sumatra.

While Sumatra and China and India were being sought by Salem ships, Elias Hasket Derby in 1796 sent his good ship *Astrea* on a pioneer voyage to Manila. She was the first American vessel to find that port, and was loaded with a rich cargo of sugar, pepper and indigo, on which twenty-four

thousand dollars in duties were paid at the Salem Custom House.

To carry on such a business as that controlled by Elias Hasket Derby, enlisted the activities of many men and industries. While his larger ships were making their distant voyages, his brigs and schooners were gathering the future cargoes for the Orient; voyaging to Gothenburg and St. Petersburg for iron, duck and hemp; to France, Spain and Madeira for wine and lead; to the West Indies for rum, and to New York, Philadelphia and Richmond for flour, provisions, iron, and tobacco. These shipments were assembled in the warehouses of Derby wharf, and paid for in the teas, coffee, pepper, muslin, silks and ivory which the ships from the far East were bringing home. In fourteen years Mr. Derby's ships to the far Eastern ports and Europe made one hundred and twenty-five voyages, and of the thirty-five vessels engaged in this traffic only one was lost at sea.

In one of the most entertaining and instructive chapters of "Walden," Thoreau takes the trouble to explain the business of a successful shipping merchant of Salem. The description of his activities may be fairly applied to Elias Hasket Derby and his times.

"To oversee all the details yourself in person; to be at once pilot and captain, and owner and underwriter; to buy and sell and keep the accounts; to read every letter received, and write or read every letter sent; to superintend the discharge of imports night and day; to be upon many ports of the coast almost at the same time—often the richest freights will be discharged upon a Jersey shore; to be your own telegraph, unweariedly sweeping the horizon, speaking all vessels bound coastwise; to keep up a steady dispatch of commodities for the supply of such a distant and exorbitant market; to keep yourself informed of the state of the markets, prospects of war and peace every-

where, and anticipate the tendencies of trade and civilization. Taking advantage of the results of all exploring expeditions using new passages and all improvements in navigation; charts to be studied, the position of reefs and new lights and buoys to be corrected, for by the error of some calculator the vessel often splits upon a rock that should have reached a friendly pier; universal science to be kept pace with, studying the lives of all great discoverers and navigators, great adventurers and merchants, from Hanno and the Phœnicians down to our day; in fine, account of stock must be taken from time to time, to know how you stand. It is such a labor to task the faculties of a man—such problems of profit and loss, of interest, of tare and tret, and gauging of all kinds in it, as demand a universal knowledge.”

There is to-day nothing at all comparable with the community of interests which bound all Salem in a kinship with the sea and its affairs. Every ship for China or India carried a list of “adventures,” small speculations entrusted to the captain or supercargo, contributed by boys and girls, sweethearts, brothers, mothers and wives. In the log of Mr. Derby’s ship, the *Astrea*, for a voyage to Batavia and Canton are the following “memoranda” of “adventures,” which were to be sold by the captain and the profits brought home to the investors:

“Captain Nathaniel West. 15 boxes spermacetti candles. 1 pipe Tenefriffe wine.”

“James Jeffry. 1 cask ginseng.”

“George Dodge. 10 Dollars. 1 pipe Madeira wine.”

In searching among the old logs for these “adventures,” the author found “on board Ship *Messenger* of Salem, 1816”:

“Memorandum of Miss Harriet Elkin’s Adventure.

“Please to purchase if at Calcutta two net bead with draperies; if at Batavia or any spice market, nutmegs, and mace, or if at



William Gray



Elias Hasket Derby

Canton, Two Canton Crape shawls of the enclosed colors at \$5 per shawl. Enclosed is \$10. Signed.

“HENRIETTA ELKINS.”

“Memorandum of Mr. John R. Tucker’s Adventure.

“Mr. C. STANLEY, Sir:

“I hand you a bag containing 100 Spanish dollars for my adventure on board the ship *Messenger* which please invest in coffee and sugar, if you have room after the cargo is on board. If not, invest the amount in nutmegs, or spice as you think best. Please do for me as you do for your own, and oblige your obt.

“JOHN R. TUCKER.

“To EDWARD STANLEY, master.”

Captain Stanley kept an itemized record of his transactions with Mr. J. Tucker’s one hundred Spanish dollars, and it may be interesting to note how such an “adventure” was handled to reap profits for the waiting speculator in faraway Salem. The captain first bought in Batavia ten bags of coffee for \$83.30, which with boat hire, duty and sacking made the total outlay \$90.19. This coffee he sold in Antwerp on his way home for \$183.75. Arriving at Salem he paid over to Mr. Tucker the sum of \$193.57, or almost one hundred per cent. profit on the amount of the “adventure.” This is enough to show why this kind of speculative investment was so popular in the Salem of a century ago.

The same ship carried also “Mrs. Mary Townsend’s adventure,” to wit:

“Please to purchase lay out five dollars which I send by you, Vizt:

“One Tureen 14 by 10 Inches, China. One Nett bead and you will oblige.”

Almost every household of Salem had its own menfolk or near kinfolk on the sea, not in the offshore fisheries, nor in the

coastwise trade where the perils of their calling might be somewhat atoned for by the frequent visits of these loved ones. The best and bravest men of Salem were in the deep-water, square-rigged vessels which vanished toward the Orient and to the South Seas to be gone, not months but years on a voyage.

After open hostilities had fairly begun between France and the United States, in 1798, our ports began to send out privateersmen and the merchants' fleets sought refuge. Elias Hasket Derby, with a revival of his bold Revolutionary spirit, decided to risk a cargo of sugar and coffee to meet the urgent demands of the Mediterranean ports. For this particular mission he built the ship *Mount Vernon*, a notable combination of commercial and naval fitness. She was the last venture of this great merchant, and with characteristic enterprise he took the chances of evading the French and the Algerine pirates with a cargo whose profits would be enormous if the *Mount Vernon* could make the passage in safety. This fine ship was only one hundred feet long, but she carried fifty men and twenty guns. She was built for speed as well as fighting ability, and she made Cape Vincent on her outward passage in sixteen days from Salem. Her voyage was a brilliant success, although her owner died before she came home. The *Mount Vernon* on this one voyage paid to the Derby estate a profit of one hundred thousand dollars on a total investment for ship and cargoes of \$43,000. The letter book of the *Mount Vernon* for this notable voyage in the history of the American merchant marine tells how she fought her way across the Atlantic. Captain Elias Hasket Derby, junior, was in charge of the vessel, and he wrote his father as follows:

“GIBRALTER, 1st, August, 1799.

“E. H. DERBY, Esq., Salem:

“Honored Sir: I think you must be surprised to find me here so early. I arrived at this port in seventeen and one-half days

from the time my brother left the ship (off Salem). In eight days and seven hours were up with Carvo, and made Cape St. Vincent in sixteen days. The first of our passage was quite agreeable; the latter light winds, calm, and Frenchmen constantly in sight for the last four days. The first Frenchman we saw was off Tercira, a lugger to the southward. Being uncertain of his force, we stood by him to leeward on our course and soon left him.

"July 28th in the afternoon we found ourselves approaching a fleet of upwards of fifty sail, steering nearly N. E. We run directly for their centre; at 4 o'clock found ourselves in their half-moon; concluding it impossible that it could be any other than the English fleet, continued our course for their centre, to avoid any apprehension of a want of confidence in them. They soon dispatched an 18-gun ship from their centre, and two frigates, one from their van and another from the rear to beat towards us, being to windward.

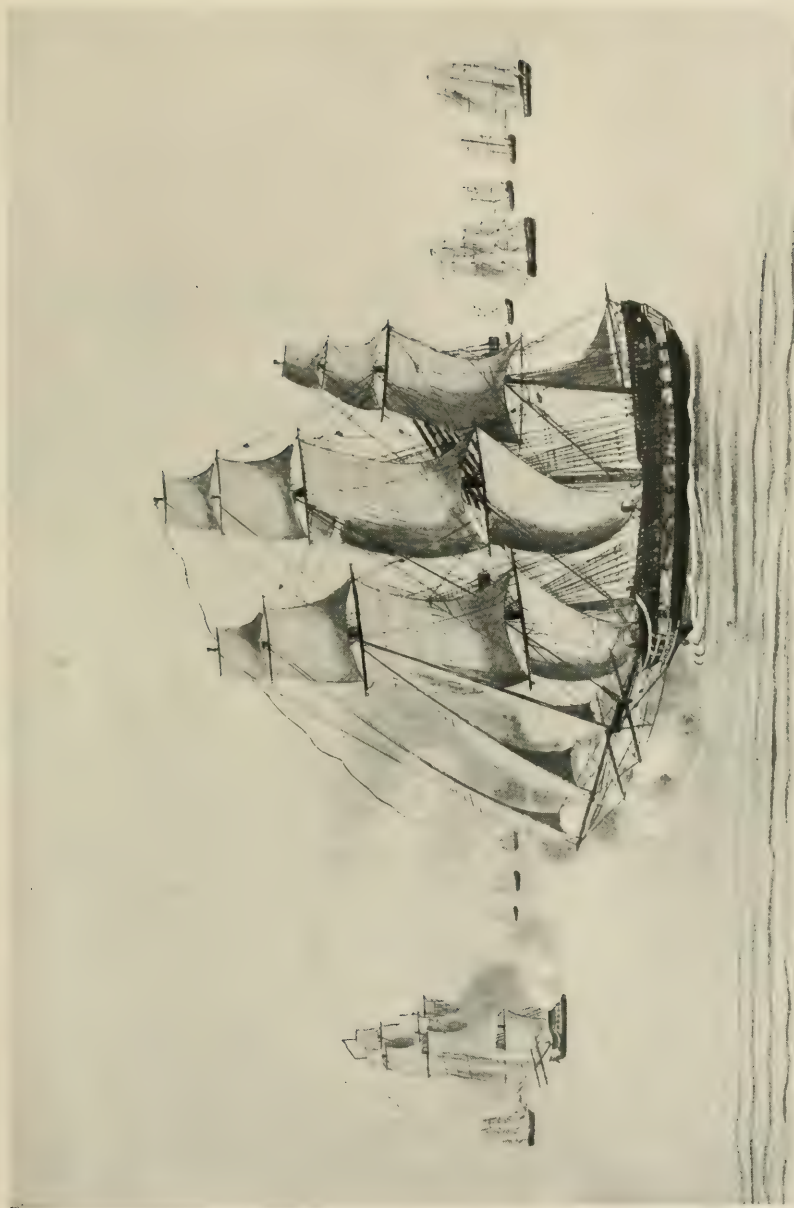
"On approaching the centre ship under easy sail, I fortunately bethought myself that it would be but common prudence to steer so far to windward of him as to be a gunshot's distance from him; to observe his force, and manoeuvring. When we were abreast of him he fired a gun to leeward and hoisted English colors. We immediately bore away and meant to pass under his quarter, between him and the fleet, showing our American colors. This movement disconcerted him and it appeared to me he conceived we were either an American sloop of war or an English one in distress, attempting to cut him off from the fleet. While we were in the act of wearing on his beam, he hoisted *French* colors and gave us his broadside.

"We immediately brought our ship to the wind and stood on about a mile, wore towards the centre of the fleet, hove about and crossed on him on the other tack about half grape shot distance and received his broadside. Several of his shot fell on

board of us, and cut our sails—two round shot striking us, without much damage. All hands were active in clearing ship for action, for our surprise had been complete.

“In about ten minutes we commenced firing our stern chasers and in a quarter of an hour gave him our broadside in such a style as apparently sickened him, for he immediately luffed in the wind, gave us his broadside, went in stays in great confusion, wore ship afterwards in a large circle, and renewed the chase at a mile and a half distance—a manoeuvre calculated to keep up appearances with the fleet and to escape our shot. We received seven or eight broadsides from him, and I was mortified at not having it in my power to return him an equal number without exposing myself to the rest of the fleet, for I am persuaded I should have had the pleasure of sending him home had he been separate from them.

“At midnight we had distanced them, the chasing rocket signals being almost out of sight, and soon left them. We then kept ourselves in constant preparation till my arrival here; and indeed it had been very requisite, for we have been in constant brushes ever since. The day after we left the (French) fleet we were chased till night by two frigates whom we lost sight of when it was dark. The next morning off Cape St. Vincent in the latitude of Cadiz, were chased by a French lateen-rigged vessel apparently of 10 or 12 guns, one of them an 18-pounder. We brought to, for his metal was too heavy for ours, and his position was to windward, where he lay just in a situation to cast his shot over us, and it was not in my power to put him off. We of course bore away, and saluted him with our long nines. He continued in chase till dark and when we were nearly by Cadiz, at sunset, he made a signal to his consort, a large lugger whom we had just discovered ahead. Having a strong breeze I was determined to pass my stern over him if he did not make way for me. He thought prudent so to do.



The ship *Mount Vernon*, owned by Elias Hasket Derby, in her fight with a French fleet

“At midnight we made the lights in Cadiz city but found no English fleet. After laying to till daybreak, concluded that the French must have gained the ascendancy in Cadiz and thought prudent to proceed to this place where we arrived at 12 o'clock, *popping at Frenchmen all the forenoon*. At 10 A.M. off Algeciras Point were seriously attacked by a large latineer who had on board more than 100 men. He came so near our broadside as to allow our six-pound grape to do execution handsomely. We then bore away and gave him our stern guns in a cool and deliberate manner, doing apparently great execution. Our bars having cut his sails considerably he was thrown into confusion, struck both his ensign and his pennant. I was then puzzled to know what to do with so many men; our ship was running large with all her steering sails out, so that we could not immediately bring her to the wind and we were directly off Algeciras Point from whence I had reason to fear she might receive assistance, and my port (Gibraltar) in full view.

“These were circumstances that induced me to give up the gratification of bringing him in. It was, however, a satisfaction to flog the rascal in full view of the English fleet who were to leeward. The risk of sending here is great, indeed, for any ship short of our force in men and guns—but particularly heavy guns.

“It is absolutely necessary that two Government ships should occasionally range the straits and latitude of Cadiz, from the longitude of Cape St. Vincent. I have, now while writing to you, two of our countrymen in full view who are prizes to these villains. Lord St. Vincent, in a 50-gun ship bound for England, is just at this moment in the act of retaking one of them. The other goes into Algeciras without molestation.

“You need have but little apprehension for my safety, as my crew are remarkably well trained and are perfectly well disposed to defend themselves; and I think after having cleared our-

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selves from the French in such a handsome manner, you may well conclude that we can effect almost anything. If I should go to Constantinople, it will be with a passport from Admiral Nelson for whom I may carry a letter to Naples.

“Your affectionate son,

“ELIAS HASKET DERBY.”

That the experience of Captain Elias Hasket Derby, Jr., in the *Mount Vernon* was not an unusual one is indicated by the following letter written by Captain Richard Wheatland and published in a Salem newspaper of 1799 under these stirring headlines:

“A sea Fight gallantly and vigorously maintained by the Ship Perseverance, Captain Richard Wheatland of this port against one of the vessels of the Terrible Republic. The French Rascals, contrary to the Laws of War and Honor, fought under false colours, whilst the Eagle, true to his charge, spreads his wings on the American flag.”

“SHIP PERSEVERANCE,

“Old Straits of Bahama, Jan. 1, 1799.

“Dec. 31st. Key Romain in sight, bearing south, distance four or five leagues. A schooner has been in chase of us since eight o'clock, and has every appearance of being a privateer. At one o'clock P.M. finding the schooner come up with us very fast, took in steering sails, fore and aft and royals; at half-past one about ship and stood for her; she immediately tacked and made sail from us. We fired a gun to leeward and hoisted the American ensign to our mizzen peak; she hoisted a Spanish jack at maintop masthead and continued to run from us. Finding she outsailed us greatly, and wishing to get through the Narrows in the Old Straits, at two o'clock P.M. we again about ship and kept on our course. The schooner immediately wore, fired a gun to leeward, and kept after us under a great press of



Elias Hasket Derby mansion (1799-1816)



Prince House. Home of Richard Derby. Built about 1750

sail. At half-past two she again fired a gun to leeward, but perceiving ourselves in the Narrows above mentioned, we kept on to get through them if possible before she came up with us, which we effected.

“At three o’clock finding ourselves fairly clear of Sugar Key and Key Laboas, we took in steering sails, wore ship, hauled up our courses, piped all hands to quarters and prepared for action. The schooner immediately took in sail, hoisted an English Union flag, and passed under our lee at a considerable distance. We wore ship, she did the same and we passed each other within half a musket. A fellow hailed us in broken English and ordered the boat hoisted out and the captain to come on board with his papers, which he refused. He again ordered our boat out and enforced his orders with a menace that in case of refusal he would sink us, using at the same time the vilest and most infamous language it is possible to conceive of.

“By this time he had fallen considerably astern of us; he wore and came up on our starboard quarter, giving us a broadside as he passed our stern, but fired so excessively wild that he did us very little injury, while our stern-chasers gave him a noble dose of round shot and lagrange. We hauled the ship to wind and as he passed poured a whole broadside into him with great success. Sailing faster than we he ranged considerably ahead, tacked and again passed, giving us a broadside and a furious discharge of musketry which they kept up incessantly until the latter part of the engagement.

“His musket balls reached us in every direction, but his large shot either fell short or went considerably over us while our guns loaded with round shot and square bars of iron, six inches long, were plied so briskly and directed with such good judgment that before he got out of range we had cut his mainsail and foretopsail all to rags and cleared his decks so effectively that when he bore away from us there were scarcely ten men

to be seen. He then struck his English flag and hoisted the flag of the Terrible Republic and made off with all the sail he could carry, much disappointed, no doubt, at not being able to give us a fraternal embrace.

"The wind being light and knowing he would outsail us, added to a solicitude to complete our voyage, prevented our pursuing him; indeed we had sufficient to gratify our revenge for his temerity, for there was scarcely a single fire from our guns but what spread entirely over his hull. The action which lasted an hour and twenty minutes, we conceive ended well, for exclusive of preserving the property entrusted to our care, we feel confidence that we have rid the world of some infamous pests of society. We were within musket shot the whole time of the engagement, and were so fortunate as to receive but very trifling injury. Not a person on board met the slightest harm. Our sails were a little torn and one of the quarterdeck guns dismantled.

"The privateer was a schooner of 80 or 90 tons, copper bottom, and fought five or six guns on a side. We are now within forty-eight hours sail of Havana, where we expect to arrive in safety; indeed we have no fear of any privateer's preventing us unless greatly superior in force. The four quarterdeck guns will require new carriages, and one of them was entirely dismantled.

"We remain with esteem,

"Gentlemen,

"Your Humble Servant,

"RICHARD WHEATLAND."

CHAPTER XII

PIONEERS IN DISTANT SEAS

(1775-1817)

THE name of Joseph Peabody takes rank with that of Elias Hasket Derby as an American who did much to upbuild the commerce, wealth and prestige of his nation in its younger days. It may sound like an old-fashioned doctrine in this present age of concentration of wealth at the expense of a sturdy and independent citizenship, to assert that such men as Joseph Peabody deserve much more honor for the kind of manhood they helped to foster than for the riches they amassed for themselves. They did not seek to crush competition, to drive out of business the men around them who were ambitious to win a competence on their own merits and to call themselves free citizens of a free country. Those were the days of equal opportunities, which shining fact finds illustration in the career of Joseph Peabody, for example, who, during his career as a ship owner, advanced to the rank of master thirty-five of his fellow townsmen who had entered his employ as cabin boys or seamen. Every one of these shipmasters, "if he had the stuff in him," became an owner of shipping, a merchant with his own business on shore, an employer who was eager, in his turn, to advance his own masters and mates to positions of independence in which they might work out their own careers.

During the early years of the nineteenth century, Joseph Peabody built and owned eighty-three ships which he freighted

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on his own account and sent to every corner of the world. The stout square-riggers which flew the Peabody house flag made thirty-eight voyages to Calcutta, seventeen to Canton, thirty-two to Sumatra, forty-seven to St. Petersburg, and thirty to other ports of Europe. To man this noble fleet no fewer than seven thousand seamen signed shipping articles in the counting room of Joseph Peabody. The extent of his commerce is indicated by the amount of duties paid by some of these ships. In 1825 and 1826, the *Leander*, a small brig of two hundred and twenty-three tons, made two voyages to Canton which paid into the Salem Custom House duties of \$86,847, and \$92,392 respectively. In 1829, 1830, and 1831, the *Sumatra*, a ship of less than three hundred tons, came home from China with cargoes, the duties on which amounted to \$128,363; \$138,480, and \$140,761. The five voyages named, and all of them were made in ships no larger than a small two-masted coasting schooner of to-day, paid in duties a total of almost six hundred thousand dollars.

Typical of the ships which won wealth and prestige for Joseph Peabody, was the redoubtable *George* which was the most successful vessel of her period. For twenty-two years she was in the East India trade, making twenty-one round voyages with such astonishing regularity as to challenge comparison with the schedules of the cargo tramps of to-day. She was only one hundred and ten feet in length, with a beam of twenty-seven feet, but during her staunch career the *George* paid into the United States Treasury as duties on her imports more than six hundred thousand dollars.

She was built in 1814 by a number of Salem ship carpenters who had been deprived of work by the stagnation of the War of 1812. They intended to launch her as a co-operative privateer, to earn her way by force of arms when peaceable merchantmen were driven from the high seas. But the war ended too

soon to permit these enterprising shipwrights to seek British plunder and they sold the *George* to Joseph Peabody. She sailed for India in 1815, with hardly a man in her company, from quarterdeck to forecastle, more than twenty-one years of age. Every man aboard of her could read and write, and most of the seamen had studied navigation.

Not always did these enterprising and adventurous Salem lads return to their waiting mothers. In the log of the *George* for a voyage to Calcutta in 1824, the mate has drawn with pencil a tombstone and a weeping willow as a tribute to one Greenleaf Perley, a young seaman who died in that far-off port. The mate was a poet of sorts and beneath the headstone he wrote these lines:

“The youth ambitious sought a sickly clime,
His hopes of profit banished all his fears;
His was the generous wish of love divine,
To sooth a mother’s cares and dry her tears.”

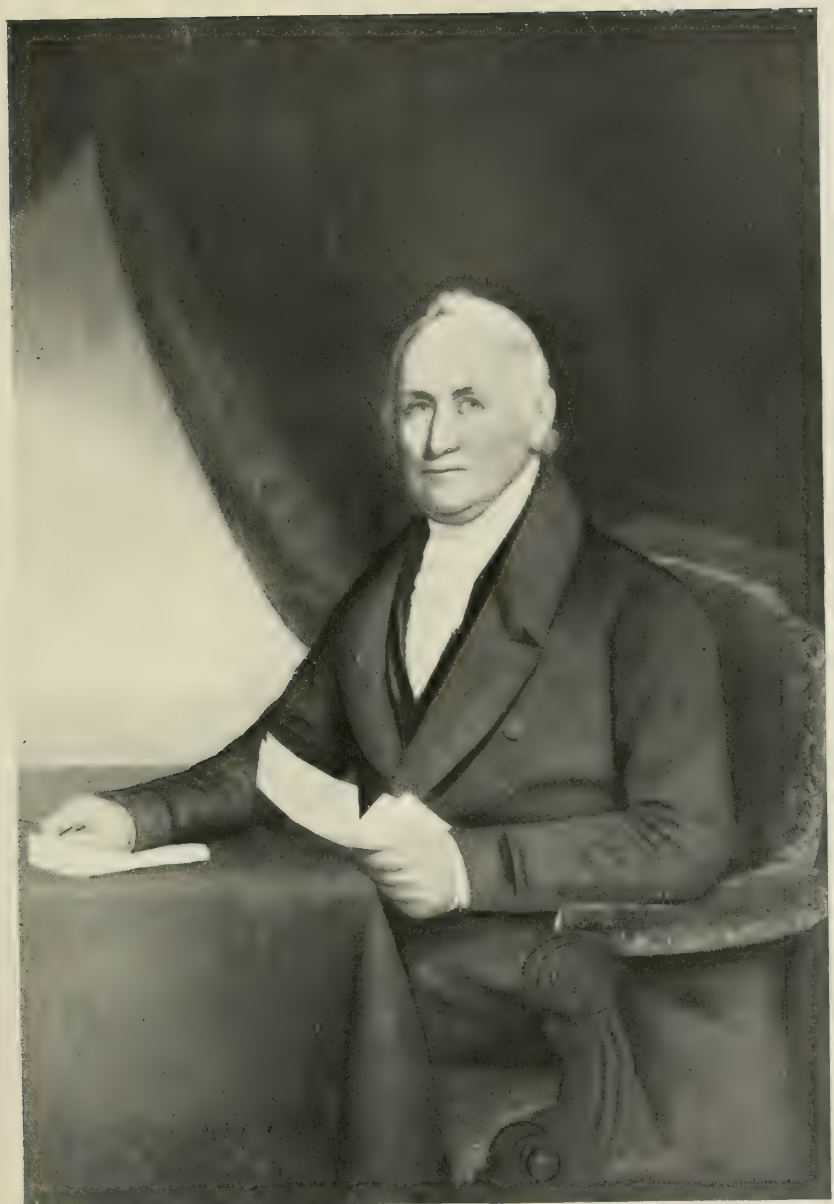
Joseph Peabody began his sea life when a lad in his teens in the hardy school of the Revolutionary privateersmen. He made his first cruise in Elias Hasket Derby’s privateer, *Bunker Hill*, and his second in the *Pilgrim* owned by the Cabots of Beverly. A little later he became second officer of a letter of marque ship, the *Ranger*, owned by Boston and Salem shipping merchants. It was while aboard the *Ranger* that young Peabody won his title as a fighting seaman. Leaving Salem in the winter of 1781–82, the *Ranger* carried salt to Richmond, and loaded with flour at Alexandria for Havana. Part of this cargo of flour was from the plantation of George Washington, and the immortal story of the hatchet and the cherry tree must have been known in Cuba even then, for the Spanish merchants expressed a preference for this brand of flour and showed their confidence by receiving it at the marked weight without putting it on the scales.

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The *Ranger* returned to Alexandria for another cargo of flour, and on July 5th, 1782, dropped down the Potomac, ready for sea. Head winds compelled her to anchor near the mouth of the river. At three o'clock of the following night, the seaman on watch ran aft, caught up a speaking trumpet, and shouted down to the sleeping officers in the cabin that two boats were making for the ship. Captain Simmons and Lieutenant Peabody rushed up the companionway, and as they reached the deck, received a volley of musketry from the darkness. Captain Simmons fell, badly wounded, and Peabody ran forward in his night clothes, calling to the crew to get their boarding pikes. He caught up a pike and with a brave and ready seaman named Kent, sprang to the bows and engaged in a hand to hand fight with the boarding party which was already pouring over the rail from the boat alongside.

The *Ranger's* crew rallied and held the deck against this invasion until a second boat made fast in another quarter and swept the deck with musket fire. The first officer was in the magazine below, breaking out ammunition, the captain was wounded, and the command of this awkward situation fell upon Lieutenant, or Second Officer Peabody, who was a conspicuous mark in his white nightshirt. He ordered cold shot heaved into the boats to sink them if possible, and one of them was smashed and sunk in short order.

Peabody then mustered his crew against the boarding party from the other boat, and drove them overboard. After the *Ranger's* decks had been cleared in fierce and bloody fashion and the fight was won, it was found that one of her crew was dead, three wounded, the captain badly hurt, and although Peabody had not known it in the heat of action, he had stopped two musket balls and bore the marks of a third. One of the very able seamen of the *Ranger* had seen a boarder about to fire point-blank at Peabody and with a sweep of his cutlass he



Joseph Peabody

cut off the hand that held the pistol. For this service Peabody made the seaman a life-long pensioner, showing that his heart was in the right place in more ways than one.

The *Ranger* carried twenty men and seven guns at this time, and the enemy attempted to carry the ship with sixty men in two barges, their loss being more than forty in killed and wounded. They were later ascertained to be a band of Tories who had infested the bay of the mouth of the Potomac for some time, and had captured a brig of ten guns and thirty men a few days before this. The *Ranger* sailed up to Alexandria to refit and land her wounded, and the merchants of the town presented the ship with a silver mounted boarding-pike in token of their admiring gratitude for her stout defense. This trophy became the property of Joseph Peabody and was highly prized as an adornment of his Salem mansion in later years.

When the *Ranger* went to sea again, Thomas Perkins of Salem, her first officer, was given the command and Peabody sailed with him as chief mate. Thus began a friendship which later became a business partnership in which Perkins amassed a large fortune of his own. Peabody sailed as a shipmaster for a Salem firm for several years after peace came, and at length bought a schooner, the *Three Friends*, in which he traded to the West Indies and Europe. The story of his career thereafter was one of successful speculation in ships and cargoes and of a growing fleet of deep-water vessels until his death in 1844, a venerable man of large public spirit, and shining integrity, a pillar of his state and town, whose fortune had been won in the golden age of American enterprise in remote seas.

William Gray completed the triumvirate of Salem ship owners of surpassing sagacity and success, his name being rightfully linked with those of Elias Hasket Derby and Joseph Peabody. He served his apprenticeship in the counting room of Richard Derby and was one of the earliest American shipping merchants

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to seek the trade of Canton and the ports of the East Indies. In 1807 he owned fifteen ships, seven barks, thirteen brigs, and one schooner, or one-fourth of the tonnage of the port. He became the lieutenant governor of the Commonwealth and left a princely fortune as the product of his far-sighted industry.

For the information of those unfamiliar with the records of that epoch on the seas, the rapidity with which these lords of maritime trade acquired their fleets and the capital needed to freight and man them, it may be worth while to give a concrete example of the profits to be won in those ventures of large risks and larger stakes. A letter written from the great shipping house of the Messrs. Perkins in Boston to their agents in Canton in 1814, goes to show that the operations of the captains of industry of the days of Derby and Gray and Peabody would have been respected by the capitalists of this twentieth century. Here is the kind of Arabian Night's Entertainment in the way of dazzling rewards which these old-time merchants planned to reap:

"TO MESSRS. PERKINS AND CO. CANTON, Jan. 1, 1814.

"You say a cargo laid at Canton would bring three for one in South America, and your copper would give two prices back. Thus, \$30,000 laid out in China would give you \$90,000 in South America, one half of which laid out in copper would give one hundred per cent, or \$90,000, making \$135,000 for \$30,000.

"60,000 pounds of indigo even at 80 cents, \$48,000; 120 tons of sugar at \$60, or \$7,200, and cotton or some other light freight, say skin tea, \$20,000, in all \$75,000, would be worth \$400,000 here, and not employ the profits of the voyage to South America. Manila sugar is worth \$400 or \$500 per ton here, clear of duty. The ship should be flying light, her bottom in good order, the greatest vigilance used on the voyage and make any port north of New York.

"(signed) THOMAS H. PERKINS and JAMES PERKINS."

It was the heyday of opportunity for youth. Robert Bennett Forbes, by way of example, was the nephew of this Thomas Perkins of Boston, and likewise became a wealthy merchant and ship owner. Young Forbes went to sea before the mast as a boy of thirteen. He has told how his mother equipped him with a supply of thread, needles, buttons, etc., in his ditty-bag, also some well-darned socks, a Testament, a bottle of lavender water, one of essence of peppermint, a small box of broken sugar and a barrel of apples. "She wanted to give me a pillow and some sheets and pillow cases," he writes, "but I scorned the idea, having been told that sailors never used them, but usually slept with a stick of wood with the bark on for a pillow. My good mother who had been at sea herself and fully realized the dangers and temptations to which I should be exposed, felt that there could be but one more severe trial for her, and that was to put me in my grave. My uncle contributed a letter full of excellent advice, recommending me to fit myself to be a good captain and promising to keep me in mind. William Sturgiss, who had much experience of the sea, took an interest in me and gave me this advice:

"Always go straight forward, and if you meet the Devil cut him in two and go between the pieces; if any one imposes on you, tell him to whistle against a northwester and to bottle up moonshine."

Forbes was 15 years old when Mr. Cushing, of the firm's shipping house in Canton, wrote to Thomas H. Perkins in Boston:

"I have omitted in my letters per *Nautilus*, mentioning our young friend Bennet Forbes, recommending his being promoted to be an officer on the return of the Canton packet. He is without exception the finest lad I have ever known, and has already the stability of a man of thirty. During the stay of the ship I have had him in the office and have found him as useful as if he had been regularly brought up in the business; he has profited so much by the little intercourse he has had with the

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Chinese that he is now more competent to transact business than one half of the supercargoes sent out."

The Crowninshield family of Salem earned very unusual distinction on salt water and a national fame as men of affairs and statecraft. There were six brothers of them, born of a seafaring father and grandfather, and this stalwart half dozen Crowninshields one and all, went to sea as boys. One died of fever at Guadaloupe at the age of fourteen while captain's clerk of a Salem ship. The five surviving brothers commanded ships before they were old enough to vote, and at one time the five were absent from Salem, each in his own vessel, and three of them in the East India trade.

"When little boys they were all sent to a common school and about their eleventh year began their first particular study which should develop them as sailors and ship captains. These boys studied their navigation as little chaps of twelve years old and were required to thoroughly master the subject before being sent to sea. It was common in those days to pursue their studies by much writing out of problems, and boys kept their books until full. Several such are among our family records and are interesting in the extreme, beautifully written, without blots or dog's ears, and all the problems of navigation as practised then, are drawn out in a neat and in many cases a remarkably handsome manner. The designing of vessels was also studied and the general principles of construction mastered.

"As soon as the theory of navigation was mastered, the youngsters were sent to sea, sometimes as common sailors, but commonly as ship's clerks, in which position they were enabled to learn everything about the management of a ship without actually being a common sailor."*

* From "An Account of the Yacht *Cleopatra's Barge*," by Benjamin W. Crowninshield, Historical Collections of the Essex Institute, from which much of the information in this chapter is derived.



Hon. Jacob Crowninshield

This method of nautical education was of course open only to those of considerable influence who wished to fit their sons to become merchants as well as shipmasters. It seems to have been remarkably efficient in training the five Crowninshields. One of these shipmasters, Benjamin W., became Secretary of the Navy under Jefferson, and United States Congressman, while another brother, Jacob, was a Congressman from 1803 to 1805 and had the honor of declining a seat in Jefferson's Cabinet. Jacob Crowninshield, however, earned a more popular kind of fame by bringing home from India in 1796, the first live elephant ever seen in America. It is probable that words would be wholly inadequate to describe the sensation created by this distinguished animal when led through the streets of Salem, with a thousand children clamoring their awe and jubilation.* It is recorded that this unique and historical elephant was sold for ten thousand dollars.

The eldest of these brothers, Captain George Crowninshield, who served his years at sea, from forecastle to cabin, and then retired ashore to become a shipping merchant, was the patriotic son of Salem who chartered the brig *Henry*, manned her with a crew of shipmasters and sailed to Halifax to bring home the bodies of Lawrence and Ludlow after the defeat of the *Chesapeake* by the *Shannon*. Those who knew him have handed down a vivid description of his unusual personality. He was

* (1797) "Aug. 30.—Went to the Market House to see the Elephant. The crowd of spectators forbade me any but a general and superficial view of him. He was six feet four inches high. Of large Volume, his skin black as tho' lately oiled. A short hair was on every part but not sufficient for a covering. His tail hung one third of his height, but without any long hair at the end of it. His legs were still at command at the Joints but he could not be persuaded to lie down. The Keeper repeatedly mounted him but he persisted in shaking him off. Bread and Hay were given him and he took bread out of the pockets of the spectators. He also drank porter and drew the cork, conveying the liquor from his trunk into his throat. His Tusks were just to be seen beyond the flesh and it was said had been broken. We say *his* because this is the common language. It is a female, and teats appeared just behind the fore legs." (From the Diary of Dr. William Bentley.)

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robust and daring beyond the ordinary, and a great dandy in his small clothes and Hessian boots with gold tassels. "His coat was wonderful in cloth, pattern, trimmings and buttons, and his waistcoat was a work of art. He wore a pigtail and on top of all a bell-crowned beaver hat, not what is called a beaver to-day, but made of beaver skin, shaggy like a terrier dog."

Captain George has the distinction of being the first American yacht owner. As early as 1801 he had built in Salem a sloop called the *Jefferson* in which he cruised for several years. She was turned into a privateer in the War of 1812. While the *Jefferson* was beyond doubt the first vessel built for pleasure in this country, and the first yacht that ever flew the Stars and Stripes, her fame is overshadowed by that of the renowned *Cleopatra's Barge*, the second yacht owned by Captain Crowninshield, and the first of her nation to cruise in foreign waters. The *Cleopatra's Barge* was a nine-days' wonder from Salem to the Mediterranean, and was in many ways one of the most remarkable vessels ever launched.

Her owner found himself at forty-nine years in the prime of his adventurous energy with his occupation gone. The ship-ping firm founded by his father had been dissolved, and this member of the house fell heir to much wealth and leisure. Passionately fond of the sea and sailors he determined to build the finest vessel ever dreamed of by a sober-minded American, and to cruise and live aboard her for the remainder of his days. There were no other yachts to pattern after, wherefore the *Cleopatra's Barge* was modeled and rigged after the fashion of a smart privateer, or sloop-of-war.

When she was launched in Salem harbor in 1817, at least a thousand curious people visited her every day she lay in port. Her fittings were gorgeous for her time, what with Oriental draperies, plate glass mirrors, sideboards, and plate. She was eighty-seven feet long, and in dimensions almost the counter-

part of the famous sloop *Mayflower* of modern times. When she was ready for sea, this yacht had cost her owner fifty thousand dollars. She was rigged as a brigantine, and carried a mighty press of sail, studding-sails on the fore-yards, sky-sail, "ring-tail," "water-sail," and other handkerchiefs now unknown.

With that bold individuality of taste responsible for the yellow curricule in which Captain George was wont to dazzle Salem, when he drove through the streets, he painted his yacht in different colors and patterns along her two sides. To starboard she showed a hull of horizontal stripes laid on in most of the colors of the rainbow. To port she was a curious "her-ring-bone" pattern of brilliant hues. Her stern was wide and pierced with little cabin windows.

With his cousin Benjamin as skipper, and a friend, Samuel Curwen Ward, the owner sailed for the Mediterranean on what was destined to be a triumphant voyage. He had prepared himself with no fewer than three hundred letters of introduction to eminent civil, military and naval persons of Italy, Spain and other countries. The cook of the *Cleopatra's Barge* was a master of his craft, the stock of wine was choice and abundant, and if ever an open-handed yachtsman sailed the deep it was this Salem pioneer of them all.

The vessel was the sensation of the hour in every port. Her journal recorded that an average of more than three thousand visitors came aboard on every pleasant day while she was in foreign ports, and that in Barcelona eight thousand people came off to inspect her in one day. Wherever possible the owner chartered a band of music or devised other entertainment for his guests. His yacht was more than a pleasure barge, for he had the pleasure of beating the crack frigate *United States* in a run from Cartagena to Port Mahone, and on the way to Genoa she logged thirteen knots for twelve hours on end.

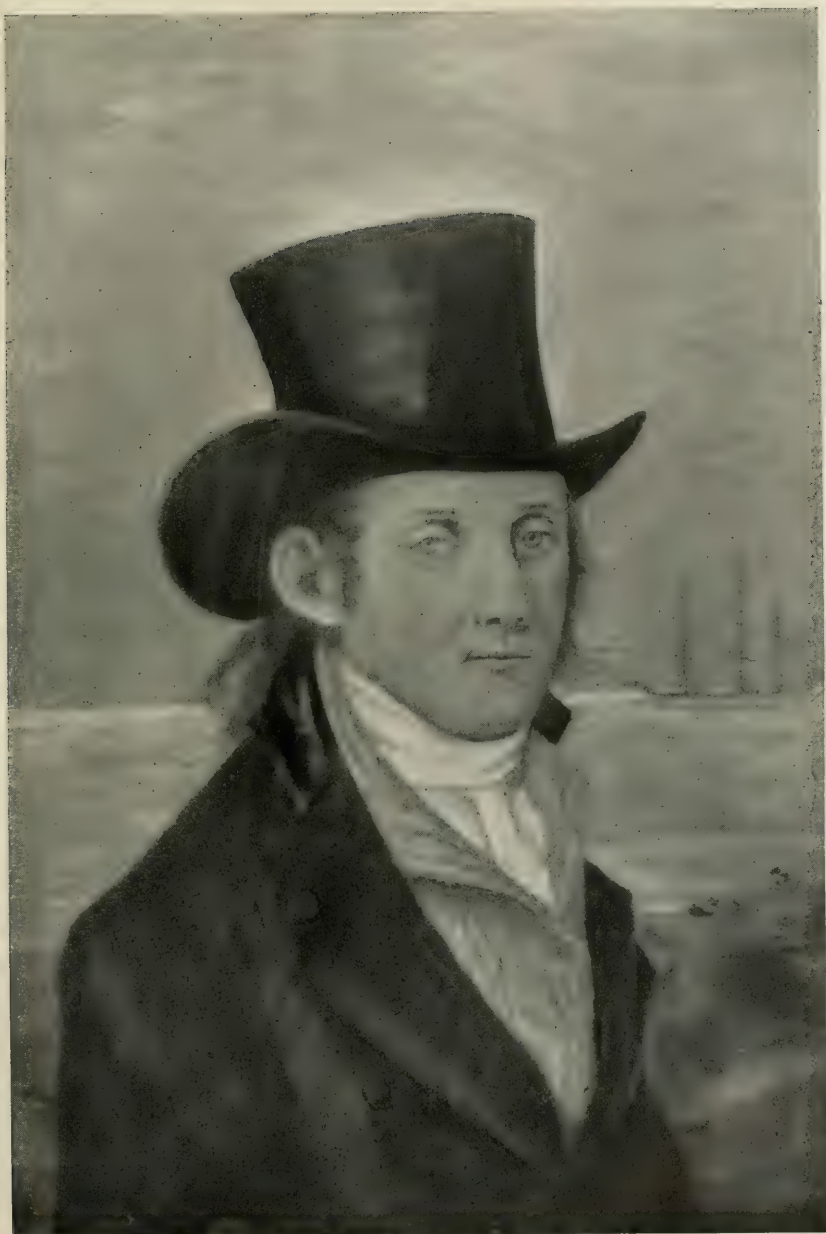
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It was at Genoa that an Italian astronomer of considerable distinction, Baron von Zack, paid a visit on board and several years later recorded his impressions of the *Cleopatra's Barge* in a volume, written in French, and published in Genoa in 1820.

"How does it happen that the Commanders of French vessels, with thirty-four schools of Hydrography established in the Kingdom, either know not, or do not wish to know, how to calculate the longitude of their vessels by Lunar distances, while even the cooks and negroes of American vessels understand it?

"I will now relate what I once witnessed on board an American vessel, the *Cleopatra's Barge*, which arrived in the month of July, 1817, at the port of Genoa from Salem, one of the handsomest Towns in the State of Massachusetts, U. S. A., Lat. $42^{\circ} 35' 20''$ N., Long. $73^{\circ} 9' 30''$ W. All the city crowded to see this magnificent palace of Neptune; more than 20,000 persons had visited this superb floating palace, and were astonished at its beauty, luxury and magnificence. I went among others. The owner was on board; he was a gentleman of fortune of Salem, who had amassed great riches during the late war with Great Britain. He was brother to the Secretary of the Navy of the United States.

"This elegant vessel was built for his own amusement, after his own ideas, upon a plan and model new in very many respects, and was considered the swiftest sailer in America. He had traveled or sailed for his pleasure in this costly jewel (*bijou*) that appeared more the model of a cabinet of curiosities than a real vessel. He had left America in this charming shell (*coquille*) for the purpose of visiting Europe and making the tour of the Mediterranean & had already touched at the ports of Spain, France, Italy, the Archipelago, Dardanelles, coasts of Asia, Africa, etc. We have since heard of the death of this gentleman, a short time after his return to Salem. His name was George Crowninshield—he was of German origin—his ancestor



Benjamin Crowninshield

was a Saxon officer who, having the misfortune to kill his adversary in a duel, sought refuge in America. The captain of this beautiful vessel was a lively old gentleman, a cousin to Mr. Crowninshield—his son, a young man, was also on board. I shall not here enter into detail concerning the remarkable construction of this vessel, still less her splendor—the public journals have already noticed them.

“In making some enquiries respecting my friends and correspondents in Philadelphia and Boston, among others I mentioned Dr. Bowditch. ‘He is the friend of our family, and our neighbor in Salem,’ replied the old Captain. ‘My son, whom you see there, was his pupil; it is properly he, and not myself, that navigates this vessel; question him and see if he has profited by his instructions.’

“I observed to this young man, ‘you have had so excellent a teacher in Hydrography that you cannot fail of being well acquainted with the science. In making Gibraltar what was the error in your longitude?’ The young man replied, ‘Six miles.’ ‘Your calculations were then very correct; how did you keep your ship’s accounts?’ ‘By chronometers and by Lunar observations.’ ‘You then can ascertain your Longitude by Lunar distances?’

“Here my young captain appearing to be offended with my question, replied with some warmth, ‘What! I know how to calculate Lunar distances! Our cook can do that!’ ‘Your cook!’ Here Mr. Crowninshield and the old Captain assured me, that the cook on board could calculate Longitude quite well; that his taste for it frequently led him to do it. ‘That is he,’ said the young man, pointing to a Negro in the after part of the vessel, with a white apron about his waist, a fowl in one hand, and a carving knife in the other.

“‘Come here, John,’ said the old Captain to him, ‘this gentleman is surprised that you understand Lunar observations.

Answer his questions.' I asked, 'By what method do you calculate Lunar distances?' The cook answered, 'It is immaterial—I use some time the method of Maskelyne, Lyons, or Bowditch, but I prefer that of Dunthorne, as I am more accustomed to it.' I could hardly express my surprise at hearing that black-face answer in such a manner, with a bloody fowl and carving knife in his hands.

"'Go,' said Mr. Crowninshield, 'lay aside your fowl and bring your books and journal and show your calculations to the gentleman.' The cook returned with his books under his arms, consisting of Bowditch's Practical Navigator, Maskelyne's Requisite Tables, Hutton's Logarithms and the Nautical Almanack, abridged from the Greenwich Edition. I saw all the calculations this Negro had made on his passage, of Latitude, Longitude, Apparent Time, etc. He replied to all my questions with admirable precision, not merely in the phrases of a cook, but in correct nautical language.

"This cook had sailed as cabin-boy with Captain Cook in his last voyage round the world and was acquainted with several facts relative to the assassination of the celebrated navigator at Owhyhee, February, 1779. 'The greatest part of the seamen on board the Barge,' said Mr. Crowninshield, 'can use the sextant and make nautical calculations.'

"Indeed Mr. Crowninshield had with him many instructors. At Genoa he had taken one acquainted with Italian—he had also on board an instructor in the French language, a young man who had lost his fingers in the Russian campaign. What instruction! what order! what correctness! what magnificence was to be observed in this Barge; I could relate many more interesting particulars concerning this true Barque of *Cleopatra*."

The editor of the *Diario di Roma* newspaper of Rome considered the *Cleopatra's Barge* worthy of a eulogistic notice, a

translation of which was printed in the *Essex Register* of October 11, 1817:

“Soon after the visit of the fleet, there anchored in our port a schooner from America, of a most beautiful construction, elegantly found, very light, and formed for fast sailing, and armed like our light armed vessels. It was named the *Cleopatra*, belonging to a very rich traveller, George Crowninshield, of Salem, who constructed her for his own use, and for the voyages he had undertaken in company with Captain Benjamin Crowninshield, his cousin. Besides the extreme neatness of everything about the vessel to fit her for sea, her accommodations were surprising and wonderful. Below was a hall of uncommon extent, in which the luxury of taste, the riches and elegance of the furniture, the harmony of the drapery, and of all the ornaments, inspired pleasure and gallantry. The apartment of the stern was equally rich and interesting. Five convenient bed chambers displayed with that same elegance, were at the service of the Captain, with an apartment for the plate of every kind, with which it was filled. Near was another apartment which admitted all the offices of a kitchen, and in it was a pump with three tubes which passed through the vessel, to supply water from the sea, or discharge what they pleased, with the greatest ease.

“The rich and distinguished owner had with him beside his family servants, several linguists, persons of high talent in music, and an excellent painter. Everything to amuse makes a part of the daily entertainment. The owner and Captain were affable, pleasing and civil, and gave full evidence of the talents, the industry and the good taste of their nation, which yields to none in good sense and true civility. The above travellers having complied with the usual rules of the city, upon receiving a particular invitation, he visited the *Cleopatra* in company with many persons of distinction, and partook of an elegant collation.”

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The *Salem Gazette* of Sept. 26, 1817, contained the following "extract of a letter from a gentleman on board the *Cleopatra's Barge*":

"BARCELONA, June 8.

"You have undoubtedly heard of our movements in the Mediterranean; indeed you must have heard of us, from every place at which we have touched—for the *Cleopatra's Barge* is more celebrated abroad than at home. Even the Moors of Tangier visited us tho' they abhor the Christians. At Gibraltar the Englishmen were astonished. In Malaga, Carthagen and this place the Spaniards have been thunderstruck. For these four days past the whole of this great city has been in an uproar. They begin to crowd on board at daylight, and continue to press upon us till night. This morning the Mole was so crowded with people waiting to come on board, that we have been obliged to get under weigh, and stand out of the Mole, yet the boats, with men, women and children, are rowing after us. Thus it has been in every place we have visited. In Port Mahon we were visited by all the officers of our squadron."

Further tidings were conveyed to the admiring townspeople of Salem by means of an article in the *Essex Register* under date of Oct. 25th:

"Having noticed the attention paid to the American barge *Cleopatra*, at Rome, we could not refuse the pleasure of assuring our friends that Capt. G. Crowninshield had been equally successful in arresting attention in France. The following is an extract from a Letter dated at Marseilles, 14th July, 1817, from a person long residing in France: 'Capt. G. Crowninshield left this port in the beginning of this month, for Toulon and Italy. During his stay here, thousands of both sexes were on board of his beautiful Vessel. Every day it was like a continual procession. It gave me the utmost pleasure, as the universal



Ship *Ulysses*—This painting shows a jury rudder about to be put in place at sea, in 1806. So ingenious was the display of seamanship in the rigging of this emergency rudder that her commander, Capt. Wm. Meyford, was awarded a medal by the American Philosophical Society



Yacht *Cleopatra's Barge*, 191 tons, built in salem, 1816, shows the "herring-bone" design painted in bright colors on side of the yacht

opinion was that no vessel could compare with this Vessel. I felt proud that such a splendid specimen of what could be done in the United States was thus exhibited in Europe. We consider it as an act of patriotism. The Vessel was admired. The exquisite taste in her apartments greatly astonished the French for their *amour propre* had inclined them to believe that only in France the true *gout* was known.”

The *Cleopatra's Barge* returned to Salem in triumph, but Captain George Crowninshield died on board while making ready for a second voyage abroad. She was sold and converted into a merchantman, made a voyage to Rio, then rounded the Horn, and at the Sandwich Islands was sold to King Kamehameha to be used as a royal yacht. Only a year later her native crew put her on a reef and the career of the *Cleopatra's Barge* was ended in this picturesque but inglorious fashion.

In reading the old-time stories of the sea, one is apt to forget that wives and sweethearts were left at home to wait and yearn for their loved ones, for these logs and journals deal with the day's work of strong men as they fought and sailed and traded in many seas. Few letters which they sent home have been preserved. It is therefore the more appealing and even touching to find in a fragment of the log of the ship *Rubicon*, the expression of such sentiment as most of these seamen must have felt during the lonely watches in mid-ocean. It is a curious document, this log, written by a shipmaster whose name cannot be found in the bundle of tattered sheets rescued from the rubbish of an old Salem garret.

On the fly leaf is scrawled:

“Boston, May the 11th, 1816. Took a pilot on board the Ship *Rubicon* and sailed from Charlestown. 12th of May at 3 P.M. came to an anchor above the Castle, the wind S.E.”

The ship was bound from Boston to St. Petersburg, and after he had been a week at sea, her master began to write at the

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bottom of the pages of his log certain intimately personal sentiments which he sought to conceal in a crude cipher of his own devising. The first of these entries reads as follows as the captain set it down, letter by letter:

“L nb wvzi druv what hszoo R dirgv go uroo gsrh hsvvg R droo gvoo blf gszg R ollp blfi ogvvih levi zmw levi zmw drhs nv rm blf zinh yfg R dzng rm kzgrvmxv gsrmpmt lm Z szkb nvvgrmt—R zn dvoo.”

It is not easy to fathom why the captain of the good ship *Rubicon* should have chosen to make such entries as this in the log. This much is clear, however, that he longed to say what was in his heart and he wished to keep it safe from prying eyes. He left no key to his cipher, but his code was almost childish in its simplicity, and was promptly unraveled by the finder of the manuscript, David Mason Little of Salem. The old shipmaster reversed the alphabet, setting down “Z” for “A,” “Y” for “B,” and so on, or for convenience in working it out, the letters may be placed as follows:

A—Z	N—M
B—Y	O—L
C—X	P—K
D—W	Q—J
E—V	R—I
F—U	S—H
G—T	T—G
H—S	U—F
I—R	V—E
J—Q	W—D
K—P	X—C
L—O	Y—B
M—N	Z—A

Reading from the top of the column, the letters of the reversed alphabet are to be substituted for the letters standing opposite

them in their normal order. The passage already quoted therefore translates itself as follows:

“O, Dear Wife, what shall I write to fill this sheet. I will tell you that I look your letters over and over and wish me in your arms, but I wait in patience, thinking on a happy meeting. I am well.”

Other messages which this sailor wrote from his heart and confided to his cipher in the log of the *Rubicon* read in this wise:

“My Heart within me (is) ashes. I want to see my loving Wife and press her to my bosom. But, O, my days are gone and past no more to return forever.”

* * * * *

“True, undivided and sincere love united with its own object is one of the most happy Passions that possesses the human heart.”

* * * * *

“Joanna, this day brings to my mind grateful reflections.

“This is the day that numbers thirty years of my Dear’s life. O, that I could lay in her arms to-night and recount the days that have passed away in youthful love and pleasure.”

* * * * *

“The seed is sown, it springs up and grows to maturity, then drops its seed and dies away, while the young shoot comes up and takes its place. And so it is with Man that is born to die.”

Now and then a sea tragedy is so related in these old log books that the heart is touched with a genuine sympathy for the victim, as if he were more than a name, as if he were a friend or a neighbor. It is almost certain that no one alive to-day has ever heard of Aaron Lufkin, able seaman, who sailed from Calcutta for the Cape of Good Hope in the year 1799. The ship’s clerk, William Cleveland of Salem, who kept a journal of the voyage, wrote of this sailor in such a way that you will

be able to see him for what he was, and will perhaps wish no better epitaph for yourself:

“Aaron Lufkin, one of the most active of our seamen held out till he was scarcely able to walk, but as this appeared to be fatigue, his case was not particularly observed by the Captain nor officers. When he first complained he said he had been unwell for some days but that there were so few on duty he would stand it out. Unfortunately his zeal for his duty cost him his life, for on the 17th of April he died after lingering in torment for several days. He was often out of his head and continually on the fly when no person was attending him, and constantly talking of his father, mother and sisters, which shewed how fond he was of them. Indeed his little purchases in Calcutta for his sisters were a sufficient proof. He was the only son of a respectable tradesman in the town of Freeport (Maine) and the brother of eight or nine sisters, all of which were younger than himself, though he was but twenty years old.”

The death of an able seaman, under such peaceful circumstances as these, was a matter of no importance except to his kindred and his shipmates. It is significant of the spirit and singularly dramatic activity of those times that the loss of a whole ship's company might be given not so much space in the chronicles of the town as the foregoing tribute to poor Aaron Lufkin. Indeed “Felt's Annals of Salem” is fairly crowded with appalling tragedies, told in a few bald lines, of which the following are quoted as examples of condensed narration:

“News is received here that Captain Joseph Orne in the ship *Essex* had arrived at Mocha, with \$60,000 to purchase coffee, and that Mahomet Ikle, commander of an armed ship, persuaded him to trade at Hadidido, and to take on board 30 of his Arabs to help navigate her thither while his vessel kept her company; that on the approach of night, and at a concerted

Ship Rubicon from Boston

H	K	P	Hour	Wind	Remarks on Saturday May 18 th 1861
2	7		2 1/2	SE 1/2 E	These 2 1/2 hours strong breezes and cloudy at 6 P.M. turned reef out topsails Sat shank
4	6	5			
6	3				
8	4				
10	4	5			at 6 A.M. Bent Main sail and
12	4			SE 1/2 E	Sat it sat f and Miz + G sails
2	3	5 1/2			all hands employed in ships
4	3	5 1/2			duty Saw a Brig to leeward under
6	3	5			
8	3	5 1/2		SE 1/2 E	Easy sail on a wind to SE -
10	4	5			Good pleasant wind at 6 1/2 E -
12	4	5 1/2			Lat 40° 44' N. Long 56° 37' W
6 days from Boston					

H	K	P	Hour	Wind	Remarks on Sunday May 19 th 1861
2	4	5 1/2		SE 1/2 E	all these 2 1/2 hours gentle and steady
4	4	5			
6	4	5 1/2		SE 1/2 E	breezes from the Eastward good weather we under easy sail
8	4				
10	4				Middle part Clear and pleasant
12	4	5 1/2			
2	4	5 1/2			Lat 39° 37' N. Long 55° 08' W
4	4				var i haint westerly
6	4				
8	4				
10	4	5 1/2			
12	4				7 days from Boston

L mb worgi druv what h5300 m dingo
go unoo gink h5300 m dingo gooo bff 3500 m
ollh bffi ovgvith levi 3mw levi 3mw (mxa)
doh nu nm bff 3500 m dingo m h5300 m
3500 m h5300 m dingo m h5300 m dingo m h5300 m

signal, the Arabs attacked the crew of the *Essex*, and Ikle laid his ship alongside, and that the result was the slaughter of Captain Orne, and all his men, except a Dutch boy named John Hermann Poll. The *Essex* was plundered and burnt. The headless corpse of Capt. Orne and the mutilated remains of a merchant floated on shore and were decently buried. It was soon after ascertained that the faithless Mahomet was a notorious pirate of that country. He kept the lad whose life he had spared, as a slave until 1812, when Death kindly freed him from his cruel bondage."

On the 13th of November, 1807, "the ship *Marquis de Somereulas** arrives hither from Cronstadt and Elsinore. She brings in eleven men, a woman called Joanna Evans, and her child, which were picked up Oct. 28th in a longboat. The rest being eight in number, were rescued at the same time on board a ship from Philadelphia. They had been in the boat six days, during which seven of their company died of starvation. The living, in order to sustain themselves, fed upon the dead. They were the remains of one hundred and ten souls on board an English transport which was waterlogged and then blew up

* "A narrative dated Sept. 18, 1806, is published. It relates that the ship *Marquis de Sumereulas*, Captain William Story, on the coast of Sumatra, had a narrow escape from being surprised by some of the natives. Two proas came alongside with fourteen men who were allowed to come on board. Only five of the ship's company were left on deck. The mate and rest of the hands were stowing the cargo. The captain, being in the cabin, heard Mr. Bromfield, the clerk who was above, exclaim that he was cressed. The sailmaker ran to his rescue, but was dangerously wounded and jumped down the hatchway. All the hands below were ordered to gain the deck, though they had scarcely any arms. The captain, while endeavoring to ascend the companionway, was attacked with boarding pikes. His men attempted to get up but were repulsed with several of them wounded. They were rallied and another effort was about to be made. The injunction was given that if they did not succeed, and the Malays took possession of the ship, a match should be applied to the magazine to blow her up. In the meanwhile the natives had retreated, which was immediately discovered by the crew who got on deck with the expectation of a deadly contest. Mr. Bromfield was found dead. The carpenter and cook were missing, but these two had escaped in a boat and soon returned to unite with their comrades." (Felt's "Annals of Salem.")

and foundered. The captain and some of his men, being in a small boat, by some means or other separated from those in the long boat and were never afterwards heard of. After the sad story of these shipwrecked sufferers was generally known among our citizens, they experienced from them the most kindly sympathy and substantial aid to the amount of between two and three hundred dollars."

A more cheerful story, and one which may be called an old-fashioned sea yarn, was told with much detail by a writer in the *Salem Evening Journal* in 1855, who had received it at first hand from a shipmate of the hero. In 1808, when England was nominally at peace with the United States, but molesting her commerce and impressing her seamen with the most pernicious energy, the bark *Active*, of Salem, arrived at Martha's Vineyard and Captain Richardson reported that "while on his course for Europe he was captured by an English letter-of-marque, whose commander put seven men on board with Captain Richardson and three of his crew, the rest of his men being taken from him and the bark ordered to Nevis. When near that port the Americans seized upon the arms of the English, confined them in irons, and put away for home where Captain Richardson afterwards arrived in safety."

"A few years ago," narrates the loquacious contributor to the *Salem Evening Journal* of 1855, "the writer heard from one who was on board the barque *Active* on the above mentioned voyage a somewhat amusing account of one of the crew, who came down from New Hampshire, when she was about ready to sail, and not being able to find any work on shore, shipped with Capt. Richardson and went to sea. As a matter of course, our country friend, as far as regarded nautical phrases and the 'ropes' generally, was extremely verdant. To use his own words, he 'didn't really know t'other from which.'" Capt. Richardson knew all this beforehand, but he also knew that

our Yankee friend was a tall, stout, and very smart young man and so he did not hesitate at all about taking him on board his vessel. The chief mate, however, not being so well aware of Peleg's verdancy as the Captain, and observing that he stood with his hands in his pockets gazing curiously around the ship, whilst the rest of the crew were engaged in getting the anchor secured, addressed him thus:

“‘Who are you?’

“‘Peleg Sampson, from away up in Moultonboro, State of New Hampshire. I say, it's a dernation mighty curious place this, ain't it?’

“Rather surprised at the familiar manner of our Yankee friend, the mate replied:

“‘I guess you'll find it curious enough before the voyage is up. Lay forward there and help cat that anchor.’

“Whilst the mate stepped on the forecastle for the purpose of superintending this necessary operation, Peleg began to search all around the deck with a minuteness that would have done honor to an experienced gold-hunter. After he had been for a few minutes thus engaged, he followed the mate to the forecastle deck and said:

“‘I say, mister, I cack'late there ain't any of them critters here.’

“‘What critters? You d—n land-lubber,’ said the mate.

“‘Cats,’ returned Peleg, with an innocent gravity of tone and manner, which made the sailors turn from their work and gaze, open-mouthed, upon their verdant shipmate.

“‘Who the —— said anything about cats?’ asked the mate.

“‘Why you, you tarnal goslin,’ returned Peleg somewhat tartly. ‘Didn't you tell me to help cat the anchor, and before I could do that ere, hadn't I got to find the animal to do it with, hey, what?’

“On hearing this reply to the mate's question, the old salts

burst out in a loud, uproarious guffaw, in which the chief officer most heartily joined, as he had by this time become most fully aware that Peleg was nothing more nor less than a 'green hand.'

"About a week afterwards, when the *Active* had got well out to sea, and Peleg had recovered from a severe fit of seasickness so as to be able to be about the decks, the mate, being in want of an article from aloft, said to Peleg:

"Go up in the maintop there, and bring down a slush bucket that's made fast to the topmast rigging.'

"What, up these rope-ladders do you want me to go?' asked Peleg, with a scared look at the main-rigging.

"Yes,' returned the mate, 'and be sry about it, too.'

"Can't do any such business,' returned Peleg, in a very decided tone of voice. 'Why don't you tell me to run over-board. I should jest as soon think on't, really. Now I'm ready to pull and haul, or wrestle, back to back, Indian hug, or any way you like, fight the darnation Englishers till I'm knocked down, or do anything I *kin* do, but as to going up them darnation littleish rope-ladders, I can't think of it *nohow*.'

"Thinking it would be as well not to urge the matter farther at that time, the mate sent another hand for the slush bucket, and thus the affair ended. Afterwards, however, as we learned from the same authority, Peleg became one of the smartest sailors on board the vessel, and in the affair of retaking the ship from English, did most excellent and efficient service."

In Felt's Annals of Salem, it is related under date of February 21, 1802, "the ships *Ulysses*, Captain James Cook; *Brutus*, Captain William Brown, owned by the Messrs. Crowninshield; and the *Valusia*, Captain Samuel Cook, belonging to Israel Williams and others sailed for Europe (on the same day). Though when they departed the weather was remarkably pleasant for the season, in a few hours a snowstorm commenced.

After using every exertion to clear Cape Cod the tempest forced them the next day upon its perilous shore. The most sad of all in this threefold catastrophe was the loss of life in the *Brutus*. One hand was killed by the fore-yard prior to the ship striking; another was drowned while attempting to reach the shore, and the commander with six men perished with the cold after they had landed, while anxiously seeking some shelter for their wet, chilled, and exhausted bodies."

Doctor Bentley, in his diary, had some interesting and lively comments to make concerning the singular coincidence of the loss of the three fine Salem ships which, sailing from port on the same day, had met common disaster twenty-four hours later. On March 1st (1802) he wrote:

"Arrived in town W. Rowell, one of the hands from *Brutus*. He tells us that the ship struck at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 on Monday night, that they discharged so much of their coffee into the sea as to lighten her, that she began to come to pieces at $\frac{1}{2}$ past nine and then by the help of the main-mast all but one reached the shore. They took their way across the Cape and at length Captain Brown failed and advised them to sit down and die together. They helped him as long as they were able and then left him. He was thin clad. The second mate failed, Mr. Ayres. He had lost his boots and so their number continued to diminish till daybreak. Two of the negroes were found locked together in each others arms. They first discovered the ship *Volusia*, but she was so covered with ice that they did not know her. They hailed, but no person was on board. At length they found a fence and from that discovered the light-house at which they had assistance. The men were found next day and brought to the same house, and next day buried from the meeting house in Truro. Captain Brown was buried in Province Town.

"Young Rowell thinks it would have been impossible to

tarry on the beach or to have erected any shelter in their exhausted state. He says that if he stopped only a few minutes he fell down oppressed with sleep and all the dead were found upon their faces and the mate with one arm under his head. The cold by thermometer in Truro was below zero and the snow and sand blew incessantly. Ober, who survived till next day and was taken up alive, was almost choked with sand and died soon after the attempt to relieve him. He remembered to have heard them walking round him, was buried in snow, and stretched out his hand that it might be seen above the snow, but it was not discovered. A boy found him next morning."

On the following Sunday, Doctor Bentley read aloud in his pulpit a memorandum of "Thomas Rowell and wife and children, thanks to God for the remarkable preservation of their son William in the most distressing situation of the shipwreck when Captain Brown and the greater part of the crew perished on Cape Cod." Writing in his diary for March 14th, Doctor Bentley observed:

"Our friends shipwrecked on Cape Cod, both at Province Town and Truro, do not speak favorably of the talents of the clergymen as displayed to alleviate their calamities. Tho' no impeachment of humanity can be laid, they derived little aid from their devotion as guardians of sympathy.

"There was nothing done which they could call pleasing accommodation in the public solemnities. Speaking of the great humanity to the persons of the sufferers but the gross violation of property, as characteristic of all the Cape Cods in the world, or places in which shipwrecks are common, it had been told of old Mr. Lewis of Wellfleet, that on a stormy Sunday morning, upon seeing a wreck on shore from the pulpit window, he closed his book, put on his outside garment and descended from the pulpit, not explaining his intention till he was in the

aisle, and then he cried out '*Start fair,*' and took to his legs. The congregation understood him and soon followed."

More fortunate than the luckless seamen of the *Brutus* was the resurrected sea cook of Salem who insisted upon being alive to the consternation of his former shipmates, whereas he had been declared as dead as a herring by due formality of law. His return to his native town is thus recorded in its annals:

"(1819) July 16. A few days since one of our sailors was exceedingly frightened by meeting in the street what he really believed to be the ghost of a shipmate. This person was Peter Jackson whose worth as a cook was no less because he had a black skin. He had belonged to the brig *Ceres*. As she was coming down the river from Calcutta, she was thrown on her beam ends and Peter fell overboard. Among the things thrown to him was a sail-boom on which he was carried away from the vessel by the rapid current. Of course all on board concluded that he was drowned or eaten by crocodiles, and so they reported when reaching home. Administration had been taken on his goods and chattels and he was dead in the eye of the law. But after floating twelve hours he was cast ashore and as soon as possible hastened homeward. Notwithstanding he had hard work to do away with the impression of his being dead, he succeeded and was allowed the rights and privileges of the living."

CHAPTER XIII

THE SUFFERINGS OF DANIEL SAUNDERS

(*Shipwrecked on the Coast of Arabia*)

(1792)

ON April 30, 1793, Rev. William Bentley of Salem made this entry in his diary:

"The Ship *Commerce* has been stranded on the coast of Arabia. She belonged to Boston. The greater part of the men perished or were left upon the road travelling from the place of their misfortune toward Muscat. Two have arrived, one Saunders belonging to this town. The event happened July 10, 1792."

This Daniel Saunders, who escaped with his life after the most remarkable sufferings and adventures in the Arabian Desert, wrote his own story in the year following his return home. It was printed by Thomas C. Cushing of Salem in 1794, and the rudely bound little book added a unique chapter to the long list of autobiographies of the seafarers of Salem a century and more ago. "Its publication," wrote Daniel Saunders in a very modest preface, "is in consequence of repeated solicitation for that purpose since his (the Writer's) return to Salem. And he sincerely hopes that no mariner may ever have occasion to relate misfortunes and sufferings like those which befell the Company of the Ship *Commerce*."

He began his story with this explanation of how he happened to be in the *Commerce*:

“On the 4th of May, 1791, I sailed from Salem in the State of Massachusetts in the capacity of second mate on board the snow *Grand Sachem*, Jonathan Carnes, master, bound to the Cape of Good Hope, where we arrived safe after a passage of one hundred and sixteen days, which brought it to the 30th of August. We tarried at the Cape till the 9th of October when we departed for the Isle of France where we arrived on the 16th of November, all well. I remained with Captain Carnes till the 25th of December; but having found my situation on board less agreeable than I wished, I preferred going as a mariner on board the Ship *Commerce* of Boston, John Leach, master, which was then at the Isle of France. For this purpose I obtained my discharge from Captain Carnes, who received a man from on board the *Commerce* instead.”

The *Commerce* sailed for Madras on the 27th of January, 1792, at which port Captain Leach left the ship and Captain Samuel Johnson of Rhode Island took his place. On the 28th of April, 1792, the *Commerce* departed from Madras bound to Bombay “on the coast of Malabar.” The ship met contrary winds and was blown out of her course. Captain Johnson lost his bearings and on July 10th, while supposing himself to be off the coast of Malabar and laying his course for Bombay, the ship went ashore in the night.

Seaman Daniel Saunders may be allowed to take up the narrative at this point. In his words: “The consternation we were thrown into by this unexpected shock—the darkness of night which surrounded us—the dashing of the waves against our stranded ship and the prospect of immediate death before us, created a scene of horror past description. Continuing yet dark and in momentary expectation of the ship going to pieces we waited impatiently the approach of day which soon appeared, and in some measure alleviated our anxiety when we found ourselves only two or three miles from the shore which

presented to our view a white sandy beach, the extent of which we could not see on one end or the other; and not a house, a hut, a tree or even a bush was to be seen. Having handed our sails, and finding the ship had not made much water, and the sea being considerably fallen, we hoisted out our boats, and carried an anchor out astern, with the hope of heaving the ship off again; but that and every other effort proving ineffectual, nothing remained for us but to prepare for leaving the ship, and taking to the boats. We accordingly went to work to procure masts and sails for the boats, with provisions, water, and as many other necessaries as the boats would conveniently carry.

“Our Captain, in the meantime, with several of the hands, went on shore in the pinnace, where they found twelve or fourteen savages, but neither house or habitation of any kind. The gestures of these barbarians indicated an inhuman and hostile disposition; and their conduct soon proved that it was not prudent to put ourselves in their power; for one of our people, who was less wary, or more venturesome, than the rest, going within their reach, they immediately caught him, and tied his hands; but he found means to disengage himself, with a knife which he had in his pocket, and returned to the boat.

“By this time every one was convinced that we were not on the coast of Malabar, but on the inhospitable shore of Arabia. Finding nothing on shore but what served to augment our misfortunes, and added to the deplorableness of our condition, the Captain returned to the ship, and concluded there was nothing now to be done but to go into the boats, placing ourselves as much to advantage as we could, in order to steer for Muskat, it being the nearest seaport on the coast that has trade with the Europeans.

“Having everything ready we really wanted which our boats would admit of carrying from the ship, we accordingly got them equipped with all possible expedition, and at three o'clock

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in the afternoon we got into the three several boats, being thirty-four souls in number, *viz.*: twenty Whites, thirteen Lascar sailors, and one African black. The ship by this time having bilged, her hold was full of water when we left her.

“Leaving the ship, with the wind in the southward quarter, we steered along the coast to the eastward till night, when, finding ourselves much fatigued, it being likewise hazardous to run in the night, we came to an anchor at a convenient distance from the shore. The water being somewhat smooth, and the wind light, we had a tolerable night’s rest.

“Wednesday, July 11. Finding ourselves much refreshed by our night’s rest, at four o’clock in the morning we weighed our anchors, and proceeded along the coast, with a pleasant breeze from the southwest, as before. At twelve o’clock we tried for an observation; but it being cloudy prevented our getting one to be depended on. We continued our course along shore until night, when we came to an anchor again in very shoal water, it not exceeding three or four feet; but being protected from the fury of the sea by a point that projected without the other part of the beach, we lay very securely all night.

“Thursday, July 12. At five o’clock in the morning we weighed anchor again, and proceeded along the coast, wind and weather still favourable, until three o’clock in the afternoon, when we stood off, to clear a long point that ran a considerable distance out into the sea; but the wind headed us so much that we could by no means clear the land; and the sea had by this time rose to such an height, that we could not venture upon the other tack without danger of being driven on shore by the surf; in consequence of which we came to an anchor. The sea at length ran so high, that it was with difficulty we kept the boats above water; we therefore took the people out of the yawl, and let her drive on shore; the danger

we were then in leading us to apprehend that it would not be long before we must follow her; our apprehensions and horrors increasing, as the boats began to drive towards the shore, and as we had no means left to prevent it, we were kept awake all night; but by good Providence our boats kept afloat till another morning.

“Friday, July 13. Being reduced to two boats for the whole number, at daylight we made sail, in hopes to get out to sea far enough to keep our boats clear of the surf, which ran very high in shore; but every effort proving fruitless, we were obliged to put the boats before the wind for the shore, trusting to Providence to alleviate our misfortunes, and soften those hardships on the land, which we could no longer sustain at sea. Being now before the wind, which blew strong, and having a heavy swell, we soon got on shore in the long boat; and by God’s assistance we were, every man, landed safe, being twenty-seven in number.

“When we had saved as many things as we could that were in the long boat, we stood upon the beach, waiting the landing of the pinnace; she being yet some distance off, and seemingly in great danger, being less qualified for encountering with the sea than our boat. Our anxiety and apprehensions increased as she drew nearer the shore; nor were they without foundation, for, when she was about half a mile from the shore, we had the mortification to see her turned stern over head, which overwhelmed all that were in her, being seven in number, four of whom with difficulty reached the shore, and three were drowned, *viz.*: King Lapham, carpenter; Ebenezer Grant, mariner, and Nathaniel Seaver, jun., the merchant’s son. The grief of the father, who stood an unhappy spectator of this melancholy catastrophe, finding his son to be among the number of those who perished, may be more easily imagined than described.

“Having saved some of our sails from the long boat, and the

spars having drifted on shore, the morning being misty, we went to work to raise a tent, to keep ourselves as much as we could from the inclemency of the weather, which we soon effected. About nine o'clock, the sun made its appearance, which afforded us an opportunity of drying our clothes, and other things we had collected on the beach, which came on shore from the boats. In walking the beach, we found a musket and powder horn, by means of which we kindled a fire, and made shift to cook a small pig that had swam on shore from the long boat; it proved a very delicious meal, being the first we had eat from the time of the ship's going on shore.

"Having thus refreshed ourselves, and thinking we were pretty secure, not having seen a living creature since our landing, and being much fatigued, having had no rest the preceding night, we lay down to sleep; but, to our great surprise and misfortune, about three o'clock in the afternoon, we were alarmed by eighteen savages, on camels, armed with spears, cutlasses and knives, who rushed upon us, before we were aware of them; and, being in a very ordinary state of defence, we could make but a weak resistance. Our Captain, however, & some others, exhorted us to defend ourselves, and protect our property; and in resisting them when they attempted to strip him, he received several slight cuts, but suffered no material injury thereby.

"Being in no condition to oppose them, they robbed us of every thing we had, even stripping the shirts from off our backs; and to get from one of us his hair ribbon, they cut off the hair close to his head. We importuned them, by signs and gestures, to leave us some old clothes to cover us, to prevent the sun from burning our skin; which, after some hesitation, they did, finding the spoil more than they could conveniently carry away; so that every man was left with some article of clothing; some had a shirt—some a jacket—some a pair of trowsers—and one

nothing but a strip of canvas to tie round him, except a hat on his head, which every man had, there being a number in a trunk which came ashore, and which the Arabs seemed to disregard.

“They now separated the Blacks from the Whites; and finding that the African (named Juba Hill, who came out from Boston cook of the ship) spoke the same language we did, they took him from the rest, bound him, and kept him; he crying to us in the greatest distress, to attempt his release; but this was entirely out of our power, and we expected every moment to be treated in the same manner ourselves, or to be instantly put to death if we made any resistance. Under this anxiety of mind, we laboured awhile, in doubt of what would be done to us, or what to do ourselves; at length we determined, if they seized on any one of us, to rescue him, or die in the attempt.

“Soon afterwards came three or four more Arabs, whom we supposed, by their appearance and conduct, to be some of their merchants who traded in the country; these assisted in collecting the spoils, and loading the camels with it. Having thus far waited the result of their proceedings with various thoughts and suggestions, about five o’clock in the evening, they permitted us, with the thirteen remaining blacks, to leave them, but not without sending two of their number, armed, as a guard, along with us, to see us to a short distance, probably conjecturing we might have something hid in the sand.

“When the guard left us, they informed us, as well as we could understand them, that we might travel to Muskat in five days. This, however, was far from being true, as we were then four or five hundred miles in a direct line from it, and the shortest route by land was doubtless twice that length; add to this, that our way lay through fields of burning sands, and over mountains of rocks and precipices, affording neither food to eat or water to drink—exposed, naked, in the day time to a scorching

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sun, and in the night, to cold and heavy dews—and to the continual depredations of thieves and robbers—with no other guide, a great part of the journey, than the heavenly bodies, and the course of the sea—and without even the pity of man to soften our fate.

“Rejoiced, however, that these inhuman plunderers had quitted us, we began our wearisome journey, clothed with the remnants which the Arabs had left us, and in as good health as could be expected after our fatigues, excepting Mr. Seaver,* who had been ill a great part of the passage, and was now quite weak, but who preserved a courage and firmness which gave spirits to the rest, and did honour to himself. We travelled along the beach till dark, when, finding ourselves much fatigued, we lay down in the sand to sleep.

“Saturday, July 14. We rose again, and proceeded on our journey. About nine o'clock we saw three Arabs, fishing, who seemed to shew some fear at our approach, and a wish to avoid us; we passed them without taking any further notice of them. About an hour after, we observed at the head of the beach, several paths which seemed to lead into the country. We followed these paths some way, till we lost sight of the beach, and coming to a valley, saw some vines, which bore something very much resembling our watermelons, both outside and in; but on tasting them we found them so bitter that we could not eat them.

“There was now a difference of opinion, whether it would be better to keep on in these paths, or return to the beach in hopes, that by keeping inland, they might find inhabitants, who would shew them more compassion than we had met with on the sea shore; while others apprehended it would be an imprudent and dangerous experiment, and were of opinion that it would be best to keep along the beach, which tended to lead us most

* Merchant and part owner of the *Commerce*.

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to the eastward, and which was the course we were pursuing. Contemplating awhile on the circumstances, the Captain, Mr. Robert Williams,* Benjamin Williams,† Thomas Barnard,‡ and all the Blacks, took the inland road; and the remainder of us chose to travel the beach.

“About noon, we saw three Arabs, fishing; we made what signs we could to them, to make them understand that we wanted water, and they walked along with us, until they brought us to a place where were two more of their fishermen. Being now five of them in number, each having a large bludgeon, they went about to search if we had any money; finding themselves disappointed in that, they robbed us of some books and papers, and from one they took an old piece of canvas with which he had covered his nakedness. Having done this, they let us go, and we proceeded on, without getting any water. After travelling some time, we discovered a spot on the upper part of the beach, that appeared as if there was water wanting to force its way up; we therefore began to dig and scrape as well as we could with our hands. Having dug to some depth, and finding no water, we gave over the object, and betook ourselves to our journey again; but the sun being intensely hot, the sand scorching our feet, and having had nothing to allay our hunger, or quench our thirst, the preceding nor all that day, it was with much difficulty the major part of us could walk at all.

“Providence at this time directing to our view a single Arab, we stopped him, and made him understand that we wanted water. He pointed us to the top of a precipice which was at some distance before us, where, as we understood him, we could find water. We accordingly hastened with all possible diligence toward the hill, and in a short time gained its summit, where, after some search, we found a small well which contained some

* Merchant and part owner of the *Commerce*.

† Ship's cooper.

‡ Seaman.

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brackish water; but being very thirsty, we drank our fill, and found ourselves much refreshed by it. After resting ourselves a little while at this place, we again resumed our journey, but had not walked far before we saw at some distance a number of men coming toward us, whom we at first took to be savages; but stopping a while to view them more attentively, we were happy to find them to be our own people, who had parted with us in the morning.

“Sunday, July 15. At day light we found some of the blacks were missing, and the remaining ones (excepting the captain’s servant) parted from us soon after, taking the road to travel they most approved of; the rest of us continued walking the beach along until nine o’clock, when we ascended a mountain in hopes of finding water; having gained the top of the mountain, we saw at some distance behind us, a number of savages, who seemed to be coming after us in some haste; but not overtaking us, we conjectured they had gone another way. We continued walking across the mountain till twelve o’clock, but finding nothing either to eat or drink, nor the least prospect of getting any thing, we divided ourselves, rather by accident, into three parties, each hoping to find a road that might bring them to something which might save them from perishing with hunger and thirst. Our party consisted of Captain Johnson, Mr. Robert Williams, Benjamin Williams, John Daniels,* William Leghorn,* John Rowe,* Thomas Barnard,* James Leatherby,* John Quincy,* myself, and Manno, the captain’s servant. Charles Lapham,* Valentine Bagley,† Solomon Buthby,* Samuel Laha* and Gilbert Foss,* formed another party; and Mr. Seaver and Mr. Ockington,‡ choosing to go by themselves, made the third.

“This was the last I saw of these two, and of some of the others. The other parties left us, and went their way. We

* Seamen.

† Carpenter.

‡ First mate.

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(being eleven in number) saw at some distance a rock, whose head reached considerably above the other part of the mountain and afforded some shade that would shelter us from the sun, whose heat was almost insupportable; under this rock we lay down until the sun had declined, and become somewhat more tolerable.

“Monday, July 16. At day light we rose again, and proceeded along the mountain to the eastward, until about 9 o'clock. By this time the rays of the sun had become so intensely hot, and we so weak and faint for want of food and water, that it was with difficulty that any of us could walk at all; and Benjamin Williams, William Leghorn and Thomas Barnard, whose bodies were exposed naked to the scorching sun, finding their strength and spirits quite exhausted, lay down, expecting nothing but death for relief. In this deplorable, melancholy condition we left them, without being able to afford them the least help or consolation, nature calling for all our exertions to preserve our own lives. We therefore continued our journey, but not without being much disheartened and dismayed at seeing our poor fellow sufferers exhausted with hunger and fatigue, giving over the thought of living any longer, and resigning themselves to the arms of death.

“About an hour after this Capt. Johnson and his servant left us, and took another way, more inland. The remainder of us (being now but six in number) still pursued our usual track, until near twelve o'clock, when we reached a shady place at the side of a rock, where we lay down till about three o'clock; we then got up, and proceeded on again until near six o'clock, when Mr. Williams, John Rowe and John Daniels took another way by themselves. The three of us that were left walked once more down to the beach, where we saw several old fishing nets, but nothing in them. Having been two days without a morsel of any thing to eat, or a drop of any thing to

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drink but salt water, we grew very weak and faint; however, we walked on till night, and then lay down on the beach and went to sleep.

“Tuesday, July 17. At day light we rose again and proceeded on our journey. Having a long, hard, sandy beach to walk, the traveling was somewhat less painful than that of the mountains. About nine o'clock we met Mr. Robert Williams, John Rowe and John Daniels again, who, we found, had fared no better than ourselves. About an hour afterwards we came to a rocky point that projected into the sea, about which we found many crabs and cockles, which afforded us great relief. James Leatherby now left us, and walked up to the mountain again, in hopes of getting water. The rest of us walked along the beach until about eleven o'clock, when, looking up to the top of the mountain, I saw Leatherby, and made use of some endeavours to persuade them all to go up to him; but they all declined, except Mr. Williams and myself, who parted with the rest of the company, and ascended the mountain as fast as we could, but could see nothing of him. When we had reached the top of the hill, Mr. Williams thought it was best to keep the inland road, or rather find our road over the mountains. We descended the mountain, and travelled across a neck of land, which our companions upon the beach must have walked round, which shortened our distance considerably. We travelled until about one o'clock, when I became so weak with fatigue and want of bodily nourishment, and the sun so hot, that I could no longer support myself, and fell to the ground, and began to despair of ever rising again. But, by the blessing of God, my strength revived, and I was enabled to rise again in about half an hour, Mr. Williams having been so good as to stay by me during this conflict. When I rose, we walked down toward the beach, and I went immediately and bathed myself in the salt water, which afforded me great relief; then walking

back to the head of the beach, I took off what rags I had on, and spread them to dry. Mean while Mr. Williams and I lay down under the rock, and slept for a while tolerably easy.

“When I woke, I went down to the sea side and caught a few crabs, which afforded us a tolerable good meal. Although we found ourselves considerably refreshed, yet, so desperate were our circumstances, that I proposed to Mr. Williams to remain and end our existence at this place; but he having still some hope of getting to Muskat, we concluded to set out again. About five o'clock, we met Captain Johnson and his servant, who informed us that he had seen Mr. Seaver and Mr. Ockington, whom he left in a very low condition. Soon after, James Leatherby overtook us, and we walked together till near sun down, when we saw a parcel of small rocks in a low, watery marsh, where we found a quantity of small fish in nets; but our mouths were so parched and dried for want of water, that we could not eat any of them. We imagined there must be fresh water near, from this being a place of fishing, and the Captain went back toward the country in search of some, and left us on the beach, to wait his return; but it growing dark, and no appearance of his coming we followed him, and walked until it was very dark, in quest of him. Now missing Mr. Williams, I returned in search of him, and found him asleep at the side of a rock. I awoke him, and we soon overtook our party, but could find nothing of the Captain.

“Wednesday, July 18. About five o'clock we began our usual hard labour, somewhat more inland; and, walking until noon, we met two women with a goat skin full of water; we importuned them some time for some of the water to drink; at length they understood what we wanted, and gave us about three pints of water each, and made us understand where we might get more. We immediately plied ourselves along the road they directed us; and after travelling some distance, we

met two men and six women, who at first treated us very hospitably, and gave us as much water as we wanted; they gave us also three small fishes each; but, our mouths being so sore for want of continual moisture, we could not eat them. Their thievish disposition now began to make its appearance, for one of the women, taking a fancy to Mr. Williams's shoes, went immediately and took them off his feet; they took from James Leatherby his shirt, and from me my hair ribbon, and, the men standing over us with large bludgeons in their hands, we durst make no resistance.

"Having gratified their curiosity, and taken from us whatever attracted their attention, they made signs to us to go away, which we did; and walking down toward the beach, we overtook the Captain, who informed us that he had got water, since he left us, of some of the Arabs; but that in return they had taken from him his trowsers. We travelled along the beach until about 4 o'clock, when, seeing a number of trees and bushes, we went among them, in hopes of finding some water, but unfortunately found none. James Leatherby, Manno, the Captain's servant, and myself, laid down under a bush and tried to sleep, leaving the Captain and Mr. Williams to go on before us, as we could overtake them in a short time, being more accustomed to walk barefooted than they were, we having been destitute of shoes the whole journey. Having laid about an hour, we got up again, and took the road the Captain and Mr. Williams had gone before; we travelled in this track over nearly three miles of land, the surface of which was covered with broken flint stones, which rendered our travelling very irksome and painful indeed. Having at length with much difficulty passed it over, we discovered, at a distance before us, Captain Johnson supporting Mr. Williams as he walked, who having lost his shoes, and not being accustomed to go without them, his feet were so tender, and so wounded with the stones,

that he was scarcely able to walk at all. We soon overtook them; and not long after we met three savages with one camel; perceiving they had water on their camel, we made signs to them that we would be very thankful for a little of it; they accordingly filled us a cup that contained about a pint, which was all we could persuade them to afford us; this we divided among ourselves with a shell of a fish, which we carried with us for the purpose of drinking water out of. The Savages then taking a liking to a jacket which the Captain's servant had on, they took it from him and went their way. At sun-set we saw at a distance a number of wild date trees, which we went to, but not without much fear of meeting with Arabs among them; but not discovering any living creature there we began to search for water, and soon found a small well, which appeared to have been lately dried up; we dug down some little depth, and found water; but it was very muddy, and proved of very ill consequence to us.

CHAPTER XIV

THE SUFFERINGS OF DANIEL SAUNDERS (*continued*)

THURSDAY, July 19. Mr. Williams' strength and spirits failed him so much that he was unwilling we should leave this place when we did; and now he was so exhausted, that he fell considerably in the rear, and appeared scarcely able to walk, and almost insensible of his condition; and we concluded that it was not in his power to contend any longer with us against the hardships of the journey, more especially as there was no prospect of its having an end, nine days having already elapsed since our misfortune in the ship began, and not the least appearance of drawing near Muskat, or any other place of refuge from the cruelty of the barbarians. We therefore with reluctance left him to the mercy of God, suffering ourselves all the horrors that fill the mind at the near approach of death.

"Friday, July 20. At daybreak, we sat out again along the beach but Captain Johnson's sinews and nerves had been so contracted by the sun in the day time, and chilled by the dews at night, that he found himself unable to travel any longer; he therefore concluded he must make his grave at that place, and told us that he could not wish us to make any delay for him, but advised us to make the best of our way along. We therefore took leave of him, and left him in a similar condition to those we had left before, and a point we had to go round soon hid him from our sight. We traveled along till about nine o'clock, when we came to a grove of small trees and bushes, a little distance from the beach, where we found as many as an

hundred and fifty people, who were constant inhabitants of this dreary abode, without a hut or roof of any kind, except what was formed by the trees, for shelter.

“Here was their baggage, their cooking utensils, and a great number of fish, which appeared to have been lately caught. In the midst of this grove was a good spring. Here we found one of our Lascar sailors, who had been at the place four days, and appeared to be in as good health as when he left the ship. The greater part of these people were women; & from the females we had met with, we had commonly received kinder usage than from the men. They gave us as much fish and water as we could eat and drink, and even gave us fish to carry away, for which we thanked Heaven and our benefactors. Having refreshed ourselves greatly from this piece of good fortune, we found our strength considerably restored, and our spirits greatly revived; we then took leave of our hospitable friends, and proceeded along the seaside again, the Lascar choosing to remain behind.

“About one o’clock, we discovered a man lying on the beach, with very little signs of life in him, and coming to him, found it to be Charles Lapham, in a most deplorable condition, having no water since he left us, which was five days; we told him where he could get water, at about two miles distance; after many efforts, he got upon his feet, and endeavored to walk. Seeing him in so wretched a condition, I could not but sympathise enough with him in his sufferings to go back with him (though it retarded my progress in my journey enough to do myself material injury), which both my other companions refused to do. Accordingly, they walked forward, while I went back a considerable distance with Lapham, until, his strength failing him, he suddenly fell down on the ground; nor was he able to rise up again, or even speak to me; finding it in vain to stay with him, I covered him with sprays and leaves which I

tore from an adjacent tree, it being the last friendly office I could do him.

“Thus I left him, and about an hour after, overtook my companions again. Travelling along the beach, about four o’clock we saw a man, a woman, and three children, of whom we got a little water, but not enough to quench our thirst. Leaving them, we walked until near sunset. Our travelling on the beach being obstructed by reason of the rocks running into the sea some distance, and very high, we ascended the mountains again, on the side of which we found a vast number of withered date trees, under and about which appeared to have been the habitation of some of the natives, which was now evacuated. We found nothing here that afforded us any satisfaction; and, leaving it, we walked along the side of the mountain some distance, when, coming to a rock, whose craggy side hung over and formed a sort of cave, we discovered two of our late shipmates, *viz.*, Solomon Buthby and Valentine Bagley, lying down by a little stream of water that issued from the rock, which was the first they had found since their parting from us. We were happy to find each other yet alive, and concluded to travel together for the future, as long as it should please God that we should be enabled to encounter with the hardships of the journey. The mantle of day being now withdrawn, and night having spread her shades around us, we all lay down and slept tolerably well during the night.

“Saturday, July 21. At daybreak, we rose again, much refreshed by our night’s rest, and applied ourselves to our daily toil and travel, being now five in number. We walked along together, relating to each other what had befallen us in the time of our separation; by which we found that Charles Lapham had been left by Bagley and Buthby, the preceding day, in the place where we found him, according to their description. About nine o’clock, we very fortunately got some crabs and

cockles, which proved a very seasonable relief; having eat as much as satisfied us, we lay down among some bushes that grew at a little distance from the beach, the sun being so intensely hot that we could by no means walk, or scarcely stand, and the sand had also scorched our feet in a shocking manner. Here we lay until about three o'clock.

"Leaving the side of the mountain, we had to travel across a neck of low land, which projected so far toward the sea that we could not see its extent, upon which we met two Arabs, who were good enough to give us water. We left them, and soon after reached the eastern side of the land, where we found it formed a deep bay, bounded by a sandy beach, which we walked till near five o'clock, when we met seven camels, with the same number of Arabs attending them. We endeavoured to obtain of them some information respecting the distance of Muskat, and understood them that they had been only one day from thence. However we might misunderstand them, this created new spirits in us, and we began to think our greatest hardships at an end. We made them understand that we wanted something to eat and drink; and they gave us a handful of dates, which is a fruit that grows in that country, and preserve themselves when they are gathered ripe; this was all we could get of them to eat; they gave us a plenty of water to drink, for which we were very thankful. Being about to take our leave of them, they robbed Solomon Buthby of his hat, which it was not in our power to prevent, and then suffered us to depart. We followed the tracks of the camels over the mountains until it was quite dark, and then lay down upon a sand bank to sleep, when came an Arab, who surveyed us, and muttering something we did not understand, he left us, and we lay without further molestation all night, covering our bodies with the sand to protect us from the cold.

"Sunday, July 22. Awaking at daylight from our sleep,

and finding ourselves much refreshed, and that we had derived considerable benefit from covering ourselves with sand, we once more began our daily travel, and walked till about nine o'clock, when we found a well with very good water, where we drank our fill, and proceeded on our journey, still following the camels' tracks, till, about eleven o'clock, when, finding we were going too much inland, we turned to the right hand again, in order to gain the beach once more, which we found very hard to accomplish, having most tremendous hills of sand to climb over, which appeared like mountains of snow; and the sand was so loose, that it gave way at every footstep, so that it was with great difficulty we could get over them; the rays of the sun, and the reflection from the sand, being so hot, that it scorched our skins from head to foot.

"Having at length attained the shady side of these hills, we lay down, and I believe slept about two hours. When we awoke, it being about four o'clock, we descended the hills into the valley seaward, where we fortunately found two huts, or small dwelling places, in one of which was an old man, in the other an old woman, who gave us a quantity of broiled crabs, which proved to us a delicious meal; but they could give us no water, having none in the huts, and the water of which they drank being at a great distance. After returning our humble thanks for what they had so hospitably afforded us, we took our leave, and proceeded down the valley until near sunset, when we met with two men who took us to an adjacent place, where they gave us as much water as we would drink.

"After many signs and gestures concerning Muskat they understood that we wanted to go thither, and agreed to provide camels and guides to take us there for twenty-five dollars per man, making signs with their fingers to express the number, and calling the pieces of money *fluish*, which we found were dollars. It growing dark, we left them for the night, and

walking to the side of an adjacent bank in the side of the mountain, we went to sleep.

“Monday, July 23. Early in the morning we renewed our discourse with the Arabs, and agreed with them to give them their price to carry us to Muskat, in hopes on our arrival there to find some more Christianlike people, who would advance the money for our labour in their service, until we could clear ourselves of the bondage. Having got some water of the Arabs, about seven o’clock we sat out with one of them, who was to conduct us to an island, where were more of their company, who were to furnish us with camels for our journey to Muskat. Having walked down the side of the hill, we found ourselves on a white beach, the most beautiful to appearance that I ever beheld, the end of which we could not see to the westward; and taking our way eastward, we walked about seven miles, but could not see its end to the eastward. It was about two miles in breadth, and the surface of it as fair to look upon as a looking glass, and so hard that the hoofs of the laden camels made no impression on it.

“At length we came opposite to the island we were to go over it, which was about two miles from us, and which it appeared almost impossible ever we could wade to or near it, there being a very strong current running by which we were in danger of being carried away, being so weak that we could scarcely walk the ground where there was nothing to obstruct us. However, our guide taking the water, at which he was very expert, we followed after; and wading through from two to three feet of water, we at length reached the island, where we found near thirty more Arabs, unto whom our guide communicated our business; upon which they shewed us some signs of civility.

“Here we staid all day, without having anything to eat but a little salted shark, which is the most of their food; and there

being no water on the island, we suffered much for want of it, especially in the excessive heat of the day. Late in the afternoon they gave us a little water, which was brought over to the island by an Arab, who was soon after followed by another, bringing Captain Johnson with him, in a very deplorable condition indeed, the sun having bred insects under his skin, which were destroying the flesh on his bones. Captain Johnson having fallen in with this Arab, he had agreed with him to give him fifty dollars to carry him to Muskat; and for that purpose he was brought to this island, as we had been. The sun having declined, the Arabs shewed us a cave in the island, where we retired and went to sleep.

“Tuesday, July 24. At daylight they made signs to us that we were to go to a neighboring island, for the readier attaining to the camels when they were ready; and having the one for a guide that conducted the captain hither, we began our route, and walked a considerable way through soft mud, that had been created by the flowing of the water, which fatigued us very much, the sun at the same time having its full power on our heads. We, however, at length reached the water, through which we had to wade about a mile, it being full three feet deep, which rendered it very difficult. But notwithstanding our being so weak, by God’s assistance we reached the shore we were plying for. This island we found very thickly inhabited, discovering at our first arrival as many as two hundred in number, who came down to the beach to meet us. The catching and curing of fish appeared to be the business of these islands, and with their fish they carried on a traffick to Muskat.

“Our guide having informed them of our business, they received us somewhat civilly; they gave us dates to eat and water to drink, of which we stood in great need, and from which we found ourselves much refreshed. But finding no kind of shade from the sun we were very often in fear that we should

die with its heat, it having blistered our skin from our heads to our feet; and our mouths were so parched, and our lips so swollen, that we could scarcely open them to admit of eating or drinking enough to keep us alive. Finding no shade to keep us from the heat of the sun (the savages not permitting us to go under their tents, or to eat or mix with them) we sauntered up and down the side of the island, not without being viewed and examined, as objects of curiosity, by the savages, who passed all day at intervals. Towards sunset they gave us some dates and water; and to lay upon and cover ourselves withal, they gave us a large mat, on which we lay tolerably well all night.

“Wednesday, July 25. About five o’clock they awoke us, and gave us some dates and water, which we with difficulty swallowed. We walked or rather sauntered about the island the greater part of the day, to pass away the tedious time, which seemed to us to move very slowly. At noon they gave us sharks’ fins to eat, which they had broiled upon the fire, and water to drink, the remaining part of the day we passed as the former; at sunset we had broiled sharks’ fins, dates and water, and at night we lay down to rest, in the former manner.

“Thursday, July 26. When we awoke in the morning the Arabs brought us our usual fare, and the time seeming very tedious and irksome to pass, this being the third day of our being upon the island, and no prospect of the camels coming to deliver us from the burden we laboured under, we made signs to our conductors to know when we should go; and they gave us to understand that we should not go in less than three days, as they should not be ready for the journey in less time. They promised us we should fare every day as we had the preceding one, while we staid on the island. The sun in these two last days had blistered our skins in so shocking a manner, that our condition seemed to be more deplorable than ever; we could not walk, nor sit or lie down, without enduring all

the torment our weakness would bear. Thus we passed this day as the former ones, and at night lay down to rest as usual, but found ourselves very incapable of sleeping.

“Saturday, July 28. Attempting to rise in the morning, we found we could not stand, the flies in the course of the night having made holes in our skin, and filled them full of their insects, which made us so sore that we could scarcely endure the pain. Thus labouring under evils which grew heavier now than ever we had felt them before, we spent this day after the preceding ones, and at night lay down, in hopes the ensuing day to be removed, if it should please God to enable us to survive the night.

“Sunday, July 29. The day having appeared, we were called by the Arabs, who informed us we must prepare for our departure, there being a boat provided for carrying us over to the main continent, where the camels were ready to carry us to Muskat. We summoned all our strength together, and began our walk to the boat, where we embarked, but without receiving anything to eat or drink. Having reached within two miles of the shore, the boat struck the ground, nor would go any farther, the water being too shoal; we were all accordingly obliged to get out of the boat, and wade through the water, which was two feet deep.

“This was a task that from our weak and sore condition we were afraid we should hardly accomplish; however, with much toil and suffering we reached the dry land, being most spent, the savages showing us no pity nor affording us any assistance; but having with difficulty got on shore, they gave us some dates and water. Here we staid, waiting for the camels until three o’clock, when they came, being three in number, *viz.*, one for the Captain, who had made a separate agreement, as before mentioned; and two for the rest of us, who were five in number; and each camel had a driver. The savages having laden the

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camels with salt shark, they put us on the top of it, and began the journey, and travelled over the mountains till near sunset; then stopped in order to let the camels feed; they made a fire also, and broiled some salt shark for us, and gave us the usual quantity of dates and water. It being by this time quite dark, we lay down to sleep.

“Monday, July 30. About five o’clock in the morning, the savages having laden the camels again, we proceeded and travelled till ten o’clock, when we came to a pond of fine water, where they unloaded the camels again, and mixed some fish, with a sort of meal not unlike oatmeal, with water, and gave us to eat. After refreshing ourselves, and stopping awhile to let the camels feed, they loaded them again, and we continued our route and travelled till near sunset, when coming to a grove of trees, they delivered the camels of their burden, as they always did when they stopped; they then gave us our usual quantity of dates and water; and it growing quite dark, and this being a tolerably comfortable place to what some were which we had met with, we lay pretty easy all night.

“Tuesday, July 31. At two o’clock in the morning, the man to whose care I fell, and whose name we found was Ishmael, took one of the camels and went to an adjacent village for dates, and, returning about ten o’clock, brought a quantity of dates, and gave us to understand that in his way he saw one of our people almost dead; but having parted with so many, we could not conjecture who it was. Here we tarried till near sunset, the day being so excessively hot that the camels could not travel; but the day being nearly elapsed, they loaded the camels, and we travelled till about eleven o’clock at night, when, coming to a level piece of ground on a mountain, where were a quantity of bushes on which the camels feed, they unloaded the camels as usual, and we lay down among the bushes and went to sleep.

“Wednesday, August 1. About four o’clock the Arabs mus-

tered us. The camels being ready, we set out; and about eight o'clock, having descended the mountain, we came to a low marsh, which was covered with a strong, dry reed, which grew there as we imagined in the rainy season; we had to pass through this cane patch, and found it a very tedious undertaking; the tops of the reeds, reaching the camels' bellies, retarded our progress in a great measure; however, about ten o'clock we had passed this troublesome part of the journey, and about eleven o'clock, it being so hot that the camels could travel no longer, we stopped in a place where we found three several springs; but the place we staid in afforded us little relief, there not being the least shade or refuge from the sun.

"Our man Ishmael, going to one of the springs, caught twelve or fourteen small birds, which he broiled on a fire they had made, and brought them to us to eat; but one of the Arabs, begrudging us our meal, took some of the birds from us. From his freedom, we were encouraged to ask him for water, which he as readily denied us. The water, in the springs so near us not being fit to drink, our thirst and the heat became intolerable; notwithstanding which, we were obliged to content ourselves until five o'clock in the afternoon, when, having laden the camels, we mounted again, and travelling till about seven o'clock, we met seven camels, with the same number of savages attending them, whom we knew to be some of the people we had seen on the island the day of our landing there, and who had been to Muskat with the same kind of commodity that our camels were loaded with, *viz.*, salt shark, and brought cotton and dates in return; the dates being their food, and the cotton they made their fishing nets of. We could not rightly understand how long they had been from Muskat; but we understood from them that there were a number of ships there, which gave us new life. Our conductors having exchanged some of the camels with them, we parted, and proceeded on till about

eleven o'clock at night, when we stopped by the side of two fine springs, where were a number of savages, with twenty camels, watering.

"Thursday, August 2. About three o'clock in the morning the Arabs called us, and we mounted to proceed on our journey, in hopes it was soon to have an end. We travelled until about eleven o'clock, when we stopped among a number of sand hills upon the mountain, where there was no screen from the sun; and the reflection of it from the sand hills, whose heads were so high that they deprived us of the benefit of the wind that blew, rendered it so hot that it was with difficulty we could breathe as we lay down, for we could by no means stand upon our feet. While we were in this place, we saw three or four small girls and boys driving a large flock of goats, consisting apparently of several hundreds; but they did not come within two or three hundred yards of us. Having laid down some time, our man Ishmael brought us some broiled fish, with dates and water, which gave us some refreshment; after which, we lay down again till five o'clock, when they reloaded the camels, and set out again, and travelled till near one o'clock in the morning; when, coming to a number of bushes on which the camels feed, we stopped, and the savages unloading the camels as usual, we lay down among the bushes, and slept till about five o'clock.

"Friday, August 3. We proceeded on our journey again, and travelled until about eleven o'clock, the usual time, when, coming to a large well, where we saw between twenty and thirty savages watering a number of camels, we stopped, and of them we got some dates, all that we had being consumed; it proved a seasonable relief, and having drank our fill of water, we lay down until four o'clock in the afternoon, when we set out again, and travelled till about ten o'clock, when, coming to a thicket of bushes upon small hills of hard, sandy

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soil, this being a convenient place for feeding our camels, we lay down to rest.

“Saturday, August 4. About five o’clock in the morning we continued our route again, and about nine o’clock we passed by a large grove of date trees, which were the first we had seen bearing fruit, and which encompassed a village, as our guide informed us, containing a number of inhabitants; but we did not go into it. Passing by this, we travelled until near eleven o’clock, when we came to a fine village, where we found the inhabitants very hospitable; it being surrounded by a number of date trees, whose fruit was ripe, they gave us a large quantity of them; and it being the first time, for a long while, that we had had an opportunity of eating our fill, we eat more than did us good, for it put us in excessive pain the whole day. We laid among these remarkably civil people until four o’clock in the afternoon. Our men having laden the camels again, we were going away, when the friendly Arabs brought us a quantity of dates, which they gave us to serve us on our journey. We now set out and travelled till about nine o’clock at night, when we stopped in the open road, without the least thing for shelter.

“Sunday, August 5. About four o’clock in the morning we began our day’s journey once more, in hopes we could not be far from Muskat, of which we were quite ignorant, as our guides would give us no satisfaction respecting it. Travelling till eleven o’clock, we came to a village that was evacuated, by reason of the date trees being barren. Our man Ishmael, with the other Arabs, leaving us here, with part of the camels’ loading, they went to a large village which we saw in the distance, with some of the fish to sell, leaving us some dates to eat, and water to drink; which after we had eat and drank, we went into a house in this deserted village, that appeared to have been a place of worship, where we lay down to sleep; and our man not returning till near night, we were not disturbed until he

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came and brought two of our black sailors along with him, whom he had met with in his way. These sailors informed us that the Arabs had sold Juba Hill for sixty pieces of silver; but by what means they knew this, I cannot say. They staid with us a short time, and then left us, appearing to be in pretty good health.

“Monday, August 6. Having slept till about two o’clock in the morning, our man came to us, and informed us that the camels were laden and waited for us; we accordingly hastened with him to the camels. Having mounted, we set out again. About four o’clock, we passed by another village, and travelled till near ten, when we came to a very large one, containing a great many houses and stores, and vast numbers of inhabitants; the males, from the age of seven or eight years, to the oldest among them, being armed with spears, cutlasses, and long knives. At our first entering the village, we alighted from the camels, our curiosity prompting us to see the place, and being desirous to get something to eat and drink, if we could find any among them humane enough to give us anything; flattering ourselves, that from the kind reception we had met with in the village we stopt in on the Saturday preceding, we should be civilly treated here also. But we were much mistaken in our suggestions; for, going among a number of them, importuning them for something to eat, they laid hands on us, and locked us up in a house. We now began to reflect upon the indiscretion of our leaving the camels, not knowing what might be the result of our error, as we now found it to be.

“Ruminating some time on our confinement, we were alarmed lest the camels and our guide should pass through the village, and imagining we would follow them, give himself no concern on the occasion; but in a little time we had the pleasure of seeing him gain admittance into the place, and we were immediately set at liberty. Having now our guide with us, who we

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supposed had related our circumstances and condition to them, they gave us a quantity of dates, and shewed us many signs of civility. Our guide then took us to a market place, where we saw onions, dates, and vegetables of different kinds, for sale. They gave us each three pieces of copper coin, called *pice*, which is current in most parts of the East Indies; and some onions, which we eat with a good appetite. We tarried here till near sunset, when some of the inhabitants gave us some more onions.

* * * * *

“Sunday, August 12. Early in the morning we set out again, and travelled the beach to the southward. Soon after sunrise, our Arabs, finding the beach was not the way by which we were to get to Muskat, once more altered their course; and travelling toward the mountain sometime, we passed a small village, and about three hours after we discovered, as we entered on a plain, at some distance to the southward and eastward, a town, which made but a slender appearance. As we drew near the place, we saw over the houses a ship’s mastheads, whence we concluded it was Muskat. But its appearance seemed to afford us little hope of meeting with the succour or consolation we had promised ourselves, although the sight of a seaport gave us some relief, as we flattered ourselves we might perchance find an European ship which would enable us to discharge the obligation we were under to our conductors. We plied forward for the town, found it was called Matterah. The inhabitants were very numerous, and flocked about us in great numbers to view us, until we came to the beach opposite where the ship lay, when we were accosted by a man in the English tongue, who asked us many questions relative to our circumstances; and having told him our story, he informed us that he acted as factor for the English ships that came to Muskat to load, which had a safer harbour than Matterah; that the chief of what he procured for the English was preserved dates and

small shells, which they call cowrie, and which are used for money in many parts of the East Indies.

“We told him that we were concerned about getting money to pay the men who had brought us to this place; on which he proffered us what money we wanted, and said he was commissioned so to do. But he informed us that Muskat was not more than three miles distant, and that if we chose he would carry us thither in boats; we thankfully accepted his offer; and he accordingly hired two boats, one of which he went in himself, taking part of our company with him, and the rest going into the other boat, we put off, and soon reached Muskat, having only a short neck of land to row round. On landing at Muskat, the Factor recommended us to the care of a man whom he met, and proceeded himself to the Governor, directing the man, in whose care he had left us, to follow him with us.

“We soon arrived at the place of destination, where we were very well received by the Governor and his attendants. From there we were conducted to the house of a man, who acted as Consul for the English, and who spoke the English language. This man, having heard our story, told us he would procure a ship to carry us to some English port in the East Indies. He informed us that there were then two of our ship’s crew in Muskat, besides us, under his protection, one white man and one black. He then conducted us to a house, in which was a hall, where were a number of persons, whom we found by the Consul to be the magistrates and officers of the town, and who asked the Consul many questions concerning us, which he duly answered. We then went with the Consul to another house, which we imagined to be the bank, where he paid the Arabs, who brought us to Matterah, 35 dollars, which was far short of what we had agreed to give them; but the Consul insisting it was enough, they took it and went their way. He next took us to a house near the sea side, where he ordered victuals and

drink for us; and we were soon served with dates, fish, bread, and water.

“Having refreshed ourselves by this good man’s bounty, and having a view of the ships in the harbour, we began to feel new life, and almost to think ourselves restored to our former strength & vigour; tho’ in reality we were still in a most deplorable condition. We were anxious to see our former shipmate, to know who it was that was so fortunate as to survive the journey, as well as ourselves; and soon after we found it to be Samuel Laha, as we saw him going in a boat on board of a ship.

“Having made another good meal, we felt our spirits greatly revived, though our strength was still low, and our bodies very sore. We now waited with impatience the return of the Consul who had promised to procure us some clothes, as we were almost naked, and could not go out of the house on that account. He sent us a barber, who shaved us, and combed our hair, having seen neither razor nor comb since the time of our ship wreck till now. While this was performing, we had the pleasure of seeing our old shipmate, Laha, come in, who informed us that he had been in Muskat four days; that he had suffered much in his journey, having walked all the way, without the least assistance; and that he was going to work his passage to Bombay in an English snow. Having waited till near night for the Consul, we began to conjecture that he had forgot his promise; and it being late by this time, we were obliged to content ourselves for the night, and wait the result of the morning.

“In the morning (Aug. 13) Captain Johnson sent a letter to the Master of the English snow in which Laha was going to Bombay, acquainting him with our distresses, and imploring his sympathy and assistance in contributing to our relief; and in a short time after, an answer was returned by the generous Englishman, accompanied with several suits of clothes for

Captain Johnson, and one for each of the rest of us. Having received so bountiful a donation from a man we had never seen, gratitude bade us make him the first offer of our services. The Consul came to us early this morning, and removed us to a house near the middle of the town, and told us he had clothes making for us. There was not an European or white man of any nation in the harbour, who did not come to see us, so that we did not want for company the whole day; among other visitors was an Arabian, who commanded a ship that wanted a carpenter; and he took our carpenter's mate, Valentine Bagley, along with him, and gave him some very good clothes.

"The Consul took care to have victuals provided for us this day, as he had the preceding one; and about sunset we had the pleasure of seeing our benefactor, the Master of the English snow, who came on shore to make us a visit, attended by his clerk, who appeared to sympathize with us. On offering him our service, he told us he was going away very soon, and advised us to stay on shore till we were stronger, and our health perfectly restored. We thanked him for his goodness, and he took his leave of us.

"Thus we lived two days longer; and finding ourselves much stronger, and thinking it advisable to get clear of expenses if possible, we agreed to go on board different ships in the harbour to work, till an opportunity offered of going to some English port in India. I went on board an Arabian ship, where I found three French sailors, who were very kind to me, and gave me a shirt and trowsers, which were very serviceable to me; and I staid on board five days, and was well treated by everyone on board. On the sixth day, Captain John Christian Gaddis, of the ship *Laurel*, of Bengal, bound to Bombay, offered us a passage thither, which we all readily accepted, saving Bagley, who had gone carpenter in an Arabian ship. Capt. Johnson, Leatherby, Buthby, and myself, accordingly

The Sufferings of Daniel Saunders

went on board the *Laurel*, and sailed the same night. Capt. Johnson gave us our bill of expenses at Muskat, for which he said he was responsible; it amounted to 11 dollars each, *viz.*, for camel's hire 7, one shirt and trowsers 2, and provisions 2 more. But the bills were of little more consequence than to remind us that after all our hardships and sufferings we were in debt and without a single farthing to discharge it with, or even to help ourselves.

"On the 30th of August we arrived at Bombay, much recruited in health, thro' the goodness of God, and the unspeakable kindness of Capt. Gaddis and his chief officer. Thus, after a term of 51 days, in which we had suffered hardships and trials seldom known to human nature, snatched from the very jaws of death, thanks to the Supreme Disposer of all events, we were once more placed in a situation to seek a living in this variegated, troublesome world.

"On our arrival we found our old shipmate Laha had got there before us; he came on board directly to see us, and informed us what ships in the harbour wanted hands; and Buthby went immediately on board the *Queen*, bound to England, but Leatherby and myself concluded to go on board the ship *Fame*, of Boston, Captain Standfast Smith, bound to the Isle of France and Ostend. This ship laid in dock at Massegon, a considerable distance up the harbour. We communicated our intention to Captain Gaddis, who approved of it, and calling us into his cabin, he gave us each five dollars; the Chief Mate also gave each of us one dollar, two shirts, two trowsers, and one jacket.

"Capt. Gaddis's goodness did not stop here, for he hired a boat to carry us to Massegon, where, having arrived, we agreed with Capt. Smith, and immediately entered on board his ship, which being then under repair, we did not sail until the 26th of September. On the 12th of November we arrived at the Isle of France, where I left Captain Smith, and took a third Mate's

birth on board the American ship *Robert Morris*, Captain John Hay, bound to Madras; for which place we sailed on the 3d of December, and arrived there the 9th of February, 1793; sailed again on the 25th for Calcutta, where we arrived on the 9th of March. Here, to my great joy, I was informed of the safe arrival of Mr. Robert Williams at Bombay, contrary to every expectation, considering the shocking condition in which we left him. On the 17th of March we dropped down the river, and on the 12th of June sailed for Ostend. On the 27th of September we fell in with a Dutch cruiser, with two prizes, bound into Cape of Good Hope, where we all arrived together the 1st of October. Our ship being leaky, we tarried there till the 25th to repair; and we arrived at Ostend on the 20th of January, 1794. Here the hands were all discharged, as the ship was going to England to repair.

“Finding no American ship there, I entered into the transport service, to keep clear of expenses till I could get a passage to America; and afterwards was pressed on board a King’s ship, where I was kept several weeks, and then made my escape, and got to Blackwell in England, and thence back to Ostend; soon after which arrived the snow *Enterprise*, Captain William Ward, from Calcutta, bound to Salem; in which vessel I sailed on the 9th of June, and arrived at Salem on the 17th of August following, when I had the happiness of being once more restored to my friends, after an absence of about forty months.

“Soon after my arrival, I saw my fellow sufferer, Mr. Robert Williams, who informed me, that after we parted with him he went back to the spring we had left, where he caught some frogs, and staid till he was a little recruited, and finally got along to Muskat; and that at Muskat he met with Mr. Ockington whose unfortunate friend, Mr. Seaver, had failed in the journey.

“Thus, out of 17 white persons who began the journey, I

am knowing to 8 who got through & survived it, *viz.*, Capt. Johnson, Mr. Robert Williams, Mr. Ockington, Valentine Bagley, Solomon Butlby, James Leatherby, Samuel Laha, and myself. The Lascars being always accustomed to going naked, and living abstemiously, it is supposed they suffered but little, and either got to Muskat or continued in the country, as they chose. It was the fate of Juba Hill, the black man from Boston, to be detained among the Arabs, probably as a slave."

CHAPTER XV

THE BUILDING OF THE ESSEX

(1799)

TWENTIETH century battleships are built at a cost of six or seven millions of dollars with the likelihood of becoming obsolete before they fire a gun in action. It is a task of years to construct one of these mighty fabrics, short-lived as they are in service, and crammed with intricate machinery whose efficiency under stress of war is largely experimental.

One hundred and ten years ago there was launched from a Salem shipyard a wooden sailing frigate called the *Essex*. She was the fastest and handsomest vessel of the United States navy and a dozen years after she first flew the flag of her country she won immortal renown under Captain David Porter. There is hardly a full-rigged sailing ship afloat to-day as small as the *Essex*, and in tonnage many modern three-masted coasting schooners can equal or surpass her. Yet her name is one of the most illustrious in the list of a navy which bears also those of the *Constitution*, the *Hartford*, the *Kearsarge* and the *Olympia*.

It was the maritime war with France at the end of the eighteenth century which caused the building of the *Essex*. When American commerce was being harried unto death by the frigates and privateersmen of "the Terrible Republic" as our sailors called France, our shadow of a navy was wholly helpless to resist, or to protect its nation's shipping. At length, in 1797, Congress authorized the construction of the three famous frigates, *Constitution*, *Constellation* and *United States*, to fight

for American seamen's rights. The temper and conditions of that time were reflected in an address to Congress delivered by President John Adams on November 23, 1797, in which he said:

"The commerce of the United States is essential, if not to their existence, at least to their comfort, growth and prosperity. The genius, character and habits of our people are highly commercial. Their cities have been formed and exist upon commerce; our agriculture, fisheries, arts and manufactures are connected with and dependent upon it. In short, commerce has made this country what it is, and it cannot be destroyed or neglected without involving the people in poverty or distress. Great numbers are directly and solely supported by navigation. The faith of society is pledged for the preservation of the rights of commercial and seafaring, no less than other citizens. Under this view of our affairs I should hold myself guilty of neglect of duty if I forebore to recommend that we should make every exertion to protect our commerce and to place our country in a suitable posture of defence as the only sure means of preserving both."

The material progress of this country has veered so far from seafaring activities that such doctrine as this sounds as archaic as a Puritan edict for bearing arms to church as a protection against hostile savages. One great German or English liner entering the port of New York registers a tonnage equaling that of the whole fleet of ships in the foreign trade of Salem in her golden age of adventurous discovery. Yet the liner has not an American among her crew of five hundred men, and not one dollar of American money is invested in her huge hull. She is a matter of the most complete indifference to the American people, who have ceased to care under what flags their commerce is borne over seas.

On the other hand, the shipping of Salem and other ports was

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a factor vital to national welfare a century ago. But when John Adams preached the necessity of resorting to arms to protect it, the country was too poor to create a navy adequate for defense. Forthwith the merchants whose ships were being destroyed in squadrons by French piracy offered to contribute their private funds to build a fleet of frigates that should reinforce the few naval vessels in commission or authorized.

It was a rally for the common good, a patriotic movement in which the spirit of '76 flamed anew. The principles that moved the American people were voiced by James McHenry, Secretary of War in 1789, in a letter to the Chairman of the Committee of the House of Representatives for the Protection of Commerce:

"France derives several important advantages from the system she is pursuing toward the United States. Besides the sweets of plunder obtained by her privateers she keeps in them a nursery of seamen to be drawn upon in conjunctures by the navy. She unfits by the same means the United States for energetic measures and thereby prepares us for the last degree of humiliation and subjection.

"To forbear under such circumstances from taking naval and military measures to secure our trade, defend our territories in case of invasion, and to prevent or suppress domestic insurrection, would be to offer up the United States a certain prey to France . . . and exhibit to the world a sad spectacle of national degradation and imbecility."

In June of the following year, Congress passed an act "to accept not exceeding twelve vessels on the credit of the United States, and to cause evidences of debt to be given therefor, allowing an interest thereon not exceeding six per cent." It was in accordance with this measure, which confessed that the United States was too poor to build a million dollars' worth of wooden ships of war from its treasury, that subscription



The frigate *Essex*, from the only painting made during her career at sea

The Building of the Essex

lists were opened at Newbury, Salem, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Norfolk, the citizens of each of these seaports making ready to contribute a frigate as a loan to the government. Even the infant city of Cincinnati subscribed toward equipping a galley for the defense of the Mississippi against the French.

At Salem, Elias Hasket Derby and William Gray, the two foremost shipping merchants of the town, led the subscription list with the sum of ten thousand dollars each, and in a few weeks \$74,700 had been raised in contributions as small as fifty dollars.

The Salem Gazette of October 26, 1798, contained this item: "At a meeting in the Courthouse in this town Tuesday evening last, of those gentlemen who have subscribed to build a ship for the service of the United States, it was voted unanimously to build a Frigate of thirty-two guns and to loan the same to the Government; and William Gray, jr., John Norris and Jacob Ashton, Esqr., Captain Benjamin Hodges and Captain Ichabod Nichols were chosen a committee to carry the same into immediate effect." Captain Joseph Waters was appointed General Agent, and Enos Briggs, a shipbuilder of Salem, was selected as master builder.

The Master Builder inserted this advertisement in the *Essex Gazette*:

"THE SALEM FRIGATE

"TAKE NOTICE.

"To Sons of Freedom! All true lovers of Liberty of your Country. Step forth and give your assistance in building the frigate to oppose French insolence and piracy. Let every man in possession of a white oak tree be ambitious to be foremost in hurrying down the timber to Salem where the noble structure is to be fabricated to maintain your rights upon the seas and

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make the name of America respected among the nations of the world. Your largest and longest trees are wanted, and the arms of them for knees and rising timber. Four trees are wanted for the keel, which altogether will measure 146 feet in length, and hew 16 inches square. Please to call on the subscriber who wants to make contracts for large or small quantities as may suit best and will pay the ready cash.

“ENOS BRIGGS.

“Salem, November 23, 1798.”

So enthusiastic was the response to the call for material that Master Builder Enos Briggs was obliged to have this advertisement printed:

“THE SALEM FRIGATE

“Through the medium of the *Gazette* the subscriber pays his acknowledgements to the good people of the county of Essex for their spirited exertions in bringing down the trees of the forest for building the Frigate. In the short space of four weeks the complement of timber has been furnished. Those who have contributed to their country’s defence are invited to come forward and receive the reward of their patriotism. They are informed that with permission of a kind Providence, who hath hitherto favored the undertaking,

Next September is the time
When we’ll launch her from the strand
And our cannon load and prime
With tribute due to Talleyrand.

“ENOS BRIGGS.

“Salem, Jan. 1, 1799.”

The great timbers for the ship’s hull were cut in the “wood lots” of Danvers, Peabody, Beverly and other near-by towns of Essex county and hauled through the snowy streets of Salem on sleds drawn by slow-moving oxen, while the people cheered

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them as they passed. The keel of the frigate was laid on the 13th of April, 1799, and she was launched five months and seventeen days later, on the 30th of September, Master Builder Briggs saving his reputation as a prophet by the narrowest possible margin.

The *Essex* was a Salem ship from keel to truck. Her cordage was made in three rope walks. Captain Jonathan Haraden, the most famous Salem privateersman of the Revolution, made the rigging for the mainmast at his factory in Brown Street. Joseph Vincent fitted out the foremast and Thomas Briggs the mizzenmast in their rigging lofts at the foot of the Common. When the huge hemp cables were ready to be carried to the frigate, the workmen who had made them conveyed them to the shipyard on their shoulders, the procession led by a fife and drum. Her sails were cut from duck woven for the purpose at Daniel Rust's factory in Broad Street, and her iron work was forged by the Salem shipsmiths. Six months before she slid into the harbor her white oak timbers were standing in the woodlands of Massachusetts.

The glorious event of her launching inspired the editor of the *Salem Gazette* to this flight of eulogy:

"And Adams said: 'Let there be a navy and there was a navy.' To build a navy was the advice of our venerable sage. How far it had been adhered to is demonstrated by almost every town in the United States that is capable of floating a galley or a gun-boat.

"Salem has not been backward in this laudable design. Impressed with a sense of the importance of a navy, the patriotic citizens of this town put out a subscription and thereby obtained an equivalent for building a vessel of force. Among the foremost in this good work were Messrs. Derby and Gray, who set the example by subscribing ten thousand dollars each. But alas, the former is no more—we trust his good deeds follow him.

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“Such was the patriotic zeal with which our citizens were inspired, that in the short space of six months they contracted for the materials and equipment of a frigate of thirty-two guns, and had her complete for launching. The chief part of her timber was standing but six months ago, and in a moment as it were, ‘every grove descended’ and put in force the patriotic intentions of those at whose expense she was built.

“Yesterday the Stars and Stripes were unfurled on board the frigate *Essex* and at 12 o'clock she made a majestic movement into her destined element, there to join her sister craft in repelling foreign aggressions and maintaining the rights and liberties of a ‘Great, Free, Powerful and Independent Nation.’

“The concourse of spectators was immense. The heart-felt satisfaction of the beholders of this magnificent spectacle was evinced by the concording shouts and huzzas of thousands which reiterated from every quarter.

“The unremitting zeal of Mr. Briggs, the architect of this beautiful ship, cannot be too highly applauded. His assiduity in bringing her into a state of such perfection in so short a time entitles him to the grateful thanks of his Country and we fondly hope his labors have not been spent in vain, for we may truly say that he has not ‘given rest to the sole of his foot’ since her keel was first laid. At least he will have the consolation of reflecting on the important service he has rendered his country in this notable undertaking.”

The guns of the frigate had been planted on a near-by hill, and as she took the water they thundered a salute which was echoed by the cannon of armed merchant vessels in the harbor. This famous frigate, literally built by the American people, their prayers and hopes wrought into every timber of her with the labor of their own hands, cost a trifle less than \$75,000 when turned over to the Government. The *Essex* was a large vessel for her time, measuring 850 tons. She was 146 feet in

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length "over all," while her keel was 118 feet long. Her beam was 37 feet and her depth of hold 12 feet 3 inches. The height between her gun deck and lower deck was only 5 feet 9 inches. Her mainmast was 85 feet long with a head of 12 feet. Above this was a topmast 55 feet long with a head of $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and towering skyward from the topmast her topgallant mast of 40 feet with a head of 15 feet. Her mainyard was 80 feet long.

Rigged as a three-masted ship, with an unusual spread of canvas, the *Essex* must have been a rarely beautiful marine picture when under way. The handling of such a majestic fabric as one of these old-time men-of-war is mirrored in the song of "The Fancy Frigate" which describes how such a ship as this noble *Essex* was manned by the hundreds of tars who swarmed among her widespread yards:

"Now my brave boys comes the best of the fun,
All hands to make sail, going large is the song.
From under two reefs in our topsails we lie,
Like a cloud in the air, in an instant must fly.
There's topsails, topgallant sails, and staysails too,
There is stu'n'sails and skysails, star gazers so high,
By the sound of one pipe everything it must fly.
Now, my brave boys, comes the best of the fun,
About ship and reef topsails in one.
All hands up aloft when the helm goes down,
Lower way topsails when the mainyard goes round.
Chase up and lie out and take two reefs in one,
In a moment of time all this work must be done.
Man your head braces, your haulyards and all,
And hoist away topsails when it's 'let go and haul,'
As for the use of tobacco all thoughts leave behind,
If you spit on the deck then your death warrant sign.
If you spit overboard either gangway or starn
You are sure of six dozen by way of no harm."

But before this "fancy frigate" of the American navy could get to sea, there was much to be done. Captain Richard Derby of Salem had been selected to command her, but he was abroad

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in one of his own ships and could not return home in time to equip the frigate for active service. Therefore, Captain Edward Preble of the navy was offered the command, which he accepted and hastened to Salem to put his battery and stores aboard and recruit a crew. It is related that when Captain Preble saw the armament that had been prepared for his ship he found the gun carriages not at all to his liking.

"Who built those gun carriages," he angrily demanded of Master Builder Briggs.

"Deacon Gould," was the answer.

"Send for Deacon Gould to meet me at the Sun tavern this evening," ordered Captain Preble.

Deacon Gould made his appearance and found Captain Preble waiting with somewhat of irritation in his demeanor. The deacon was a man of the most dignified port and he asked:

"What may be your will, Captain Preble?"

"You do not know how to make gun carriages, sir," exclaimed the fighting sailor.

"What's that you say, Captain Preble. What's that you say?" thundered Deacon Gould. "I knew how to make gun carriages before you were born, and if you say that word again I will take you across my knee and play Master Hacker* with you, sir."

Both men were of a hair-trigger temper and a clash was prevented by friends who happened to be in the tavern. Captain Preble proceeded to have the gun carriages cut down to suit him, however, as may be learned from the following entry in his sea journal kept on board the *Essex*:

"26 12-pound cannon were taken on board for the main battery; mounted them and found the carriages all too high; dismounted the cannon and sent the carriages ashore to be altered."

* Master Hacker was a Salem schoolmaster of that time.

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The battery of the *Essex* consisted of 26 12-pounders on the gun decks; 6 6-pounders on the quarter deck; 32 guns in all. During his first cruise at sea Captain Preble recommended to the Secretary of the Navy that 9-pounders replace the 6-pound guns on the quarterdeck which he thought strong enough to bear them, a tribute to honest construction by Master Builder Enos Briggs.

The official receipt of the acceptance of the *Essex* in behalf of the Government of the United States which Captain Preble gave the Salem committee reads as follows:

“The Committee for building a frigate in Salem for the United States having delivered to my charge the said frigate called the *Essex*, with her hull, masts, spars and rigging complete, and furnished her with one complete suit of sails, two bower cables and anchors, one stream cable and anchor, one hawser, and kedge anchor, one tow line, four boats and a full set of spare masts and spars except the lower masts and bowsprit, I have in behalf of the United States received the said frigate *Essex* and signed duplicate receipts for the same.

“EDWARD PREBLE, Captain, U. S. N.

“Salem, Dec. 17, 1799.”

This receipt was not given until Captain Preble had taken time to make a thorough examination of the vessel, for his first letter to the Secretary of the Navy concerning the *Essex* was written on November 17th, more than a month earlier than the foregoing document. He reported on this previous date:

“Sir. I have the honor to inform you that I arrived here last evening and have taken charge of the *Essex*. She is now completely rigged, has all her ballast on board, and her stock of water will be nearly complete by to-morrow night. . . .

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I am much in want of officers to attend the ship, and the recruiting service. I shall be obliged to open a rendezvous to-morrow to recruit men sufficient to make the ship safe at her anchors in case of a storm. I presume the *Essex* can be got ready for sea in thirty days if my recruiting instructions arrive soon. The agent, Mr. Waters, and the Committee are disposed to render me every assistance in their power.

“Very respectfully,

“Your obedient servant,

“EDWARD PREBLE, Capt.

“To the Hon. Secretary of the Navy, etc., etc.”

In another letter with the foregoing address Captain Preble wrote:

“I beg leave to recommend Mr. Rufus Low of Cape Ann for Sailing Master of the *Essex*. He has served as captain of a merchant ship for several years and has made several voyages to India and sustains a good reputation. His principal inducement for soliciting this appointment is the injuries he has sustained by the French.”

The crew of the *Essex*, officers and men, numbered two hundred and fifty when she went to sea. It was a ship's company of Americans of the English strain who had become native to the soil and cherished as hearty a hatred for the mother country as they did the most patriotic ardor for their new republic. There were only two “Macs” and one “O” on the ship's muster rolls, and men and boys were almost without exception of seafaring New England stock. In a letter of instructions to Captain Preble, the Secretary of the Navy, Benjamin Stoddard, wrote of the proposed complement of the *Essex*:

“Sixty able bodied seamen, seventy-three ordinary seamen, thirty boys, fifty marines including officers. Able seamen \$17 per month, ordinary seamen and boys \$5 to \$17.”

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Captain Preble was greatly pleased with the behavior of the frigate in her first "trying out" run from Salem to Newport. He wrote from sea to Joseph Waters:

"The *Essex* is a good sea boat and sails remarkably fast. She went eleven miles per hour with topgallant sails set and within six points of the wind."

He also wrote the Secretary of the Navy after leaving Newport:

"I have the honor to acquaint you that the *Essex* in coming out of the harbor sailed much faster than the *Congress*, and is, I think, in every respect a fine frigate."

Nor was this admiration limited to her own officers, for from the Cape of Good Hope, on her first deep-water cruise, Captain Preble wrote home:

"The *Essex* is much admired for the beauty of her construction by the officers of the British Navy."

In company with the frigate *Congress* the *Essex* sailed in January, 1800, for Batavia to convoy home a fleet of American merchantmen. Six days out the *Congress* was dismasted in a storm which the *Essex* weathered without damage and proceeded alone as the first American war vessel to double the Cape of Good Hope. Ten months later she reached the United States with her merchantmen. The *Essex* had not the good fortune to engage the enemy, for a treaty of peace with France was signed in February, 1801.

Captain Preble left the ship because of ill health, and in command of Captain Wm. Bainbridge, she joined the Mediterranean squadron of Commodore Richard Dale. She made two cruises in this service until 1805, and played a peaceful part on the naval list until the coming of the War of 1812. At that time the eighteen-gun ship *Wasp* was the only American war vessel on a foreign station. A small squadron was assembled at New York under Commodore Rodgers, comprising the

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President, Hornet and Essex. Captain David Porter had been given command of the *Essex* and he sailed with this squadron which was later reinforced by the ships assembled with the pennant of Commodore Decatur. The *Essex* took several prizes, and fought a fierce single-ship action with H. B. M. ship *Alert* of twenty guns and 100 men, which he captured.

The immortal cruise of the *Essex* under David Porter began when he was ordered to meet Bainbridge's ships, the *Constellation* and *Hornet* in South American waters. Failing to find the squadron at the rendezvous in the South Atlantic, in April David Porter headed for Cape Horn and the Pacific in search of British commerce. Early in 1813 he was able to report:

"I have completely broke up the British navigation in the Pacific; the vessels which had not been captured by me were laid up and dared not venture out. I have afforded the most ample protection to our own vessels which were on my arrival very numerous and unprotected. The valuable whale fishery there is entirely destroyed and the actual injury we have done them may be estimated at two and a half million dollars, independent of the vessels in search of me.

"They have furnished me amply with sails, cordage, cables, anchors, provisions, medicines, and stores of every description; and the slops on board have furnished clothing for my seamen. I have in fact lived on the enemy since I have been in that sea, every prize having proved a well-found store ship for me."

In letters from Valparaiso Captain Porter was informed that a British squadron commanded by Commodore James Hillyar was seeking him. This force comprised the frigate *Phoebe* of thirty-six guns, the *Raccoon* and *Cherub*, sloops of war, and a store ship of twenty guns. "My ship, as it may be supposed after being near a year at sea," wrote Captain Porter, "required some repairs to put her in a state to meet them; which I deter-

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mined to do and to bring them to action if I could meet them on nearly equal terms."

With this purpose in mind Captain Porter went in search of the British squadron. In his words: "I had done all the injury that could be done the British commerce in the Pacific, and still hoped to signalize my cruise by something more splendid before leaving that sea."

"Agreeably to his expectation," as Captain Porter phrased it, the *Phoebe* appeared at Valparaiso shortly after the arrival of the *Essex* in that port. But instead of offering a duel on even terms between the two frigates, the British Commodore brought with him the *Cherub* sloop of war. These two British vessels had a combined force of eighty-one guns and 500 men, as compared with the thirty-six guns and fewer than 300 men of the *Essex*. "Both ships had picked crews," said Captain Porter, "and were sent into the Pacific in company with the *Raccoon* of 32 guns and a store ship of 20 guns for the express purpose of seeking the *Essex*, and were prepared with flags bearing the motto, 'God and Country; British Sailors Best Rights; Traitors Offend Both.' This was intended as reply to my motto, 'Free Trade and Sailors' Rights,' under the erroneous impression that my crew were chiefly Englishmen, or to counteract its effect on their own crew . . . In reply to their motto, I wrote at my mizzen: 'God and Our Country; Tyrants Offend Them.'"

Alongside the *Essex* lay the *Essex, Junior*, an armed prize which carried twenty guns and sixty men. For six weeks the two American vessels lay in harbor while the British squadron cruised off shore to blockade them, "during which time, I endeavored to provoke a challenge," explained Captain Porter, "and frequently but ineffectually to bring the *Phoebe* alone to action, first with both my ships, and afterwards with my single ship with both crews on board. I was several times under

way and ascertained that I had greatly the advantage in point of sailing, and once succeeded in closing within gun shot of the *Phoebe*, and commenced a fire on her, when she ran down for the *Cherub* which was two miles and a half to leeward. This excited some surprise and expressions of indignation, as previous to my getting under way she hove to off the port, hoisted her motto flag and fired a gun to windward. Com. Hillyar seemed determined to avoid a contest with me on nearly equal terms and from his extreme prudence in keeping both his ships ever after constantly within hail of each other, there were no hopes of any advantages to my country from a long stay in port. I therefore determined to put to sea the first opportunity which should offer."

On the 28th of March, 1813, the day after this determination was formed, the wind blew so hard from the southward that the *Essex* parted her port cable, and dragged her starboard anchor out to sea. Not a moment was to be lost in getting sail on the ship to save her from stranding. Captain Porter saw a chance of crowding out to windward of the *Phoebe* and *Cherub*, but his maintopmast was carried away by a heavy squall, and in his disabled condition he tried to regain the port. Letting go his anchor in a small bay, within pistol shot of a neutral shore, he made haste to repair damages.

The *Phoebe* and *Cherub* bore down on the *Essex*, which was anchored in neutral water, their "motto flags," and union jacks flying from every masthead. The crippled *Essex* was made ready for action, and was attacked by both British ships at three o'clock in the afternoon. Describing the early part of the engagement Captain Porter reported to the Navy Department:

"My ship had received many injuries, and several had been killed and wounded; but my brave officers and men, notwithstanding the unfavorable circumstances under which we were brought to action and the powerful force opposed to us, were

in no way discouraged; and all appeared determined to defend their ship to the last extremity, and to die in preference to a shameful surrender. Our gaff with the ensign and the motto flag at the mizzen had been shot away, but 'Free Trade and Sailors' Rights' continued to fly at the fore. Our ensign was replaced by another and to guard against a similar event an ensign was made fast in the mizzen rigging, and several jacks were hoisted in different parts of the ship."

After hauling off to repair damages both the *Phoebe* and the *Cherub* stationed themselves on the starboard quarter of the *Essex* where her short carronades could not reach them and where her stern guns could not be brought to bear, for she was still at her forced anchorage. All the halyards of the *Essex* had been shot away, except those of the flying jib and with this sail hoisted the cable was cut and the stricken Yankee frigate staggered seaward with the intention of laying the *Phoebe* on board and fighting at close quarters.

For only a short time was Porter able to use his guns to advantage, however, for the *Cherub* was able to haul off at a distance and pound the *Essex* while the *Phoebe* picked her own range and shot the helpless frigate to pieces with her long eighteen-pounders. In the words of David Porter which seem worthy of quotation at some length:

"Many of my guns had been rendered useless by the enemy's shot, and many of them had their whole crews destroyed. We manned them again from those which were disabled and one gun in particular was three times manned—fifteen men were slain in the course of the action. Finding that the enemy had it in his power to choose his distance, I now gave up all hope of closing with him and as the wind for the moment seemed to favour the design, I determined to run her on shore, land my men, and destroy her."

But the wind shifted from landward and carried the *Essex*

toward the *Phoebe*, "when we were again exposed to a dreadful raking fire. My ship was now totally unmanageable; yet as her head was toward the enemy and he to leeward of me, I still hoped to be able to board him." This attempt failed, and a little later, the ship having caught fire in several places, "the crew who had by this time become so weakened that they all declared to me the impossibility of making further resistance, and entreated me to surrender my ship to save the wounded, as all further attempt at opposition must prove ineffectual, almost every gun being disabled by the destruction of their crew.

"I now sent for the officers of division to consult them and what was my surprise to find only acting Lieutenant Stephen Decatur M'Knight remaining . . . I was informed that the cockpit, the steerage, the wardroom and the berth deck could contain no more wounded, that the wounded were killed while the surgeons were dressing them, and that if something was not speedily done to prevent it, the ship would soon sink from the number of shot holes in her bottom. On sending for the carpenter he informed me that all his crew had been killed or wounded . . .

"The enemy from the smoothness of the water and the impossibility of reaching him with our carronades and the little apprehension that was excited by our fire, which had now become much slackened, was enabled to take aim at us as at a target; his shot never missed our hull and my ship was cut up in a manner which was perhaps never before witnessed; in fine, I saw no hopes of saving her, and at 20 minutes after 6 P. M. I gave the painful order to strike the colours. Seventy-five men, including officers, were all that remained of my whole crew after the action capable of doing duty and many of them severely wounded, some of them whom have since died. The enemy still continued his fire, and my brave, though unfortu-

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nate companions were still falling about me. I directed an opposite gun to be fired to show them we intended no farther resistance, but they did not desist; four men were killed at my side, and others at different parts of the ship. I now believed he intended to show us no quarter, that it would be as well to die with my flag flying as struck, and was on the point of again hoisting it when about 10 minutes after hauling down the colours he ceased firing."

Of a crew of 255 men who went into action, the *Essex* lost in killed, wounded, and missing no fewer than 153 officers, seamen and marines, including among the list of "slightly wounded" no less a name than that of "David G. Farragut, midshipman," who was destined to serve his country a full half century longer on the sea before his great chance should come to him on the quarterdeck of the *Hartford* in the Civil War.

Captain David Porter had been overmatched, fighting his crippled ship against hopeless odds until his decks were such an appalling scene of slaughter as has been recorded of few naval actions in history. But the Salem-built frigate *Essex* had fulfilled her destiny in a manner to make her nation proud unto this day of the men who sailed and fought her in the harbor of Valparaiso, many thousand miles from the New England shipyard where a patriotic town of seafarers had united with one common purpose to serve their country as best they could.

There was grief and indignation beyond words when the tidings reached Salem that the *Essex* had been taken, and bitter wrath against England was kindled by the conviction, right or wrong, that Commodore Hillyar had not played the part of an honorable foe in pitting both his fighting ships against the Yankee frigate. This impression was confirmed by that part of Captain Porter's official report which read:

"We have been unfortunate but not disgraced—the defence of the *Essex* had not been less honourable to her officers and

crew than the capture of an equal force; and I now consider my situation less unpleasant than that of Com. Hillyar, who in violation of every principle of honour and generosity, and regardless of the rights of nations, attacked the *Essex* in her crippled state within pistol shot of a neutral shore, when for six weeks I had daily offered him fair and honourable combat on terms greatly to his advantage. The blood of the slain must rest on his head; and he has yet to reconcile his conduct to heaven, to his conscience, and to the world."

In a later letter to the Secretary of the Navy Captain Porter added these charges:

"Sir: There are some facts relating to our enemy and although not connected with the action, serve to shew his perfidy and should be known.

"On Com. Hillyar's arrival at Valparaíso he ran the *Phoebe* close alongside the *Essex*, and inquired politely after my health, observing that his ship was cleared for action and his men prepared for boarding. I observed: 'Sir, if you by any accident get on board of me, I assure you that great confusion will take place; I am prepared to receive you and shall act only on the defensive.' He observed coolly and indifferently. 'Oh, sir, I have no such intention'; at this instant his ship took aback of my starboard bow, her yards nearly locking with those of the *Essex*, and in an instant my crew was ready to spring on her decks.

"Com. Hillyar exclaimed in great agitation: 'I had no intention of coming so near you; I am sorry I came so near you.' His ship fell off with her jib-boom over my stern; her bows exposed to my broadside, her stern to the stern fire of the *Essex, Junior*, her crew in the greatest confusion, and in fifteen minutes I could have taken or destroyed her. After he had brought his ship to anchor, Com. Hillyar and Capt. Tucker of the *Cherub* visited me on shore; when I asked him if he intended

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to respect the neutrality of the port: 'Sir,' said he, 'you have paid such respect to the neutrality of this port that I feel myself bound in honour, to do the same.'"

The behavior of Commander Hillyar after the action was most humane and courteous, and the lapse of time has sufficed to dispel somewhat of the bitterness of the American view-point toward him. If he was not as chivalrous as his Yankee foe-man believed to be demanded of the circumstances, he did his stern duty in destroying the *Essex* with as great advantage to himself as possible. Captain Porter had shown no mercy toward English shipping, and he was a menace to the British commerce, which must be put out of the way. The inflamed spirit of the American people at that time, however, was illustrated in a "broadside," or printed ballad displayed on the streets of Salem. This fiery document was entitled:

"CAPTURE OF THE ESSEX

"Free Trade and Sailors' Rights.

"Or, the In-glorious victory of the British with the *Phoebe*, Frigate, of 36 guns and 320 men and the *Cherub*, sloop of war, with 28 guns, and 180 men over the unfortunate *Essex*, Frigate of 32 guns and 255 men. Commanded by Captain *David Porter*. An action fought two hours and 57 minutes against a double complement of Men and force, by an enterprising and veteran Crew of Yankees."

The closing verses of this superheated ballad were:

"The ESSEX sorely rak'd and gall'd;
While able to defend her
The *Essex Crew* are not appall'd
They DIE but *don't* SURRENDER!
They fearless FIGHT, and FEARLESS DIE!
And now the scene is over;

The Ships and Sailors of Old Salem

For *Britain*, Nought but *Powers* on high
Their DAMNING SINS can Cover.
They MURDER and refuse to *save!*
With Malice Most infernal!!
Rest, *England's Glory* in the Grave,
'Tis INFAMY—ETERNAL!!!
Brave HULL and LAWRENCE fought your Tars
With honorable dealings;
For great as JOVE and brave as MARS
Are hearts of *Humane Feelings*
Our tears are render'd to the brave,
Our hearts' applause is given;
Their Names in Mem'ry we engrave,
Their spirits rest in Heaven;
Paroled see PORTER and his crew
In the ESSEX JUNIOR coasting;
They home return—hearts brave and true,
And scorn the *Britons* boasting—
Arrived—by all around belov'd,
With welcome shouts and chanting,
Brave Tars—all valiant and approv'd,
Be such Tars never Wanting.
Should Britain's *Sacrilegious* band
Yet tell her in her native land
Her *Deeds* are like her *Daring*,
That should she *not* with WISDOM haste
Her *miscreant* CRIMES undoing,
Her *Crown, Wealth, Empire, all* must waste
And sink in common RUIN."

One of the seamen of the *Essex* returned to his home at the end of the cruise and told these incidents of his shipmates as they have been preserved in the traditions of the town:

"John Ripley after losing his leg said: 'Farewell, boys, I can be of no use to you,' and flung himself overboard out of the bow port.

"John Alvinson received an eighteen-pound ball through the body; in the agony of death he exclaimed: 'Never mind, shipmates. I die in defence of 'Free Trade and Sailors' Rights' and expired with the word 'Rights' quivering on his lips.

CAPTURE OF THE ESSEX



In the glorious Victory of the British with the **PHOEBE**, Frigate of 38 guns, and 200 men, and the **CHERUB**, of 18 guns, and 105 men, over the unfortunate **ESSEX** PRICATE, of 38 guns, and 200 men, Commanded by Captain **DAVID PORTER**. An A day fought two hours and 37 minutes, against a double number of men and force, by an enterprising and veteran Crew of Yankees. The **ESSEX** has been almost entirely wrecked nearly two years; has made numerous Prizes, and has property now deposited in **VALPARAISO**, (S. A.) of Two Million Dollars — *These and Prospects for ever render illustrious the Navy of the United States.*

SONG two years since, the gallant ship,
"THE **ESSEX**," known as "Proud Ship,"
Just finished a building trip,
In honor of her Name, Sirs,
Long time she coasted far and wide,
And prospering took the ocean,
To climb the "New-to-Wave" and ride,
And range, thro' every Ocean,
On the west, with rapid stride,
Through friends, Foes, and Nations,
And as she moved, in all her pride,
Here'd their exclamations:
"With hope and fear, — thro', 'fair and foul,'
As changed the wind and weather;"
The Crew all bent a life and soul,
Kept on their course together;
Of power, strong, vigorous, British steel,
And all to hammer, swagging;
Where a rido would have laugh'd,
To hear their gleeful singing,
Where 'twould make a Yankee heart,
With true delight so gladome;
To see how each one did his part,
In work, night, rough or handsome,
So pass'd their days, by "glaze and glory,"
Substantive to their Duty.
But fear'd John Bull; nor **Hancock** Frog,
Nor shun'd grog, work, nor beauty;
Their Captain was a noble soul,
Belov'd by all the crew, Sirs;
It would have been a noble soul,
His widow know'd to do him,
Thus harmony prevail'd throughout,
Good order at each station;
Nor ever went the ship about,
But hourly blast their Nation;
To sound the "ship-shod" cry, climb,
And let in truth, her prime;
With all their wealth, for all the kind,
All Cragg all, strong does
At last, in Valparaiso port,
Her treasure all are danc'd,
She takes her station by the Port,
As who had been commend'd;
The **PHOEBE** FRIGATE then was seen,
Just "lying off and on," Sirs,
The **CHERUB** of 18, a vessel,
Just made a pair of all nations;
They mutiny were, at wealth and gain,
As proceed'd the story,
But in the endeavor of fight,
They list all right to glory,
The challenge to battle, to pass;
The **ESSEX** ran out far from pass;
Each one clung'd Neptune with a glance,
"Oh! brave and noble, cheerless,"
Nor **Neptune** yet a frosty hand,
Just brought a kind of small, then,
A thought — up, so out the stood,
"Gladly, my dear, ship, and all, then."

"This ship, indecisive" (was the cry)
"And who's left again boys?"
"Repair, no ready — ready by"
"Your **HONOR** to maintain, boys,"
For Yankee Tars are never afraid,
True **Honor** is their merit;
For Yankees never yet were made,
To feel a want of spirit,
"Guard well thy ship, — for **DOUBLE FORCE**,"
"Now threaten YOU disaster;"
Be cool, brave boys, and speed your courses;
"JOHN BULL" is an evil Master;
They come with all their **COWARD** rage,
With Threats and Gloom-coming;
Patriots and British foes combine,
In common resistance;
The **PHOEBE** and **CHERUB** seem on fire,
With smoke commix with blasing;
When all at once, they both retire,
While nations are gazing;
Quick they return, with **DOUBLE FORCE**,
And **DOUBLE FORCE** combining;
The eventful day blest Britain's worth,
To blood, their Flag consigning,
The **ESSEX** ready, and well pull'd;
While able to defend her,
The **ESSEX** Crew are not appall'd,
They **DIE** but don't **SURRENDER**;
They **FIGHT**, their Flag consigning,
And none the same in eyes;
For Britain — might, but Powers on high,
Their **DAMNING SINS** can cover,
They **MURDER** — with **refuse** to save;
With malice on the lips;
Rest, England's Glory, in the grave,
To **INFAMY** — **ETERNAL** !!!
Brave **BULL** and **LEW** **HENCH** fought your Tars,
With honorable deaths;
For great as **JIFF**, and brave as **ALAN**,
Are hearts of **Heaven** Resting,
Our tears are tender to the brave,
On hours, spirits, a give;
Their names, in Memory, we engrave,
Their spirits rest in Heaven;
Parole'd me **PORTER** and his crew,
In the **ESSEX** **CRUISE** sailing;
They home return, hearts brave and true,
And scorn the **British**, sailing;
Arrived — by all around, belov'd,
With welcome cheer and shouting,
Brave Tars — all return and approved,
Be such Tars never wanting,
Should **Braves** not religious hand,
The "British" be to spring;
Yet tell her, in her native land,
Her **Deeds** are like her **Dying**;
That should she see with **JOHN**, **DOM** **hail**,
Her **maxims** **CRIMINAL** **hail**;
Her **Crew**, **Heaven**, **hail**, all want made;
And and, in endless **REST** !!!

Broadside ballad published in Salem after the news was received of the loss of the *Essex*

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“James Anderson had his left leg shot off and died encouraging his comrades to fight bravely in defence of liberty. After the engagement Benjamin Hazen, having dressed himself in a clean shirt and jerkin, told what messmates of his that were left that he could never submit to be taken as a prisoner by the English and leaped into the sea where he was drowned.”

CHAPTER XVI

THE DAY'S WORK ON BLUE WATER

(1790-1802)

THE diary* of Dr. William Bentley, for many years a notable Salem clergyman, contains vivid glimpses of the life of the town as it had to do with the sea. He used to watch for incoming vessels, spyglass in hand, in a tower raised on the highest hill overlooking the harbor entrance. This lookout was built for him by one of his parishioners, Captain George Crowninshield. Above it was a flagstaff, from which waved the signals telling the safe arrival of some expected vessel. Sometimes it hung at half-mast to notify the townspeople of sorrowful news impending.

In his diary Doctor Bentley frequently made notes of those of his flock who desired special prayers said for their dear ones, and these entries have each its story of anxious separation with the gray sea rolling between. Under date of April 24, 1785, the list of prayers requested reads:

* In his diary Doctor Bentley achieved one masterpiece of characterization which, although it does not pertain to seafaring matters deserves record as illuminating the intellect of this doughty fighting parson of Salem. Under the date of December 23, 1800, he wrote:

"This morning died in Warner Street, Hubartus Mattoon, æt. 78. He was as far from beauty as he could be without deformity, and as brutal in his zeal as he could be without persecution. He was ignorant, noisy, petulant, but happily neither his organs nor his abilities made him intelligible. He was a blacksmith with the same fame as he was religious. There was no polish, no invention and no praise in what he did, more than in what he said. He declined at last into intemperance, dishonesty, and derangement, and died of a cancer which took away all of his face and made him as ghastly to behold as he was terrible to hear. His wife was glad he was dead and even Charity had not a tear, though she comforted him in his sickness and carried him to his grave. The race is extinct and like the Mammoth nothing is left but his bones."

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"Sunday, Notes for Martha Hodgdon, sick and Brother at Sea. Hannah Bushnel, for Sister's death and Brother at sea. Hannah Archer death of daughter and friend at Sea. Mary Whitford, death of Sister and friend at Sea. David Newhall, sick and son at Sea.

"August 13. Mary Lauchlin, delivery, and husband at Sea. Martha Gale, death of husband and brother at Sea. Mary Crowninshield, death of son-in-law, and Sons at Sea.

"July 3, 1791. Anna Bowditch, death of Husband, and prayer for her Brethren at Sea.

"Mary Bowditch, and children, death of her son, and for Sons at Sea. Mary Batten, sudden death of her only Son and for Son-in-law at Sea. Sarah Batten, sudden death of her husband and prayer for Brethren at Sea. Elizabeth Cotton, death of her Brother, and for her Husband and Brother at Sea. Elizabeth Mason, death of youngest child and prayer for husband and friends at sea . . . Preserved Elkins returns thanks for the remarkable preservation of her husband, asks prayers for his safe return and for absent Brethren."

Doctor Bentley enjoyed visiting his seafaring parishioners, from the wealthy shipowner to the humble retired seaman whose parlor floor was carpeted with white sand fancifully "heringboned" in patterned squares. Then the aged housewife would set out her best china which her husband had brought from Canton, and make a "nimble cake" to be served with hot sauce. After rounds of salty gossip, the pastor would set down in his diary items like these:

"Dec. (1786). News of the death of Captain Adam Wellman. There is something singular in this event. Wellman is the third Captain who has been part owner with Captain White in the same vessel and who has died in succession within the space of one year."

"Aug. 9, 1790. The Ship *Columbia* came in from around

the world; the first adventure from America and it is hoped with pleasing success."

"We are told that Mr. Derby expressed great dissatisfaction from the results of his Voyages, with the several persons employed by him."

"Oct. 27, 1790. Strange disorders in Manchester last Sunday. A Bradford of Rowley preached all day and in the evening discoursed upon the servant of Abraham sent to bring a wife for his son. He turned to the women and asked them whether they did not want a husband to go home Married to. A Crazy Man named Lee cried out: 'All want for a husband.' And Women fell into fits, and shrieks were heard, while an honest Tar standing by exclaiming, 'The Devil of a Wedding, Hollo, Boys, Hollo.'"

"Nov. 12, 1790. It is reported that Sinclair has returned from a Guinea voyage with the loss of all his crew. Notwithstanding the laws of the Commonwealth, there is not one man of spirit to stand forth and make inquiry into these detestable practices. I am informed that this daring Wretch who has made so much Mischief is engaging in another such a voyage."

"Dec. 5, 1790. This day sailed another Guinea-man commanded by one Grafton, a Man of Contemptible Character. It is said to be the property of Joseph White, Stone, Waters and the former master, one Sinclair."

"Jan. 20, 1791. Had some information respecting Coromandel Coast and Bengal from Captains B. Crowninshield and Gibant. The first testifies that he saw the funeral of a husband in which the wife was consumed. She was feeble, led round the pile by two Bramins, appeared wild and was suspected of taking opium. The fire was quickened by brimstone, etc., and the ashes swept into the River. She was very Young."

"April 7 (1791) the sale of India Goods closed this day at noon. The strangers retired after the first day, complaining

that they did not expect to purchase at retail, on account of the Small Lots. The third day was of sales upon the wharf, raisins, Teas, etc. The Sales of Tea were few. About 12 chests of Bohea. The fruit sold at a moderate advance. The usual artifice was employed of a Bidder for the owner which must leave much of the Goods unsold. From the care to spread the Advertisements, it was expected that a great Concourse of people, etc. Few rich merchants appeared."

"July 8 (1791). In consequence of the various distresses which we have suffered, numerous reports are spreading respecting the state of our absent friends, so that it has become a time of general disquietude. All are expecting ill news from their friends (at sea). Some of our fears we realize. Mr. Smith who married Lydia King has arrived from the East Indies, from Bengal, with Captain Rich of Boston and brings the news of the death of Mr. William Cotton, a most worthy young man who died at Batavia in Java of the fever in that place. He and Mr. Smith were Adventurers in the service of India Merchants upon high wages. The one has paid with his life and the other gives but poor recommendation to such temporary employment. He asserts that he has buried 12 hands of his crew and that he was sick in person nearly five months."

"July 30, 1791. Entertained by a Curious Captain Patrick Blake who told the story of his Pilot Nutting falling overboard drunk and having hold of the Tiller-rope, was by bringing to suddenly thrown into the Wake of the Vessel. And while they were anxiously fearing lest he should be sunk, without saying a word he was climbing up the side of the Vessel, and after his obtaining the deck he was cursing the loss of an old hat. Such an example of intemperance is one of the many proofs of its effect upon the understanding."

"Aug. 20th. Captain Hosmer assured me that Warden, an English sailor, who has acquired a handsome property, but was

enticed by an infamous house called Newtons, and was in a delirium taken from it, was sent by Mr. Gray on board his vessel as a foremast hand, and that a few nights after his departure from this Port he cut his throat, but being alarmed ceased in time to save his life."

"April 14, 1798. Tom Bowling, another Sailor was buried this day. Tom kept it up till the last breath, swearing, raving, praying and the last came in only by the edges. He was a true Sailor, lost one hand in the American service, knew a ship well, and had all the true manners of a Ship of War. The song, Tom Bowling, was sung in private houses by his friends, and what his true name was I never could learn."

In a list of 176 heads of families attending the East Meeting House of Salem in 1790, Doctor Bentley's diary shows that no fewer than forty-two of these were sea captains, thirty-three were mariners, and twenty-two were ship carpenters, rope makers, sail makers, boat builders and fishermen, or one hundred heads of families, in round numbers, who gained their living from the sea and its allied industries, considerably more than half the total enrollment of the parish.

The references to "Guinea men" in the foregoing quotations seem to demand some further account of Salem's share of the slave trade during her golden age. While Newport and Bristol, of all the New England ports, did the most roaring trade in slaves and rum with the west coast of Africa, Salem appears to have had comparatively few dealings with this kind of commerce. Slavers were fitted out and owned in Salem, but they were an inconsiderable part of the shipping activity, and almost the only records left to portray this darker side of seafaring America in the olden times are fragmentary references such as those already quoted and these which follow. There has been preserved a singularly pitiful letter from a Salem boy to his mother at home. It reads:

The Day's Work on Blue Water

“CAYENNE, April 23, 1789.

“HONOUR'D PARENT:

“I take this Opportunity to write Unto you to let you know of a very bad accident that Happen'd on our late passage from Cape Mount, on the Coast of Africa, bound to Cayenne. We sailed from Cape Mount the 13th of March with 36 Slaves on bord. The 26th day of March the Slaves Rised upon us. At half-past seven, my Sire and Hands being foreward Except the Man at the helm, and myself, three of the Slaves took Possession of the Caben, and two upon the Quarter Deck. Them in the Caben took Possession of the fier Arms, and them on the quarter Deck with the Ax and Cutlash and Other Weapons. Them in the Caben handed up Pistels to them on the quarter Deck.

“One of them fired and killed my Honoured Sire, and still we strove for to subdue them, and then we got on the Quarter Deck and killed two of them. One that was in the Caben was Comeing out at the Caben Windows in order to get on Deck, and we discovered him and Knock'd him overbord. Two being in the Caben we confined the Caben Doors so that they should not kill us.

“Then three men went foreward and got the three that was down their and brought them aft. And their being a Doctor on bord, a Passenger that could Speak the Tongue, he sent one of the boys down and Brought up some of the fier Arms and Powder. And then we Cal'd them up and one came up, and he Cal'd the other and he Came up. We put them In Irons and Chained them and then the Doctor Dres'd the People's Wounds, they being Slightly Wounded. Then it was one o'clock.

“They buried my Honoured Parent, he was buried as decent as he could be at Sea, the 16th of this Month. I scalt myself with hot Chocolate but now I am abel to walk about again. So I remain in good Health and hope to find you the Same and

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all my Sisters and Brothers and all that Inquires after Me.
We have sold part of the Slaves and I hope to be home soon.
So I Remain your Most Dutiful Son,

“WM. FAIRFIELD.

“Addressed to Mrs. Rebecca Fairfield,

“Salem, New England.”

Under date of May 29, 1789, Doctor Bentley wrote in his diary:

“On Wednesday went to Boston and returned on Friday. News of the death of Captain William Fairfield who commanded the Schooner which sailed in Captain Joseph White’s employ in the African Slave Trade. He was killed by the Negros on board.”

This following letter of instructions to one of the few Salem captains in the slave trade was written in 1785, under date of November 12th:

“Our brig of which you have the command, being cleared at the office, and being in every other respect complete for sea, our orders are that you embrace the first fair wind and make the best of your way to the Coast of Africa and there invest your cargo in slaves. As slaves, like other articles when brought to market, generally appear to the best advantage, therefore too critical an inspection cannot be paid to them before purchase; to see that no dangerous distemper is lurking about them, to attend particularly to their age, to their countenance, to the strength of their limbs, and as far as possible to the goodness or badness of their constitutions, etc., will be very considerable objects.

“Male or female slaves, whether full grown, or not, we cannot particularly instruct you about, and on this head shall only observe that prime male slaves generally sell best in any market. No people require more kind and tender treatment to exhilarate

their spirits than the Africans, and while on the one hand you are attentive to this, remember that, on the other hand, too much circumspection cannot be observed by yourself and people to prevent their taking advantage of such treatment by insurrection and so forth. When you consider that on the health of your slaves almost your whole voyage depends, you will particularly attend to smoking your vessel, washing her with vinegar, to the clarifying your water with lime or brimstone, and to cleanliness among your own people as well as among the slaves."

These singularly humane instructions are more or less typical of the conduct of the slave trade from New England during the eighteenth century when pious owners expressed the hope that "under the blessing of God" they might obtain full cargoes of negroes. The ships were roomy, comparatively comfortable quarters were provided, and every effort made to prevent losses by disease and shortage of water and provisions. It was not until the nations combined to drive the traffic from the high seas that slavers were built for speed, crammed to the hatches with tortured negroes and hard-driven for the West Indies and Liverpool and Charleston through the unspeakable horrors of the Middle Passage.

Salem records are not proud of even the small share of the town in this kind of commerce, and most of the family papers which dealt with slave trading have been purposely destroyed. It is true also that public sentiment opposed the traffic at an earlier date than in such other New England ports as Bristol and Newport. Slaves captured in British privateers during the Revolution were not permitted to be sold as property but were treated as prisoners of war. The refusal of Elias Hasket Derby to let his ship *Grand Turk* take slaves aboard on her first voyage to the Gold Coast was an unusual proceeding for a shipping merchant of that time. Nor according to Doctor

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Bentley was the slave trade in the best repute among the people of the place.

While Salem commerce was rising in a flood tide of enterprising achievement in the conquest of remote and mysterious markets on the other side of the globe, and the wounds left by the Revolution were scarcely healed, her ships began to bring home new tales of outrage at the hands of British, French and Spanish privateers and men-of-war. There was peace only in name. In 1790, or only seven years after the end of the Revolution, seamen were bitterly complaining of seizures and impressments by English ships, and the war with France was clouding the American horizon. The Algerine pirates also had renewed their informal activities against American shipping, and the shipmasters of Salem found themselves between several kinds of devils and the deep sea wherever they laid their courses.

The history of the sea holds few more extraordinary stories than that related of a Salem sailor and cherished in the maritime chronicles of the town.

"On the 14th of August, 1785, a French vessel from Martinique, bound to Bordeaux came up with the body of a man floating at some fifty rods distance. The captain ordered four men into the boat to pick it up. When brought on board, to the great surprise of the crew the supposed dead body breathed. Half an hour afterwards the man opened his eyes and exclaimed: 'O God, where am I?' On taking off his clothes to put him to bed it was discovered that he had on a cork jacket and trousers. It was afterwards ascertained that he had sailed from Salem in a brig bound to Madrid. The brig was attacked by Sallee pirates and captured. This sailor, pretending to be lame, was neglected by the Moors who had captured him. About 11 o'clock at night, having put on his cork apparatus, he let himself down from the forechains into the water unperceived. He swam about two days when he being quite ex-

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hausted, his senses left him, in which state he was discovered by the men from the Frigate. On his arrival at Bordeaux he was presented by the Chamber of Commerce with a purse of 300 crowns."

On February 10th, 1795, the following appeal was posted in the streets of Salem:

"For the purpose of taking into consideration the *unhappy situation* of the *unfortunate prisoners* at Algiers, and to devise some Method for carrying into effect a General Collection for their Relief on Thursday, the 19th day of the present Month!

"The Meeting is called by the desire of the Reverend Clergy and other Respectable Citizens of this Town who wish to have some System formed that will meet the Acceptance of the Inhabitants previous to the Day of Contribution.

"The *truly deplorable fate* of these *miserable captives* loudly calls for your Commiseration, and the Fervent Prayers they have addressed to you from their Gloomy Prisons ought to soften the most Adamantine Heart. They intreat you in the most Impassioned Language not to leave them to despair, but as *Prisoners of Hope*, let those of them who still survive the Plague, Pestilence, and Famine, anticipate the day that shall relieve them from the Cruel scourge of an Infidel, and restore them to the Arms of their long-bereaved Friends and Country.

"It is hoped the Humane and Benevolent will attend that Charity may not be defeated of her intended Sacrifice in the auspicious Festival, when the New World shall all be assembled, and the United States shall offer her tribute of Praise and Thanksgiving at the Altars of God."*

An item of the date of February 16th, 1794, records that "information is received that Edward Harwood, mate, James

* The 19th of February, 1795, was a day of National Thanksgiving ordered by proclamation of President Washington.

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Peas and Samuel Henry of Salem, lately returned from Algerine captivity were apportioned shares of a benefit previously taken for such sufferers at the Boston Theatre."

War between France and England for more than a decade involved American commerce in continued and severe depredations under pretext of violating the paper blockades or official decrees issued by one or another of the contestants. What this high-handed system of piracy and plunder meant to American shipping may be glimpsed from the following bits of news as they found place in the Salem annals of the time:*

"1787. Great excitement is caused among our commercial community by the report that English privateers in the West Indies had forced our seamen out of their vessels and impressed them into the British service.

"On the 15th of March, 1791, it is stated that our people in consequence of the vexations and spoliations committed on our commerce by the subjects of Great Britain and other foreign countries, meet and petition Congress to adopt suitable measures of redress."

A writer in the *Salem Gazette* of March 18, 1791, remarks:

"The last week has been a scene of general gloom and anxiety in this town. Every day has brought with it fresh intelligence of insults to our flag, abuse to our seamen, and destruction to our commerce. Our merchants have suspended their business, our sailors are wandering about for want of employment, and our laborers will soon be starving in idleness."

"1791. The schooner *Ruth* arrived here the 21st of March and her captain, Joseph Wood, reports that he was taken at St. Moran with others by the English and ordered to Port Royal, but afterwards he became accidentally separated from the brig-of-war that guarded them. Having two of his own

* Felt's *Annals of Salem*.

men left and two of the British on board he coolly told the latter he should shape his course homeward which he accordingly did."

"Captain Thomas Ashley comes home about this time and tells a great tale of what his own and other crews have suffered in the West Indies, after being captured by the British. It is calculated that the English have condemned 400 *American vessels* in the West Indies, of which Salem is said to have had a very full proportion.

"Committees of merchants in this and other towns meet on the 25th of April to consult upon means for the restoration of property captured by the English. They agree to memorialize Congress. Captain Ropes comes home as passenger in a vessel by which he had been picked up at sea. He reports that his vessel after a long detention was cleared at Dominica. All his crew had been previously taken from him except the mate and a boy. With these he sailed for home. Soon afterwards his vessel leaked and floundered, but they took to their boat and were providentially saved."

"The schooner *Swallow*, Captain Baker, arrived here the first week in July. He reported having been captured on our coast by a Bermudean privateer who took out most of his men, and put on board a prizemaster and five hands. He, however, bravely made an attempt to overcome them and succeeded in retaking his vessel."

"1794. Captain Flint of the schooner *Cynthia* is captured by a privateer and all but himself taken out of his vessel, and eight others put on board to supply their places. With so great odds, he succeeded in gaining over three Bermudians. Thus assisted he confined the rest in the cabin, and kept on deck night and day until he reached home."

"Many complaints are made during the month of May that our vessels continue to be a prey to French and English priva-

teers and our men victims to British press gangs. Many Salem ships with valuable cargoes have been captured whilst on their return from East Indian and other Foreign ports, their cargoes confiscated and with the vessels appropriated by the French to their own use."

"Information is received here August 16th from William Thomas with other impressed seamen on board the British frigate *Assistance* in Halifax, stating that 'he was flogged daily because some of the others had run away, and that he should die under such cruel severity unless soon released.' It is reported under date of Dec. 20th that James Barnes, a native of Salem and having a family here had recently escaped from an English Frigate in the West Indies. He was held in their vile durance seven months. When impressed he was second mate of the ship *Astrea* of New York. At the point of the sword he was forced into several battles with the French. Once he swam with a messmate to an American vessel whose captain did not dare to take them on board. They were compelled to return and whilst in the act of so doing Barne's companion was killed by a shark. To all such sufferers 'Free Trade and Sailors' Rights' are no unmeaning sounds."

"News from St. Eustacia is received here on the 20th of January, 1794, that in an unsuccessful attack of the English there one of their Frigates ran down a sloop commanded by Benjamin Diamond of Salem who had been carried thither by a French privateer. He being on shore was saved while his mate and three others were drowned. His heart, he states, was greatly pained to see one of them waving a handkerchief on the top of a mast for relief, and sink before any boat could get to his rescue. March 4th, tidings are received here that among the several captures of our vessels by the French was the ship *Eliza*, Captain George Hodges, bound to Canton. It is also stated under the same date that complaint is louder

and more bitter; that our neutral position is grossly violated by the two belligerents.

"July 24th, this year, a curious statement is made of Captain Jonathan Carnes of the schooner *Rajah*, then on the coast of Sumatra. It appears that the commander of a French privateer, supposing that Carnes was an Englishman attacked him in the night. Captain Carnes thought *them* to be Malays and a desperate conflict immediately ensued. The mistake was not discovered till one of his men had a hand cut off, and a French lieutenant was killed. Afterwards as the result of a parley, the French apologized and was suffered to depart in peace."

April 10, 1798. "The subject of arming our merchant vessels is being often and excitedly discussed. Many fear that if done this will lead to a desolating war. Others contend that it should be resorted to as the only means of effectually preventing farther and more frequent aggressions on our maritime rights."

"Information is received here that on the 27th of April, Captain George Ropes in the brig *Patty* on his passage to the Spanish Main is taken by a French privateer. Only himself and two boys were left, under the guard of seven Frenchmen. He soon succeeded in overpowering and forcing them into a boat, with which on the 5th of May they reached St. Thomas. But the gallant Captain did not long enjoy his freedom, as he was soon afterwards taken by another French privateer. Under the threat of death one of the boys disclosed the fact that Capt. Ropes had recaptured his own vessel, which led to his being very cruelly treated, however, he reached his home in safety."

"Captain Josiah Orne is reported as sailing June 19th, 1798, in the ship *Ulysses* with 10 guns and 25 men for Batavia. About the same time wooden guns are advertised as scarecrows for our merchantmen. With the mixture of a few iron ones they make a very formidable appearance."

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In 1799 the ship *Concord* sailed on one of the earliest round-the-world voyages made by an American vessel. She was fitted out for sealing among the islands off the Southern Pacific coast of South America, thence taking her cargo of skins to China. A youth of the crew, Nathaniel Appleton of Salem, kept a log, which is to be found among the old sea journals stored in the Essex Institute. The chronic desire of the seamen of the time to play Robinson Crusoe and set up kingdoms on far-away islands played hob with discipline and caused the captains many anxious hours. The *Concord's* log, written somewhat more than a century ago, holds within its tattered covers such illuminating entries as the following:

"This is by far the worst weather that ever I saw; however, the moon changes to-morrow; the sailors seem to have great faith in that. I hope they will not be disappointed, for I am heartily sick of this plaguey, dirty, good for nothing weather. I would advise no one to come around Cape Horn for pleasure.

"March 15 (1800) Island of Mocha and St. Mary's in Olive Bay for water. Saw a great many apple trees but no apples, strawberry vines but no berries, blue berries unripe. There is a garden here which I suppose some of the whalers planted, pease, beans, cabbages, potatoes, just come up.

"17th. In the course of the night Glover and Drown, two of our seamen stole the yawl and run on shore with all their clothes. We found the boat, but can't find the men.

"18th. Saw those two fellows that run ashore, but there is so much wood and swamp that it is impossible to catch them.

"20th. Glover, the fellow that run away, came and said he was very sorry, etc.

"22d. Sent the boat on shore to fill three barrels of water which were empty. Moser, one of our hands, gave us the slip. We supposed at first that he went to take a walk and did not come back in time to come off in the boat. After the boat

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came on board we saw him on the beach, sent the boat after him, but he ran into the woods. The people are all dissatisfied that two men are gone, that they will have to do the work and have no benefit. And as they have been mutinous of late, I have engaged, provided they can't catch the men, to give each his proportion according to the days they ship.

"March 23rd. Sent two boat crews on shore to try to catch those Infernal Rascals. Caught Drown but Moser kept his distance. Night calm, some hands ashore to catch the Villian. No Moser to be found. The fellow must be a plagy fool, for he's got no clothes but what he has on—no fire works,* nor nothing of the kind.

"24th. The captain with a boat's crew on shore to try to find Moser but all in vain. At eleven saw Moser on the beach making signals to come off. Sent the boat to fetch him. We have got all the crew again to my great joy.

"(Masafuero), St. Ambrose. April 12th. Drown, one of the fellows that run away, swears by all that's good that he will not work. I suppose we must tie him in the shrouds and give him a plagy flogging which is very disagreeable, but there is no help for it.

"At Islands of St. Felix and St. Ambrose, April 15th. Mr. Bunker, the mate, says that Warner, the master of the sealing gang left here by a Boston ship, had been giving our people grog, etc., till they were tipsy, then telling them how ungenerous it was to come here to seal when he had got possession of ye island first. A glass of grog will get a sailor over to your side any time, and the people refused to work. However, by using a few harsh words and threats they came to and things appear to be quiet at present. This voyage will end somehow or other—but I can't tell at present how.

"From Pisco towards Island of Lobos. June 21st. They

* Flint and steel.

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have no rain here, but the dew from Heaven waters their plants. If I had not heard it was the dew from Heaven I should think it was the fumes of Hell. 'Tis the most disagreeable weather that ever I saw."

In such homely chronicles as these is reflected one phase of the spirit of the coastwise towns of old New England. Able seamen Drown and Moser, "the plagy rascals," had got it in their noddles that a desert island already planted with fruit and vegetables would be a rare habitat for a couple of Yankee sovereigns, but they lacked the temper of such adventurous solitaires as John Young and Isaac Davis, who were living with the natives of the Sandwich Islands almost a hundred years ago, or of David Whepley, the Yankee whaler who ruled as a chief among the Fijis in the early days of South Pacific trade.

The sea journal of Captain John White, who went to China in the brig *Franklin* in 1819, contains the condensed narrative of another attractive figure in Salem shipping history, a sailor "who would be king" of a remote speck of an island in the South Atlantic, between Cape Horn and Good Hope:

"On the twelfth of March, we saw and passed the island of Tristan d'Acunha. This island was taken formal possession of in 1814 by Jonathan Lambert of Salem. He issued a proclamation setting forth his rights to the soil, and invited navigators of all nations, whose routes might lie near the island, to touch at his settlement for supplies needed on a long passage; and which he anticipated his industry would draw from the earth and the adjacent sea. He signified his readiness to receive in payment for his products, which consisted of vegetables, fruit and fish, whatever might be most convenient for his visitors to part with, which could in any way be useful to him and his associates in their solitary abode.

"For the purpose of being able to fully carry out his plans, Mr. Lambert took with him to the island various implements

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of husbandry, seeds of the most useful culinary plants which grew in the United States, tropical trees for transplanting, etc. After Lambert had been on the island about two years, it was apparent that his efforts would be crowned with success, but unfortunately he was drowned soon after, while on a visit to one of the adjacent islands. Disheartened by this unfortunate occurrence, Lambert's associates, shortly after his death, left the islands in a ship which touched there."

Those boys whose ambitions turned seaward at an age when the youngsters of to-day are in grammar school took the day's work as they found it without complaint. The diary of one of them has fortunately been preserved in Salem, and its pictures of life aboard ship more than a century ago have a genuine appeal. Charles Francis Waldo was the lad's name, and he sailed from Boston in the ship *Indus* in 1802 for Canton and Batavia. He wrote in his sea journal of such incidents as the following:

"Thus after having sustained innumerable hardships, having escaped from the very jaws of death, having the misfortune to be dismasted; the ship's springing a leak, seven feet of water in the hold and a number of our people disabled; arriving at Batavia with our cargo principally damaged, and under the necessity of discharging it; of remaining upwards of three months in that unhealthy climate, and of losing one of our people, we have at last the pleasure of bidding a final adieu to the farther Indies, and of being once more under sail for Boston . . .

"Since leaving Batavia we have experienced a material difference in the treatment on board and find the misfortunes of the Voyage have considerably added to the asperity of the captain's temper, he being most generally out of sorts and nothing pleasing him. A laughable circumstance took place the other day respecting him. Missing his hat, he made

diligent search for it, and likewise ordered one of the people to look for it. Not being able to find it, he flew into a violent passion, accusing him of secreting it, and threatening to horse-whip him if it was not immediately produced. At length after a very strict search and more noise, happening to put his hand upon his own poll, *he found it there* . . .

“Another proof of the captain’s good humor took place the other day. Between the cook and steward, two quarts of rice was boiled and carried upon the table for breakfast. The rice on account of our water being thick was rather coloured, which displeased the Captain who thought it was the Cook’s fault. He called him down below and obliged him to eat the whole of it, able or unable, upon pain of a severe flogging, and enforced his command with horsewhip in hand, which he in the mean time occasionally laid across the steward’s back for bringing the rice. The poor fellow threw it up in a short time, or I know not what would have been the consequences of such an unmerciful cramming. . . .

“As a fresh proof of the Captain’s good nature, after making sail and finding the ship *Herald* considerably beating us, he called all hands, reefed the topsails, sent down the topgallant yards, and a gale ensuing, continued to keep all hands upon deck during the whole of it. And on the following Sunday not being able to find anything else, made us set up the lower fore rigging. So much for him! However, we are all in good spirits, homeward bound, and in the prospect of seeing Boston in two months. . . .

“During the preceding days our situation had been very disagreeable having but three casks of water on board. Continued calms or head winds, and no rain falling, we have the dreadful prospect of soon perishing with thirst if not favoured with a fair breeze or a sufficiency of rain. Indeed our allowance of every other article is rather short. Those that live on shore

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and have an abundance of that most necessary article of life know not what a luxury a sufficiency of water is to a sailor. To be confined within the limits of a ship, with a very small quantity of water on board, without winds or rain and no possible way of obtaining even one drop more with the prospect of soon perishing with thirst, the most horrid of all deaths, is a situation that surpasses description. . . . Thanks to the Almighty Ruler of the Seas, we are again favoured with a breeze and the prospects of soon being at St. Helena. . . .”

CHAPTER XVII

THE FIRST AMERICAN VOYAGERS TO JAPAN

(1799–1801)

IT is commonly assumed that until the memorable visit of Commodore Perry's squadron in 1853 shattered the ancient isolation of Japan, no American ship had ever been permitted to trade or tarry in a port of that nation. More than half a century, however, before the tenacious diplomacy of Matthew C. Perry had wrested a treaty "of friendship and commerce," at least three Yankee vessels had carried cargoes to and from Nagasaki.

It was in 1799 that the ship *Franklin*, owned in Boston and commanded by Captain James Devereux of Salem, won the historical distinction of being the first American vessel to find a friendly greeting in a harbor of Japan. In 1800, the Boston ship *Massachusetts* sailed to Nagasaki on a like errand, and her captain's clerk, William Cleveland of Salem, kept a detailed journal of this unusual voyage, which record, because of its length, is dealt with in a separate chapter following this account of the adventures of the *Franklin*, and of the Salem ship *Margaret* which went from Batavia to Nagasaki in 1801. Aboard the *Margaret*, Captain S. G. Derby, was a crew of Salem men, among them George Cleveland, captain's clerk, brother of William Cleveland, who filled a similar berth in the *Massachusetts* and also kept a journal.

In the logs and journals of these three voyages, as written by three seafarers of Salem more than a century ago, has been preserved a wealth of adventure, incident and description which

Journal of a Voyage from Batavia towards Japan
W. H. Courtenay M.D. in Remarks on Monday July 20.

At 1 PM came abreast the North
 Cavalas saluted with 9 Guns. At the
 Patenburg point we again saluted with
 9 Guns. At 2 PM two other Barges
 of Custom House Officers came on board
 whom we saluted with 9 Guns, when
 abreast the Watch Tower we fired
 two salutes of 9 Guns each, and at
 3 PM came to anchor in the roads
 of Nagasaki, saluted the City with
 13 Guns.

Page from the log of the *Margaret*, describing her arrival at Nagasaki and the
 prodigious amount of saluting required



The good ship *Franklin*

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to-day sound as archaic as a chapter of the history of the Middle Ages in Europe. Excepting a handful of Dutch traders, these three ships visited a land as strange and unknown to the outside world as was the heart of Thibet a dozen years ago. They sailed to the Orient as pioneers of American commerce, and while at Batavia seeking cargo were chartered by the Dutch East India Company for the annual voyage to Japan.

When the ship *Franklin* set sail from Batavia for Nagasaki, in 1799, only the Dutch were permitted to hold foreign intercourse with the land of the Shoguns and the Samurai. They had maintained their singular commercial monopoly for two centuries at a price which was measured in the deepest degradation of national and individual dignity and self-respect. The few Dutch merchants suffered to reside in Japan were little better off than prisoners, restricted to a small island in Nagasaki harbor, leaving it only once in four years when the Resident, or chief agent, journeyed to Yeddo to offer gifts and obeisance to the Shogun. At this audience, which took place in the "Hall of a Hundred Mats," the Dutch Resident "crept forward on his hands and feet, and falling on his knees bowed his head to the ground and retired again in absolute silence, crawling exactly like a crab." To add insult to injury, the Shogun usually sat hidden behind a curtain.

After this exhibition the envoys were led further into the palace and ordered to amuse the Court. "Now we had to rise and walk to and fro, now to exchange compliments with each other," wrote one of them, "then to dance, jump, represent a drunken man, speak broken Japanese, paint, read Dutch, German, sing, put on our cloaks and throw them off again, etc., I, for my part, singing a German love ditty."

Of their life on the islet of Dezima, where the little colony of Dutch traders was guarded and confined, this same chronicler, Kaempfer, remarks:

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"In this service we have to put up with many insulting regulations at the hands of these proud heathens. We may not keep Sundays or fast days, or allow our spiritual hymns or prayers to be heard; never mention the name of Christ, nor carry with us any representation of the Cross or any external sign of Christianity. Besides these things we have to submit to many other insulting imputations which are always painful to a noble heart. The reason which impels the Dutch to bear all these sufferings so patiently is simply the love of gain."

In return for these humiliations the Dutch East India Company was permitted to send one or two ships a year from Batavia to Japan and to export a cargo of copper, silk, gold, camphor, porcelain and bronze which returned immense profits.

This curious system of commerce was in operation when the ship *Franklin* cleared from Boston for Batavia in 1798. His owner's letter of instructions ordered Captain Devereux to load Java coffee in bulk and to return with all possible expedition. As was customary, the ship's company was given a share in the profits of the voyage, as defined in a letter to the captain:

"We allow your first and second officers two and one-half tons privilege, and one ton to your third mate, your sailors will be allowed to bring their adventures in their chests and not otherwise. Your own privilege will be five per cent. of the whole amount which the ship may bring and 'tis our orders that she be completely filled."

When Captain Devereux arrived at Batavia in April, 1799, he learned that the Dutch East India Company was in need of a ship to make one of the annual voyages to Japan. The Salem shipmaster and his supercargo perceived that a large extra profit could be gleaned in such a venture as this, after which the ship might return for her cargo of coffee and go home to Boston as planned.

This Batavia charter was an attractive adventure which

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promised to fatten both the owner's returns and the "privileges" of the ship's company, and after considerable preliminary skirmishing between the hard-headed Dutchmen and the keen-witted Yankee seafarers, an agreement was reached which has been preserved in the log of the *Franklin*. It is a valuable fragment of history in itself, for it recites the elaborate formalities and restrictions imposed upon foreign visitors by the Japanese of a century and more ago. The document is entitled:

"The Ship *Franklin's* Charter Party for a Voyage from Batavia to Japan, June the 16th, 1799."

It begins as follows:

"We, the undersigned, Johannes Siberg, Commissary General, etc., etc., on the one part, and Walter Burling, supercargo of the American ship *Franklin* at present at anchor in this Road, of the burthen of 200 tons, commanded by James Devereux, on the other part, do Declare and Certify to have agreed with respect to the Charter of said ship as follows."

It is then stipulated in the articles that the *Franklin* shall carry to Japan a cargo of cloves in sacks, cotton yarns, pieces of chintz, sugar, tin, black pepper, sapan-wood, elephants' teeth, and mummie, and supplies for the Company's agents in Nagasaki. The vessel is to bring back to Batavia a cargo of copper, camphor, boxes and boards. Her charter price or freight is to be paid Captain Devereux in coffee, sugar, black pepper, cloves, indigo, tin, cinnamon and nutmegs.

After no fewer than ten numbered articles of instruction it is provided that "the Capt., James Devereux, as soon as the cargo shall be on board and his ship's company in a proper situation, shall proceed with his said ship to the port of her destination and there being discharged and reloaded shall continue his voyage with the utmost diligence toward this metropolis, and that he shall not under any pretext whatever, approach or enter into any other port, either on his passage to

Japan or on his return, unless he is forced by urgent necessity which he must justify on his return in a satisfactory manner."

It would seem that not even the Dutch were always certain of a hospitable reception at the hands of the haughty Japanese, for in "article 13th" it is stated that "if by any unforeseen circumstances the ship should not be allowed to enter the port of Japan, and by that reason the Captain should be obliged to return with the cargo he took from here, then after his arrival here, and having discharged the cargo he took away, the freighter shall pay the freight agreed upon, of thirty thousand piasters in produce as mentioned in article 4th."

The thrifty Dutch inserted an article to read:

"If any of the ship's company should be sick at Japan they may be received in the Hospital on condition that they shall be taken on board the ship at the time of her departure, and the expense incurred will be for account of the letter (the ship)."

Having endeavored to protect themselves against every chance of loss or delay in a document well nigh as long as the Declaration of Independence, the officials in Batavia drew up the following letter:

"Instructions from the Dutch East India Company for Captain James Devereux on his arrival at Japan:

"When you get to the latitude of 26 or 27, it will be necessary to have everything in readiness to comply with the ceremonies which the Japanese are accustomed to see performed by the ships of the Company.

"1st. You will have all your colors in order to dress the ship on her entrance into port.

"2nd. There must be a table prepared on the quarterdeck which must be covered with a piece of cloth and two cushions for the officers to sit upon when they come on board.

"3rd. It is indispensably necessary to have a list of all the people on board, passengers and officers, their stations and age.

“4th. All the books of the people and officers, particularly religious books must be put into a cask and headed up; the officers from the shore will put their seals upon the cask and take it on shore, and on the departure of the ship will bring it on board without having opened it.

“Before your arrival at Japan you must make the people deliver you their money and keep it until your departure; this will not be attended with inconvenience as at Japan nothing is bought for cash, but they may change their specie for cam-bang money, and then make their trade, but this must be done by the Captain.

“6th. When you are in sight of Japan, you must hoist a Dutch pendant and ensign in their proper places as if you were a Dutch ship.

“7th. When the Cavalles are on your starboard hand and the Island of Japan on your larboard you must salute the guard on the Cavalles with nine guns.

“8th. After that you pass on the larboard side of Papenburg and salute with nine guns.

“9th. You then pass the guards of the Emperor on the starboard and larboard nearly at the same time, and salute them with 7 or 9 guns, the first all starboard guns, the second all larboard.

“10th. You then advance into the Road of Nangazacky (Nagasaki), and after anchoring salute with 13 guns.

“11th. When you enter the Cavalles, the Commissaries of the Chief will come on board and you must salute them with 9 guns; at the same time, if it is practicable, hoist some colors to the yards as a compliment to them; it is immaterial what colors you dress your ship with except Spanish or Portuguese—it is, however, necessary to recollect that the Dutch colors must be always in their proper place as if the ship was of that nation.

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"12th. When the Commissaries return on shore, you must salute them with nine guns.

"13th. You must be very particular in letting the boats which are around the ship know when you are going to fire as if you were to hurt any of them the consequences would be very important.

"14th. After you have anchored and saluted the harbor, the officers examine the list of your people and compare them with the number on board. After having received them those who wish it can go on shore, but before the Japanese land, all the arms and ammunition must be sent on shore, and it will be proper that everything of the kind should be landed, as they search the ship after she is unloaded. On your departure they will return it all on board. If there should by any mistake be any powder or firearms left on board, you must be very careful that not so much as a pistol be fired until the return of the ammunition which was landed.

"The agents of the Company will instruct you respecting the other ceremonies to be observed."

Captain Devereux's log records that he burned the prodigious amount of powder required and successfully steered a course through the other complex ceremonies, nautical and commercial, without ruffling Japanese dignity in any way. The *Franklin* lay in Nagasaki harbor for almost four months after which she returned to Batavia, to the satisfaction of the East India Company. Thence she sailed for Boston with so large a cargo of coffee, sugar and spices that it overflowed the hold and filled the after cabin. The captain and officers berthed in a makeshift "coach-house" knocked together on deck, but made no complaint as their several "adventures" had been richly increased by the voyage and trading with the Japanese.

In more than one stout old Salem mansion are treasured souvenirs of the voyage of the *Franklin*. According to a

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memorandum of "a sale of sundries received by ship *Franklin* from Japan, Captain Devereux brought home as part of his adventure, "cabinets, tea trays, boxes of birds, waiters, boxes of fans, nests of pans, camphor wood, mats, kuspидors, together with inlaid tables and carved screens."

In 1801, or two years later, the *Margaret* of Salem lay in Nagasaki as a chartered trader. George Cleveland, of a famous family of Salem mariners, who sailed as the captain's clerk, kept the log and journal of this voyage, and his narrative contains much of interest concerning the early relations between the Japanese and the people of other countries.

"In the autumn of 1800," he wrote soon after his return, "the ship *Margaret*, built by Mr. Becket of this town, and owned by the late Col. Benj. Pickman, John Derby, Esq., and Captain Samuel Derby who was to command her, was launched. On the 25th November we left Salem harbor bound for the East Indies, and probably a finer, a better-fitted or better-manned ship never left this port before. We carried 6 guns and 20 men; most of the crew were fine young men in the bloom of youth. I will enumerate those who lived many years after, namely: S. G. Derby, captain; Thomas West, second mate; L. Stetson, carpenter; Samuel Ray, Joseph Preston, Israel Phippen, Anthony D. Caulfield and P. Dwyer, Thatcher and myself.

"We soon found on leaving port what a fast sailing ship the *Margaret* was. When we were out eleven days we fell in with the barque *Two Brothers*, Captain John Holman, who had left Salem some days before us, bound for Leghorn. We made him ahead in the afternoon steering the same course we were, and before night we were up alongside and spoke him. The next day we fell in with a fleet of merchantmen, convoyed by a frigate which was under very short sail, and kept all snug until she had got into our wake, when she set sail in chase, but we

distanced her so much that in a very short time she gave it up and took in her sails and rejoined the fleet.

“On the 4th of February, 1801, we anchored in Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope. We saluted the Admiral’s flag, which civility was returned. On the 10th February we left, bound to Sumatra, and found it difficult to get to the westward as winds and currents were against us. After a tedious passage we anchored in Bencoolen Roads, 136 days from Salem, including our stoppage at the Cape. As nothing could be done to advantage here we proceeded to Batavia and arrived there on the 25th of April.

“Captain Derby soon made a bargain with the agents of the East India Company to take the annual freights to and from Japan, and as it was the custom from time immemorial that the Japan ship should sail on a certain day, and as that day was some time ahead, it was necessary to find some employment for the vessel previously, as it was dangerous to the health of crews to be lying any time in Batavia Roads. The Company offered Captain Derby a freight of coffee from a port a short distance to the eastward, which he readily accepted. This wore away twelve or fourteen days of the time, and added to the profits of the voyage.

“The cargo for Japan consisted of a great variety of articles, such as the Dutch had been in the habit of shipping for nearly two centuries. It was composed of sugar, spices, sapan wood, sandal wood, rattans, glassware, cloths, medicines, and various other articles, and as everything was to be done according to a prescribed rule, and as we were not to sail until a certain day in June, we had time enough to do all things right as regards receiving and stowing the cargo.

“We weighed anchor at 8 A. M., on the 20th June, 1801. We had as passenger a young Dutchman who was going out as clerk to the establishment in Japan. On the morning of

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July 16th, we made the islands of Casique and St. Clara which are near the harbor of Nangasacca (Nagasaki), our destined port. On the 18th two fishing boats came alongside and supplied us with fish. On Sunday, 19th, we were so near that we hoisted twenty different colors and in the afternoon entered the harbour of Nangasacca. We had much ceremony to go through in entering this port, which is considered indispensable, among other things to fire several salutes.

"The day after our arrival I landed on the Island of Decima,* a little island connected with the city of Nangasacca by a bridge. It is walled all round and here the Dutch residents are obliged to pass their lives. Provisions are very dear and everything had to be passed through the hands of a compradore and he, no doubt, put upon them a large profit. We had excellent sweet potatoes and mackerel, and sometimes pork and fowls, and the bread was as good as any country could produce.

"Captain Derby, Mr. West and myself carried several articles of merchandise on our own account. This has always been allowed to the Dutch captains, but then the sale of these articles must be made by the Japanese government. All these articles were landed on the island, opened and displayed in a warehouse and on certain days the (Japanese) merchants were allowed to go on the Island to examine them. Nothing could exceed the minuteness with which they examined everything. Among other articles we had a quantity of tumblers and wine glasses; these they measured with the greatest care, running their fingers over every part to determine what irregularities there were on the surface, and then holding each piece up to the light to see the colour. They also made drawings of the different description of pieces.

* The name of this island is spelled Decima, Disma, Deshima, by the sailor diarists. In the official records of Commodore Perry's voyage it is spelled Dezima.

“After this investigation they marked on their memorandums the number of the lot and the results of their investigations. Everything we had to sell went through a similar ordeal so that to us, who were lookers on and owners of the property, nothing could be more tedious. After the goods had been sufficiently examined, a day was appointed for a sale, in the city of Nangasacca, and was conducted with the greatest fairness. Captain Derby and myself went into the city attended by the requisite number of officers, and proceeded to what the Dutch call the Geltechamber where we found one or more of the upper Banyoses* seated in their usual state, and a general attendance of merchants. We were placed where we could see all that was going on and received such explanations as were requisite to an understanding of the whole business. The goods being all disposed of, we were escorted back to the Island with much formality, not however, until a day had been appointed by the great men for the delivery of the goods.

“Delivering these adventures was a great affair, and it was a number of days before the whole was taken away. No person in this country (who has not traded with people who have so little intercourse with the world) can have an idea of the trouble we had in delivering this little invoice which would not have been an hour’s work in Salem. We finally, after a great trial of our patience, finished delivering goods, and articles that did not come up to the pattern were taken at diminished prices.

“On the 20th September, 1801, we went into the city of Nangasacca. The first place we went to was Facquia’s, an eminent stuff merchant. Here we were received with great politeness and entertained in such a manner as we little expected. We had set before us for a repast, pork, fowls, eggs, boiled fish, sweetmeats, cakes, various kinds of fruit, sakey and tea. The lady of the house was introduced, who drank tea with each of

* Magistrates or police officers.



View of Nagasaki before Japan was opened to commerce, showing the island of Deshima and the Dutch trading post

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us as is the custom of Japan. She appeared to be a modest woman.

“The place we next visited was a temple to which we ascended by at least two hundred stone steps. We saw nothing very remarkable in this building excepting its size, which was very large, though in fact we were only admitted to an outer apartment as there appeared to be religious ceremonies going on within. Adjoining this was the burying-ground. In this ground was the tomb of one of their Governors, which was made of stone and very beautifully wrought. We next visited another temple also on the side of a hill and built of stone. The inside presented a great degree of neatness. It consisted of a great many apartments, in some of which were images; in one, a kind of altar, was a lamp which was continually burning. In another were several long pieces of boards, painted black with an inscription to the memory of some deceased Emperor or Governor. Before each of these was a cup of tea which they informed us was renewed every day. There were other apartments which the priests probably occupied, as there were many of them passing in and out. They are dressed like the other Japanese, excepting that their outside garments were all black and their heads shaved all over.

“From this we went to the glass house which was on a small scale, thence to a lacquer merchants where we were entertained with great hospitality. Thence we went to a tea-house or hotel where we dined. After dinner we were entertained with various feats of dancing and tumbling. Toward dark we returned to the Island and so much was the crowd in the streets to see us pass that it was with difficulty that we could get along. The number of children we saw was truly astonishing. The streets of the city are narrow and inconvenient to walk in as they are covered with loose stones as large as paving stones. At short distances you have to go up or down flights of stone steps. At the

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end of every street is a gate which is locked at night. They have no kinds of carriages, for it would be impossible to use them in such streets.

“The houses are one or two stories, built of wood; the exterior appearance is mean, but within they are very clean and neat. The floors are covered with mats, and it is considered a piece of ill manners to tread on them without first taking off the shoes. The Japanese dress much alike. That of the man consists first of a loose gown which comes down as low as the ankles; over this is worn a kind of petticoat which comes as low as the other; these are made of silk or cotton. The petticoat does not go higher than the hips. Over the shoulders they wear a shawl, generally of black crape, and around the waist a band of silk or cotton. Through this band the officers of the government put their swords, and they are the only persons allowed to carry these instruments.

“The middle part of the head is all shaved, the remaining hair which is left on each side and behind, is then combed together and made very stiff with gum mixed with oil, and then turned up on top of the head in a little club almost as large as a man’s thumb. This is the universal fashion with rich and poor, excepting the priests.

“The poorer classes do not wear the silk petticoat and the coolies and other laborers at the time we were there, threw all their clothing off excepting a cloth around their middle when at work. The dress of the woman is the long gown with large sleeves, and is very like that of the men. They suffer the hair to grow long, which is made stiff with gum and oil and then is turned up on top of the head where it is secured with various turtle-shell ornaments.

“The Japanese observed one fast when we were there. It was in remembrance of the dead. The ceremonies were principally in the night. The first of which was devoted to feasting,

at which they fancy their departed friends to be present; the second and third nights the graves which are lighted with paper lamps and situated on the side of a hill make a brilliant appearance. On the fourth night at 3 o'clock the lamps are all brought down to the water and put into small straw barques with paper sails, made for the occasion, and after putting in rice, fruit, etc., they are set afloat. This exhibition is very fine. On the death of their parents they abstain from flesh and fish forty-nine days and on the anniversary they keep the same fast, but do not do it for any other relations.

"As the time was approaching for our departure we began to receive our returns from the interior brought many hundred miles. These consisted of the most beautiful lacquered ware, such as waiters, writing desks, tea-caddies, knife boxes, tables, etc. These were packed in boxes so neat that in any other country they would be considered cabinet work. We also received a great variety of porcelain, and house brooms of superior quality. The East India Company's cargo had been loading some time previous.

"The Company's ships have been obliged to take their departure from the anchorage opposite Nangasacca on a certain day to the lower roads, no matter whether it blew high or low, fair or foul, even if a gale, and a thousand boats should be required to tow them down. We of course had to do as our predecessors had done. Early in November we went to this anchorage and remained a few days when we sailed for Batavia where we arrived safely after a passage of one month."

Thus did one of the first Americans that ever invaded Japan with a note-book record his random impressions. He and his shipmates saw the old Japan of a feudal age, generations before the jinrickshaw and the Cook's tourist swarmed in the streets of Nagasaki. Japanese customs have been overturned since then. The men no longer wear their hair "turned up on top of the

head in a little club," but have succumbed to the scissors and the cropped thatch of the European. In the modern Japan, however, which builds her own battleships and railroads, there still survives the imaginative sentiment that sets afloat the "little straw barques with paper sails," illumined with "paper lamps" freighting offerings to the memories and spirits of the dead. The twentieth century tourist on the deck of a Pacific liner in the Inland Sea may sight these fragile argosies drifting like butterflies to unknown ports, just as young George Cleveland watched them in Nagasaki harbor.

The Yankee seamen were more cordially received than other and later visitors. Six years after the voyage of the *Margaret* the English sloop-of-war *Phaeton* appeared off the coast of Nagasaki. It happened that the inhabitants of that city had been expecting the arrival of one of the Dutch vessels from Batavia, and were delighted when a ship was signaled from the harbor entrance. When the mistake was discovered the city and surrounding country were thrown into great excitement. Troops were called out to repel the enemy, who disappeared after taking fresh water aboard. As a tragic result of the incident the Governor of Nagasaki and five military commanders who had quite upset the province during this false alarm, committed suicide in the most dignified manner as the only way of recovering their self-respect.

Again in 1811, the Russian sloop-of-war *Diana* lay off the Bay of Kunashiri to fill her water casks. Cannon shot from a neighboring fort and the hasty arrival of troops were followed by a series of protracted explanations between ship and shore, after which the commander and five of his crew were invited to a conference. First they were entertained with tea and saki and later made prisoners and led in chains to Hakodate. After some delay they were released and put on board the *Diana* to continue the cruise without apology of any kind from the Japanese.

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The Salem ship-masters, under the Dutch flag, were fortunate enough to be welcomed when the French, Russian and English were driven from the coasts of Japan as foemen and barbarians. They were the first and last Americans to trade with the Japanese nation until after Perry had emphasized his friendly messages with the silent yet eloquent guns of the *Susquehanna*, *Mississippi*, *Saratoga* and *Plymouth*.

The *Margaret*, "than which a finer, better fitted or better manned ship never left the port of Salem," deserved to win from the seas whose distant reaches she furrowed, a kindlier fate than that which overtook her only eight years after her famous voyage to Japan. Her end was so rarely tragic that it looms large, even now, in the moving annals of notable shipwrecks. There exists a rare pamphlet, the title page of which, framed in a heavy border of black, reads as follows:

"Some Particulars of the Melancholy Shipwreck of the
Margaret, William Fairfield, Master, on her
Passage from Naples to Salem.
Having on board Forty-six Souls.
To which is Added a Short Occasional Sermon
and a Hymn
Printed for the Author 1810."

The little pamphlet, frayed and yellow, makes no pretence of literary treatment. It relates events with the bald brevity of a ship's log, as if the writer had perceived the futility of trying to picture scenes that were wholly beyond the power of words. The *Margaret* left Naples on the 10th of April, 1810, with a crew of fifteen, and thirty-one passengers. These latter were the captains, mates or seamen of American vessels which had been confiscated by Napoleon's orders in the harbors of the Mediterranean.

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Aboard the *Margaret* were masters and men from Salem and Beverly, Boston and Baltimore, all of them prime American sailors of the old breed, shorn of all they possessed except their lives, which most of them were doomed to lose while homeward bound as passengers. "They passed the Gut of Gibraltar the 22nd of April," says the pamphleteer, "—nothing of importance occurred until Sunday the 20th of May, when about meridian, in distress of weather, the ship was hove on her beam ends and totally disabled. Every person on board being on deck reached either the bottom or side of the ship and held on, the sea making a continual breach over her. During this time their boats were suffering much damage, being amongst the wreck of spars; they were with great difficulty enabled to obtain the long-boat, which by driving too the butts, and filling the largest holes with canvas, rendered it possible for them to keep her above water by continual bailing, still keeping her under the lee of the ship. It was now about 7 o'clock in the evening, the boat being hauled near the ship for the purpose of getting canvass, oakum, etc., to stop the leak, as many men as could reach the long boat jumped into her, and when finding the boat would again be sunk if they remained near the ship they were obliged to veer her to the leeward of the ship about 15 or 20 fathoms. They had not lain there long before one man from the ship jumped into the sea and swam for the boat, which he reached and was taken in. But finding at the same time that all were determined to pursue the same course they were obliged to veer the boat still further from the ship.

"They remained in this situation all night. The morning following was moderate and the sea tolerable smooth, at which time the people on the wreck were about half of them on the taff rail and the remainder on the bowsprit and windlass, every other part being under water. And they kept continually entreating to be let come into the boat. At this time casks of

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brandy and other articles of the cargo were drifting among the spars, etc., from amongst which they picked up a mizzen top gallant sail, 2 spars, 5 oars, 1 cask of Oil, 1 (drowned) pig, 1 goat, 1 bag of bread, and they hove from the wreck a gallon keg of brandy. They then fixed a sail for the boat from the mizzen top gallant sail.

“It was now about eleven o'clock when the people on the wreck had secured 2 quadrants, 2 compasses, 1 hhd. of water, bread, flour and plenty of provisions, as they frequently informed those in the boat, but would not spare any to them unless they consented to come alongside the ship, which they refused to do fearing their anxiety for life would induce them to crowd in and again sink the boat. One of them jumped into the sea and made for the small boat which he reached, but finding they would not take him in, he returned to the wreck.

“At about meridian, finding they were determined to come from the wreck to the long boat, they cut the rope which held them to the wreck. The wind being to the southward and westward and moderate, they made their course as near as possible for the islands of Corvo or Flores, having two men continually employed in bailing the boat. In this situation they proceeded by the best of their judgment (having neither compass nor quadrant) for five days until they fell in with the brig *Poacher* of Boston, Captain Dunn from Alicant, who took them on board, treated them with every attention, and landed them in their native land on the 19th of June.

“When the long boat left the wreck there remained on board 31 souls. They immediately made preparations for their remaining days by securing on a stage they had erected for that purpose, all the necessaries of life they could obtain from the wreck. For the first week, they had a plenty of salt meat, pork, hams, flour, water, etc. They also caught a turtle and having found a tinder box in a chest they kindled a fire in the ship's

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bell and cooked it, making a soup which afforded them a warm dinner, and the only one they were able to cook.

"They remained under the direction of Captain Larcom, whom they had appointed to act as their head, until Sunday, the 27th of May (seven days), when the upper deck came off by the violence of the sea. At this time they lost both the provisions and the water they had secured on the stage. In this distressing situation, Captain Larcom and four others took the yawl, shattered as she was. The other twenty-six went forward on the bowsprit with two gallons of wine and a little salt meat, where another stage was erected on the bows. At this time the water being only knee-deep on the lower deck they were enabled to obtain hams, etc., from below but which for want of water were of little service. And the wine before mentioned was their only drink for seven days.

"They procured a cask of brandy from the lower hold, of which they drank so freely (being parched with thirst) that fourteen of them died the succeeding night. They made one attempt to intercept a sail (four having passed) from which the boat returned unsuccessful. Captain Larcom with four others took the boat, there being only three others in a situation to leave the wreck, and the others preferring to remain on it rather than venture in the boat. They (Captain L. and 4 others) left the wreck, by observation 39°, 12', and steering N. W. when after twenty-three days had elapsed, and two of them having died, the boat was picked up by Captain S. L. Davis from Lisbon for Gloucester, where they arrived on the 18th of July."

In this abrupt manner the story ends, and perhaps it is just as well. Those left alive and clinging to the submerged wreck numbered ten, and there they perished without voice or sign to tell how long they struggled and hoped against the inevitable end. "The Ten left Alive on the Wreck," says the record, "were John Janvin, late master of the schr. *Syren* of Newbury-

port; Wm. Burrell, seaman of do.; do.; John Merrill, seaman of schr. *Peace*, do.; Jacob Fowler, seaman of brig *Two Betsy's* of Beverly; Alexander Marshall, seaman of brig *Nancy* of Newburyport; Henry Tucker, supercargo of ship *Francis* of Salem; Benj. Peele, seaman of brig *Victory* of Salem; Edmund Wingate, seaman of schr. *Peace* of Newburyport; James Sinclair, 2nd. mate of schr. *Kite* of Baltimore; Nathaniel Sheffield, seaman of schr. *Ousetonack* of Derby."

The "occasional hymn" which fills the last page of this pamphlet, was composed as a tribute to the memory of the *Margaret* and her company, and the sorrow of many a New England home was voiced in these verses:

"We read thine awful book of fate,
A record there we see.
Death to fulfil thy last command
Has called our friends to thee.

"Not all the virtue they possessed
Could still the angry wave.
But in thy book thou did'st ordain
To them a watery grave."

The three survivors who escaped in the yawl lived for twenty-three days almost without food or water. When they were landed they told how "previous to their departure from the *Margaret* they went under the bowsprit and joined in prayer for deliverance with Captain Janvin of Newburyport. This gentleman who remained behind had conducted a similar service daily for his companions since their shipwreck, and many of them united in his petitions quite seriously. Then the five men in the yawl took a solemn leave of the ten survivors, of whom no farther tidings has ever reached us. With two and a half gallons of brandy and a little port, the adventurers in so small a boat for sixteen days pursued their anxious and afflictive course. Then they caught rain in their handkerchiefs and

by wringing them out succeeded in partially allaying their thirst. Later they caught some rudder fish and eat them."

There are old men living in Salem who can recall John Very, second mate of the brig *Romp*, who was one of the three that lived to be picked up in the yawl. When the boys used to ask him to spin the yarn of the wreck of the *Margaret* he would shake his head and become morose and sad. These were memories that he wished to forget, and it is pleasanter even to a later generation to recall the *Margaret*, the fine ship newly launched, with her crew of stalwart young men "in the bloom of youth," bravely setting sail on her maiden voyage to find the way to mysterious Japan in the faraway year of Eighteen Hundred and One.

CHAPTER XVIII

JAPAN AS WILLIAM CLEVELAND SAW IT

(1800)

THERE were three seafaring Cleveland brothers of Salem. The eldest, Capt. Richard J. Cleveland, who lived a veritable Odyssey of adventurous achievement, is given a later chapter in these chronicles. Of George, who went to Japan in the *Margaret*, and William, who sailed thither in the *Massachusetts*, Captain Richard wrote in a letter addressed to his wife, in 1797, while he lay at Havre:

“It would have given me pleasure to have returned home and helped Bill or George to a berth on board a ship, which at the present moment I suspect is very difficult to obtain.”

Young “Bill” and young George found their berths, however, and these three brothers, all in their early twenties, were afloat at the same time in different ships, hoping to run across one another in what were then the most remote corners of the globe. From Calcutta, Captain Richard wrote home in March, 1800:

“I flatter myself that I may fall in with Bill and George before I return to America. Accounts of the tremendous gale at the Cape of Good Hope reached us and among the most fortunate of the unfortunate vessels that were caught in it I find is the brig *Hannah*, Captain Wyman. George in this instance experienced a more disastrous gale and was witness to a more distressing scene than perhaps was ever known there, but he has yet many more dangers to encounter on our boisterous winter coast. The reflecting on dangers, however, is generally as unpleasant as the experience of them.”

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Salem historians have long taken it for granted that the *Margaret* of Salem was the second American ship to visit Japan. Her claim to this distinction has been set aside, however, by the recent discovery of parts of a sea journal written by William Cleveland in 1800. The binding and many pages of the journal are missing, but it is certain that it was the *Massachusetts* in which he sailed to Nagasaki as captain's clerk, in 1800. His journal describes with much greater detail the months spent in this part of the old Japan than the narrative of his brother William quoted in the preceding chapter.

The account runs, in part, as follows:

“JAPAN, Wednesday, July 16th, 1800.

“After a passage of one month from Batavia we find ourselves at anchor at Nangassacky* Harbour, Empire of Japan, relieved from much anxiety. We have been several days landlock'd and doubtful whether we were in the Bay which leads to our destin'd port, and harassed with contrary winds, calms, rains, etc. Having obtained a good observation yesterday Captains Smith and Hutchings judged the Point which bore about W. N. W. of us to be the point which formed the Eastern and Southern Cape of the Bay of Nangassacky. Messrs. Gunniman† and Duff† insisted that we were then in Nangassacky Bay and pointed out several openings which they said would lead directly to the town but, having however, a fine breeze from the S.W. we ran out clear of the Point and a government boat came alongside which informed us that the Point before mentioned was Nonbourg, which we soon cleared and stood up the Bay of Nangassacky. We saw a great number of fishing boats standing in but none of them dared come along side as it is positively forbid by the Japanese

* Nagasaki appears to have been spelled according to the taste of the individual diarist.

† Dutch passengers from Batavia.

Government (probably to prevent any smuggling as I am told the government is extremely strict). The Dutch passengers told Captain Hutchings that it would be necessary to collect the Books from the people and deposit them in a box ready to be delivered to the Japanese and likewise to have all the cash on board the ship to be collected by himself or Mate, ready to be sent to the Treasury, as all the cash found in possession of the people would be seized.

“The land appears very rough and mountainous on approaching it, but we have formed a high opinion of the country from the description of the Dutch, tho’ we are taught to believe the Japanese to be an haughty and reserved people. Two or three government boats joined and accompanied us up toward the harbour. On passing an island with the Dutch flag flying we fired a Salute of 9 guns, at the same instant displayed twenty different colours at our mast-heads and yard-arms. A second salute of 9 guns was fired at Papenburg, a third and fourth at the Emperor’s Watch Towers and two or three in the Harbour. On passing the island with the Flag a most beautiful and picturesque scene opened, several fine islands, lofty and highly cultivated, with now and then a small village and a vast crowd of small boats which came out to welcome us and assist us by towing in case of a Calm. We made preparations for receiving the representative of the governor by placing the large Coops aft and spreading a Carpet for his feet. On his coming on board he went immediately and seated himself on his heels without noticing anybody. Other persons whose dress and appearance was the same went aft and made him obedience by a very low bow. After they had all paid their compliments they looked about the ship. Four Dutch gentlemen with Captain Stewart* and his two mates likewise came on board. We were

* Master of a chartered brig in the Dutch employ. Two vessels were permitted to make the annual trading voyage from Batavia at this time.

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astonished to see the ease of the Japanders and no less so to see Captains Smith and Stewart, Messers. Duff and Gunnison, etc., so familiar with them.

"After anchoring Mr. Wadner,* (the Dutch upper Huff who came with us), with his suite went on shore, after paying their Compliments to the person on the Carpet. Their things were all searched before they were put into the Boat, and every person even the sailors that rowed the Boat, were searched before they were suffered to go into the boat. When Mr. Wadner was paying his Compliments we supposed him to be renouncing the Christian Religion,† as he was a long time in a stooping posture, but we were afterwards assured that it was only a Compliment. Captain Stewart and the other gentlemen with all their servants were searched by a person who stood in the Gangway for that purpose. The Japanders signified their desire that our Boats might be hoisted up and took our Powder with them on shore.

"A great number of boats were continually coming from the town to view the Ship, crowded with men, women and children, but none came on board except those that had business or belonged to the government. Toward night the Japanders left the Ship for the shore, every one going first to pay his respects to the person on the Carpet who was the last that left the ship. A guard boat was stationed at a little distance from the ship. This is always the custom. There are five Chinese junks and a brig in the harbour. Captain Stewart has been here twice before, and was supposed at Batavia to be lost. His ship

* Waardenar, the chief trader of the Dutch factory.

† "Every Japanese official whose business it is with the Dutch at the factory is bound twice or thrice a year to take a solemn oath of renunciation and hatred of the Christian religion, and is made to trample under his feet crosses and crucifixes. It is not true, however, as has been stated, that the Dutch also are required to perform this act; but they dare not openly say they are Christians. A story is told of one who in the time of the great persecution at Nagasaki, being asked by the Japanese priest at Nagasaki if he were a Christian, replied: 'No, I am a Dutchman.'" (From the Official Narrative of the Perry Expedition.)

foundered last season on his passage from this place to Batavia, himself, officers and ten or twelve Lascars saved themselves by taking to the Pinnace, and got to some place not far from Manila where they purchased the afore-mentioned brig and came out to Japan again. The other persons belonging to the ship were supposed to be lost. They were about thirty in number.

“Thursday, July 17th, 1800. Nothing remarkable this day. Employed in mooring ship, hoisting out the Long-Boat and some necessary jobs. Toward night the Japanese took away our Long-Boat. Captain Smith mentioned last evening that if we want the Long-Boat at any time we must hoist a Dutch Flag at the Foremast head, or if we want water hoist a white Flag, which signals will be attended to and our wants supplied as quick as possible. The harbour of Nangassacky is about ten or twelve miles from the Sea, of easy access and very well covered from the Sea. The ground, it is said, is exceeding good holding ground, and the ships anchor at about a mile or half a mile distance from the town in from three to seven fathoms Water. It is thought a thousand Sail of ships might ride here with safety.

“The town is situated on the E. and N. side of the Harbour, in the form of a crescent, and makes a very handsome appearance. It contains between 30,000 and 40,000 inhabitants, the houses are built of Wood and have much the appearance of American building. The town is backed by some very fine cultivated Mountains which form almost a circle around the harbour. There appear to be several small white buildings back of the town, nearly to the summit of the Mountains.

“The Dutch who reside here are cooped up on a small Island (Disma)* of made land and separated from the town by a Bridge of only five paces which, however, they are not permitted to pass without an order from the Governor. There is a wall all

*Dezima.

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around it, the gates of which are opened only when the Banyos* are on the Island. (The person on the Carpet before spoken was an Upper Banyo). At such times the Dutch colours are hoisted. The Dutch are permitted to go into town by sending to the governor for a liberty, but it is so expensive to pay attendance and for provisions† that they seldom avail themselves of the privilege. The Chinese are confined very much in the same way as the Dutch, tho' their settlement is much larger and their habits more like the Japanese.

“Boats in great numbers (all of which are sculled instead of being rowed) are continually passing, many of which are pleasure or passage boats, which are distinguished by their having little open houses in them, the floors of them covered with fine mats. Men, women and children come around the ship to view her and appear to be much pleased. The figure-head, which is an Indian warrior, particularly attracts their attention. The lights in the Town and dispersed among the Mountains afforded a very fine evening scenery. The deep tones of the bells which appeared something like the tolling of bells in America with about half a minute pause between them, rendered the scene solemn as well as beautiful. *Oh! Home, How I Love Thee!*

“Friday, July 18th. 1800. We observed the Dutch Flag flying on the Island of Disma which we knew to be in consequence of the Banyos being there. We made preparations for receiving them on board ship by placing the Carpet as before. About 9 o'clock the Banyos came off. The Colours were

* Magistrates or police officers.

† If a member of the factory wishes to walk into the country in the neighborhood of Nagasaki he must petition the governor of Nagasaki twenty-four hours beforehand. Leave is granted, but the Dutchman is accompanied by a swarm of interpreters, policemen and other official spies to the number of some twenty-five or thirty persons. Each of these may invite as many of his acquaintances as he pleases and the unfortunate Dutchman must entertain them all. This heavy expense is doubtless designed by the Japanese to prevent the members of the factory from leaving Dezima. (From the Official Narrative of the Perry Expedition.)

hoisted on the Banyos coming on board. Two Upper Banyos came on board first and placed themselves on the Carpet. Then came several Under Banyos, then the Talks,* Cook, Counters, etc. The Under Banyos and Talks repaired aft and paid the Compliments as before, after which all hands were called to muster. The people passed round before the Upper Banyos and were counted by a person whose business it is. As some of the people were unwell and not able to come on Deck the Banyos and Talks went below to see that they were on board and make report to the upper Banyos. Every Request, Report or information to the Upper Banyos is made in a stooping posture.

“On their being satisfied of all hands being on board we commenced business, and sent ashore some adventures, passengers’ stores, an Orang Outang, Sheep, Goats, Poultry, etc. A person from the ship was sent in every boat to prevent the Boatman and Coolies from stealing. They were all searched before leaving the ship and on their return, also on shore before they were permitted to go inside of the gates, and before they were suffered to go into the Boats again. When the Japanese made ready to go ashore we were again called to muster after which they repaired on board their boats. After paying compliments to their Upper Banyos, the servants went first into the boats, then the Talks, then the Banyos and then the Upper Banyos, who are always the first on board the ship and the last out, probably to see the beginning and ending of all the business so as to prevent smuggling.

“There appears to be little distinction in the dress of the Banyos and Talks except the first wear two swords and the latter one only. It is said that persons of the highest distinction dress in the same way as the Banyos. They are taught to offend with one sword and defend with the other at the same time.

* Customs inspectors.

Their swords are said to be the best in the world. I have been told that they will cut off a spike nail without injuring or making the least gap in the Blade. The sheaths are elegantly lacquered.

“Captain Stewart dined with us to-day. He told us that the captain of one of the Chinese junks had been smuggling a few nights previous and that sixty persons concerned with him had been taken up. Captain Stewart said they would all be beheaded which is the most common capital Punishment here. The Crucifixion is considered the most ignominious Punishment. Captain Stewart observed that the Japanese have such an aversion to Christianity that they have a figure of Jesus Christ which is placed in some public places and there stamped upon, and some of them even will cut their fingers and rub the blood on the image which they consider as the highest indignity.

“Saturday, July 19th. 1800. The Banyos came on board this morning with their Attendants. After going through the usual ceremonies of counting, etc., we commenced hoisting out the Cargo. All goods on Private Account that were put on shore were marked with the word, Cambang, to distinguish them from the Company's goods. Mynheer Egues and Captain Stewart came on board to-day and dined with us. The former takes account of the Cargo for the Company as it comes out. Many of the Japanese are assiduous in their endeavour to learn the Dutch and American languages. Some of them speak very good Holland and write tolerably well. They are of quick apprehension and it is easier for an American to make them understand than to be understood by a Dutchman or Malay. Their manners are very respectful and engaging and every person on board is much pleased with them, notwithstanding a strong prejudice against them which was formed long previous to coming here in consequence of the repeated (and we now think unnecessary) cautions of the Dutch passen-

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gers to guard against their pilfering, and which we now understand to be by the Coolies or lowest Cast in Society, which is common in all countries.

“We were taught to look upon the Japanese as a cruel people before coming here. Many stories we now think exaggerated and some entirely unfounded. It is not easy to conjecture what motives of Policy the Dutch could have in endeavouring to blind us.

“The Japanders have little moveable cook-houses in which they boil their tea and rice. They are very neat in their cooking as well as in their persons. I observed a Boatman (he lay alongside the ship for some time today) put a little wad in a hole in his leg just above the calf and set fire to it. This he did repeatedly in both legs and seemed to do it to form some kind of a cure. The other persons in the Boat paid no more attention to it than to anything else that is common.

“After mustering etc., the Banyos went on ashore. The Upper Banyos have a kind of Spontoon which is covered with lacquer and which is always stuck up in the Boat which they come off in. After the Banyos get on board the ship their Boat moors off a little distance and these Spontoons are left in them. When they are ashore it is said that they are carried before them by some other person. One guard boat continually keeps near the ship and generally in the night two, which pass around the ship occasionally to prevent smuggling. We often hear the deep tones of excellent smooth sounding Bells at midnight, sometimes several at a time in different parts of the city. Captain Hutchings mentioned that we shall not be allowed to go out of the harbour till the fifth of November, at which time we shall be obliged to go even if it blows a gale of Wind.

“Sunday, July 2nd, 20th. 1800. We have seen some boats pass us up to a public landing place, with blue Sails with a large white figure something in the shape of Trees, but uniform.

The boatmen were likewise in striped blue and white uniform. They are probably from the Emperor's Watch Towers below. Many boats we have seen with sails half blue and half white. The guard boats wear a small colour of white or blue with Japanese characters painted on them, and in the evening Lanthorns with Characters which show at a great distance.

"Monday, July 21st. The Banyos came on board early this morning and we made preparations for receiving the Governor's Secretary who, we understood, was coming to muster the Ship's Company and for which purpose Messers. Wadner, Ross, Duff and the other gentlemen came on board. At about 10 o'clock the Secretary came on board at which time the Ship was dressed with Colours. The Ship's Company with the Dutch gentlemen were summoned on the Quarter-deck to answer to their names after which the orders and regulations of the place were read to us in Dutch and nailed to the Main-mast, the purport of which was that there should be no private trade carried on with the Japanese to defraud the Government of their duties, (35 per cent) upon pain of confiscation of property, and that no insults should be offered to any Boats along side etc. After business the Secretary looked around the Ship and appeared to be much pleased and then went on shore as did the Dutch gentlemen, Banyos, etc. Captain Hutchings obtained leave to move his ship further inshore and requested permission to hire some Coolies.

"A great proportion of the Mountains back of the Town which appeared to be Seats, gardens, etc., we now understand to be the burying places of the inhabitants of Nangassacky and the buildings which we supposed to be country seats we now find to be the inclosures and monuments of the dead. They make a handsome appearance from the ship and are crowded and extensive. Towards evening boats generally come from the shore with men and women to see the ship. In almost every boat they have a musical instrument which they play



From a photograph by E. G. Merrill

Salem Harbor as it is to-day

on, thumbing it with two pieces of Ivory which are affixed to the thumb and forefinger of their right hands, their left at the same time holding the instrument and fingering the strings. They accompany it by singing and make the most simple and indifferent music I ever heard.

“Tuesday, July 22nd. Rose early and prepared for removing the Ship further inshore. At 7 A. M. our Long Boat was sent off and at 8 the Banyos came on board with a number of Coolies to assist us in weighing our anchors, which we did without much difficulty and removed our Ship about a cable’s length further inshore. The Coolies were stout, strong fellows. The Japanese are extremely well built and tho’ not so tall as Europeans they are stout and handsome, their complexions rather lighter than the Chinese, and their features entirely different. Their hands and feet are beautiful.

“It is astonishing what a low opinion the Japanders have of America. Some of them inquired today whether America was as large as Nangassacky and on being shown a Map of the World were astonished at the extent of America and the diminutive appearance of the Dutch dominions. The Dutch being the only foreigners, except the Chinese, that are permitted to trade here, have it in their power to prejudice the Japanders against any foreign nation of whom they may be jealous, but as the Americans hold no place in India I cannot conceive of any motives of policy that can be offered for diminishing the importance of America, unless it is to make the Japanese think they possess the most extensive country in the western world.

“The English have been so successful in dislodging the Dutch from most places in India, both by force and intrigue, that they have every reason to be jealous of them, and it is not to be wondered at if they use every means in their power to prejudice the inhabitants of this Country against them. It is thought by some that should an English Vessel put in here every soul would

instantly be put to death. It is said that a few years since a Japan barque was blown off the Coast and was necessitated to go into Russian Tartary from which place they could not return as the Monsoon had changed. They, however, went by land to St. Petersburg and were sent home by the Government of Russia, and on their arrival in this, their native country, they were confined and not permitted to see even their wives and children. This precaution they think necessary to prevent all foreign influence.

"The Japan barques are awkward vessels and peculiar to the Country. They are of various sizes under one hundred tons. They have two masts, the principal one of which is very far aft on which they have a large square Sail. The other is a very small stooping Mast which serves either for Mast or Bowsprit and on which they spread a square also. Their largest Sail seems to be very unwieldly. They generally prefer towing or sculling their Vessels to hoisting the Sail unless they are going a considerable distance. They have a sheet to every cloth in the Sail and an uncommon proportion of Bowlines.

"Wednesday, July 23rd., 1800. The Banyos came on board and brought twelve coolies with them to assist us in discharging our Cargo. They were placed at the tackle-fall for hoisting out Sugar and worked with great spirit in the forenoon but towards night they lagged considerably and shewed their hands to us which were considerably blistered. The blistering was not a little increased by wetting their hands, which they often did to cool them. They are very noisy in their work. All of them sing out in time of working to keep regular strokes.

"Thursday, July 26. After the usual ceremony of counting, etc. the Elder Upper Banyo (a man of very respectable appearance) delivered a long Charge to one of the Talks. He received it in an humble, stooping posture with now and then a reply of a monosyllable only. This Talk, (immediately after the Upper

Banyo had done) communicated it to the Coolies who fell on their knees and elbows with their faces to the ground and continued thus until he had done speaking when they arose and went to their work. At night a similar charge was given. This we understood to be in consequence of complaint from the Dutch of their not working fast enough.

“Thursday, January 29th. This morning employed in unreeving Rigging, etc. Captain Hutchings received a note from the Wall requesting the assistance of an Officer and some of the people in weighing copper. I was ordered on that duty with four men. We sat off after breakfast. They searched us in the boat and again at the Landing where we met Messrs. Duff, Ross, and Captain Stewart. Mr. Duff informed me that they wanted the people to watch the Coolies when weighing the copper. They had commenced weighing before we came on the Island. They were as exact in the weight as if it had been gold, making always an even scale. The copper was emptied from a box into the scale, from which two bars were taken (previous to the adjustment of the scale), one of which was given to one of our people appointed for the purpose and the other to a Japander. The scores were kept by both parties. After the weighing the copper was put into other boxes and sent off. The coolies in emptying the scale sung out as one some words in their own language which I did not understand. The copper was in small bars, about six or seven inches long and an inch through. Some of them looked like gold, others were red. It is said to be the finest copper in the world.

“Friday, April 1st. This day employed in clearing out the Orlop deck and coiling the cables anew. We sometimes seen a considerable building illuminated. We don't know whether this is a place of worship or not. We have heard that the first and fifteen day of the month are kept as Sundays, but have seen no distinction between these and other days. It is said that there

are 300 Temples in Nangassacky. What their Modes of Worship are or what they Worship I cannot learn. It is said that they pull off their shoes when they enter their Temples. I have endeavoured to learn what qualification is necessary to be made an Upper Banyo but can get no other information than that they are of noble families. Captain Smith observed to me the other day that the Governor of Nangassacky intended to visit the Ship before we leave this place and that even the Captain will not be allowed to stay in his cabin while he is there except only long enough to pay his respects which he must do by falling on his face, at which time one of the Talks will repeat something. He told me likewise that the Governor lived in Style and that probably his income is 150,000 or 200,000 Taels, (a tael is 75 cents).

“Sunday, August 3rd. Employed in discharging sugar and block tin and in taking on copper. We expected to finish discharging our Cargo today, but as we were not ready to be searched a Talk advised the Captain to retain a small part for to-morrow which would give us an opportunity to hide anything we wish to conceal from the Japanese, such as Books, small Arms, etc.

“Monday, August 4th. Employed this morning in stowing things in the Gun-room, Light-house, etc., the gangways of which we blocked up with Sails to make the Japanders think it was a Sail-room. The Banyos came off at eight o'clock with Coolies. We finished our Cargo, and they searched the Ship with Lanthorns in the hold. They also searched our chests. They took nothing except a chest of Small-Arms and about 20 boarding-pikes together with the box of books which was put up for that purpose, but which I think might have been kept as I had some books on top in my chest which were not taken notice of. This searching appears to be more a form than anything else.

"Thursday, Sept. 2nd. We observed many people about the burying ground and soon after the Sun retired behind the hills we discovered an innumerable number of lights which appeared like Gold at first but as it grew dark the lights appeared brighter. We counted upwards of twenty burying places, some in front, some on the sides, and others half retired behind the Mountains. There appeared to be scarcely any space between the lights and which we judged, must have covered two or three miles. They were very bright; some persons judged that there were a million, others two, but they were innumerable, and when it is considered that this country is very ancient and that a light is placed for every deceased person it must be supposed that they were vast in numbers. It is a religious ceremony performed by the friends and descendants of the deceased. The illumination decreased gradually until midnight, at which time there was scarcely a light to be seen.

"Wednesday, Sept. 3rd. The illumination this night was as great as last night and the appearance grand beyond description. Towards morning the Watch awakened us to inform us that they believed the Japanders were about to begin setting off the Fire-boats. We went on deck and saw the shore before the Town lined with lanthorns which were in constant motion. There was a great shouting of the people, yelping of dogs, and jingling of bells, pans, etc. without remission. We observed a number of lights in motion on the water, some of which passed very near us. Mr. Ingersoll thought prudent to have the jolly-boat lowered down for fear of any accident from their fire. The lad in the boat took one of their fire-boats which he handed inboard. It was made of straw, about two or three feet long, was rigged in the Japan fashion, and had several paper Lanthorns hanging pendent from the rigging. The harbor was in a short time almost covered with them.

"Thursday, Sept. 4th. The straw boats drifting about

formed a novel and beautiful scene. Many were taken by the people from the ports. They were loaded with rice, melons, pears and almost every eatable. One that was taken inboard had some copper money, others were dressed with flowers, lacquered ware, etc. There were many thousands from two to three feet long. The storm of today had wrecked many of them. They were scattered about in fleets in the eddies of the tide and form a picturesque appearance, not unlike our ideas of shipwreck. Several people we saw in some of the largest of these boats, cruising about and plundering them of their treasures.

“Saturday, Sept. 7. Two large covered Boats ornamented with silk Curtains passed by the ship to the Landing at the upper part of the Town. In one of them sat a person of distinction on a kind of throne which appeared to be made of lacquered wood enriched with gilding. The largest boat had a number of people and in the stern of her was placed a number of things which we took to be implements of war and musical instruments. There was a number of small boats in attendance.

“Thursday, Sept. 11th. There are many public licensed brothels in the city of Nangassacky. This by all accounts is not uncommon in most large Towns, but when we consider one sex of the human species held of so little consequence that even a parent will publicly sell his own child for the trifling sum of two or three dollars to one of these houses for twenty years, to be exposed to disease and infamy, we cannot but pity the misfortunes of the Japan females and think with affection of our own Country and of the fond sisters of America who are so necessary to our happiness. It is said that these girls are frequently sold into these houses at the ages of three or five years where they are kept to wait on the elder girls till they are ten or twelve years old. The females of these houses are confined in a particular part of the Town and are not even allowed to go to see

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their friends except on particular occasions. Their houses, it is said, have much the appearance of Prisons, the windows having strong iron gratings. At the age of twenty-five they are considered to be free and it is not uncommon for them to get married.

"Tuesday, Sept. 16th. In the evening we generally amuse ourselves with music on the ship. The people amuse themselves in various ways, in writing, cyphering, navigation, etc., others in fiddling, drumming and dancing on deck. Thus we contrive to pass the time away, often thinking and sighing for Home!

"Saturday, Sept. 20. Employed in removing twelve-pound cannon in the after-hold against the magazine. We saw some persons (we supposed the captains), go on board the Chinese junks today with great parade. They had yellow Umbrellas with curtains spread over their heads. The umbrellas were placed on the poop of the junks immediately on their going on board. Notice was given by the dinging of their gongs. The Chinese perform a religious ceremony on board their junks, which is done by beating for a minute or two upon their Gongs with great force, at the same time holding something like a lighted Candle over the side, the fire of which is thrown into the Water immediately on the cessation of the Gongs. This ceremony is regularly performed by all the junks.

"Saturday, Sept. 27. All hands up chests and hammocks to clean the gun-deck. At noon Prince came off with a letter from the Captain informing us of copper coming off tomorrow, and of the Japan Governor's intention of visiting the ship on Monday, and also sent word that our shipmate David White's life is despaired of.

"Sunday, Sept. 28th. Captain Hutchings sent word for the carpenter and some of the people to go ashore, that David White departed this life yesterday between 2 and 3 o'clock

P. M. He caught a fever in Batavia and has never been well since. Towards night the Carpenter and people returned on board. They informed us that they were not permitted to follow the corpse of D. White any further than the bridge. *The coffin was opened at the bridge and searched to prevent smuggling.*

“Monday, Sept. 29th. Employed in reeving top-ropes to get the top-masts on end and also in bending colours to hoist for the Governor of Nangassacky who we understand will come off with the magnificence of a prince. In the forenoon we observed two large boats dressed with colours, curtains, etc., coming from the upper part of Nangassacky towards a temple on the opposite side of the river with a great number of small boats. We supposed the Governor was there and hoisted our colours as they passed us as did Captain Stewart and the Chinese junks. We afterwards saw a great number of persons coming over the hills towards the Boats. This we were afterwards told was the Governor and attendants. Towards noon Captains Hutchings, Smith and Stewart came on board. Soon after, the Boats set off from the shore with the Governor and retinue. The Governor was in the largest covered Boat and went on board one of the Chinese junks to pay a visit there first. The other dressed boat with some of the attendants came on board us at the same time to make preparations for receiving him by spreading Carpets, setting the table, etc. A ladder was brought from the shore, the foot of which was placed in the dressed Boat before mentioned and the other end made fast to the ship’s gunwale. After it was secured a servant wiped it down with a cloth.

“The carpet in the cabin was of fine cloth elegantly flowered. The table linen, towels, etc., were very fine and the table was set with every dainty, sweetmeats, cakes, liquors, etc. Every utensil used was put on board for the purpose. Their vessels for drinking, eating, etc., were of silver. After the governor

had spent a short time on board of the junk he came to our ship. Before he came on board the Banyos placed themselves in a row to pay him homage as he passed. They also desired the Captains to do the same. As he passed them they bowed almost touching the ship's deck with their faces. He went immediately into the cabin where Captain Hutchings and Smith were sent for to pay him Compliments, after which Ceremony they were obliged to retire immediately.

"Upon his wishing to go round the ship notice was given for the people to leave the gun deck which he went round first, attended by a great number of Banyos, after which he came on the upper deck and the people were ordered below. He expressed a wish to see Peter Guss, our cook, who is a very large black man. Peter was ordered on deck and the Governor was pleased. Probably he never saw an African before. After he had satisfied his curiosity he went into the Boat and as she shoved off we gave him three cheers which pleased the Japanese very much. The Boat in which the Governor sat was about forty or fifty feet long, in the forepart of which a kind of throne was built of handsome Wood. About four or five steps from the ceiling which was spread with fine mats a piece of crimson silk was placed for the Governor to sit upon. His two Secretaries were on the Bench with him and several Upper Banyos on the steps beneath. The colours of the Boats made a very pretty appearance, being of red and white silk placed round a hoop and hoisted about half-staff high. The staffs had each a golden ball on top. The Governor appeared to be about sixty years of age. A servant followed him around the ship with something covered up which we understood to be a badge of distinction, some called it a sceptre.

'Monday, Oct. 13th. We learn from Mr. Gunniman that the Chinese captain who was caught in smuggling goods is forbidden the country. This it seems is the punishment for a

crime of this nature. The Japanese concerned in the business no doubt will lose their heads, and if the Chinese captain had been caught smuggling swords or fire-arms he would have forfeited his head. We have heard much of the city of Jeddo, and in questioning Mr. Gunniman he informed us that Jeddo is situated in a bay of the same name, is surrounded by water and is the seat of the Emperor. It is of vast extent and is two or three times as big as London.* Mr. Gunniman observed that this was not the largest city, however, but that Meacco, the residence of the Great or Religious Emperor, was vastly larger.* He also observed that there were many large cities, and that no Country in the world was so rich with inhabitants as the Island of Japan. The Dutch agents are obliged to visit Jeddo once in four years.† Formerly they were allowed the liberty of travelling about the country to dispose of their goods, but being repeatedly detected in disposing of goods without paying the customary duties to the government, they were restricted to their present humble place of abode on the Island of Disma.

“Of the banishment of the Portugese from Japan we have often heard and it is not an easy matter to learn the particulars. The Portugese were the first Europeans who came to Japan. They were permitted to traverse the country without much restriction and were allowed every indulgence. They were even permitted to build forts. The religious zeal of the Portugese at that time induced them to send missionaries to Japan for the purpose of converting the inhabitants to the Christian Religion. They were very successful and made converts in great numbers, and their success so elated them that they refused to pay the customary respect to the Princes of the country. This was considered as the highest insult, and the government began to

* Kaempfer writes in his description of Yeddo that he “was one whole day riding at a moderate pace from Sinagawa, where the suburbs begin, along the main street, which goes across, a little irregularly, to the end of the city.”

† During the preceding century this visit had been made annually.

be alarmed at their influence which was daily gaining ground. They therefore resolved to extirpate all who had embraced the Christian Religion, to restrict the Portugese to Nangassacky, for which purpose they built the Island of Disma (the present habitation of the Dutch). They invited the Dutch who had engratiated themselves into favour by an opposite conduct to assist them, which was readily done. The massacre of the Japanese Christians was immense. If the father of a family was a Christian it was sufficient to condemn the whole house. Some say that nearly one half of the inhabitants of these Islands were cut off. This I cannot ascertain, but all agree that the massacre was great.

"A few remaining Portugese were suffered to stay but a short time in the little Island of Disma, when they were ordered off and were shortly succeeded by the Dutch who have since, with the Chinese, had the exclusive privilege of trading under great restrictions.

"Sunday, Nov. 2nd. The Banyos came on board with Captain Stewart, Messrs. Duff, Egues, Fisher, and Seaman by whom Mr. Ingersoll received a permission for himself, myself and Eben Hough to go ashore to the Cram. Accordingly we accompanied them on shore with our beds, etc. We found Captains Hutchings and Smith delivering goods. We walked into the Cram* with Mr. Seaman where we saw a variety of lacquered wares, pictures and curiosities, after which we called on the Upper Huff to pay our respects. In the evening I amused myself in reading the travels of a German Priest through some parts of England.

"Monday, Nov. 3rd. I took an early walk into the Cram, but the shops were mostly shut up. Mr. Ingersoll and myself picked out some pieces of silk at the silk shop for a muster† to be sent to Captain Smith whom we depend on to fix the price.

* Mercantile, or business quarter.

† Sample.

Employed part of the forenoon in weighing pig-iron. Went several times into the Cram, but found it difficult to make them understand, and the price so high that we thought prudent to not buy anything without first sending them to Captain Smith, who knowing the value of the articles would judge better than myself. I picked out a number of things at one of the lacquer stores to send to the house as a muster. With the assistance of Mr. Duff I fixed on the price and engaged 200 boxes of fans to be delivered tomorrow. We shall be obliged to go on board tomorrow or next day, as the ship is to go down to the Papenburg on Wednesday, consequently I shall have but a short time to lay out my money. Business is done with as much difficulty and vexation in this country as in any I ever heard of. Captain Stewart's property, I understand, is seized for debt. However, the Upper Huff has given him permission to victual his vessel for Batavia and liberty to do the best he can with her. He himself is ordered to go in the *Massachusetts*. Captain Hutchings and Smith proposed to charter her for Manila and Batavia. The prospect is good and Mr. Ingersoll and myself are engaged to be concerned.

"Tuesday, Nov. 4th. Engaged in examining goods at the Cram. The people picked out a number of articles and sent them to the captain's house for the purpose of settling the price. Captains Smith and Hutchings devoted the forenoon to this business. One hundred boxes of the fans I had spoken for were brought today, but Captain Hutchings wished me to let the people take as many as they wanted of them as there were no more at present in the Cram. Consequently I have only five boxes left. I purchased about 18 or 20 pieces of silk and several articles of lacquered ware and afterwards carried them to confront the innumerable examinations, checks, etc., to prevent smuggling. They are vexing beyond measure and I am heartily sick of the Cram.

Japan as William Cleveland Saw It

"Wednesday, Nov. 5th. Engaged in getting ready to embark. Purchased two pieces of flowered gauze. Carried our things before the Upper Banyos where they were overhauled, every little compartment in the writing desks opened, and everything taken out separately to prevent smuggling. We embarked about 12 o'clock with the people. After dinner unmoored ship and got in readiness for going down tomorrow.

"Wednesday, November 19th. (At anchor off the Papenburg). We received a visit from a great man. He came off in an elegant boat and was attended by several small boats but as there were no Banyos on board he was obliged to lay off till he could send a boat to town for Banyos which boat did not return till afternoon. He was an elderly man, of rather small stature, and of a remarkable pleasant countenance. He visited several parts of the Ship and appeared to be much pleased, made many enquiries into the uses of things which he saw, also of the number of people on board, and expressed some surprise that fifty persons were sufficient to navigate such a ship as this. Mr. Bolam spent the evening with us. Some observations were made on the visit of the person before spoken of which led to many remarks, questions, etc., of the laws, and customs, of the country.

"Mr. Gunniman observed that no person, not even the Emperor himself, can be permitted to go on board the ship until the Banyos are on board; that the Governors are not permitted to leave their habitations except at certain times and on particular occasions. The Emperor is permitted to pass the walls of Jeddo only when called to pay his respects to the Diary*

*"Japan presents the singular feature of having two Emperors at the same time, the one secular, the other ecclesiastical; but it is a mistake to suppose that this duplicate sovereignty was established from the beginning, as one of the original elements of her civil polity; it has resulted from historical events that occurred long after Japan had a system of government.

"The conqueror of Nippon, about the year 600 B.C., with which authentic history begins, built a temple palace, dedicated to the sun goddess and properly

or Religious Emperor at Meacco. He, however, is obliged to attend at the Temple once in twelve days, as are the Princes and Governors of the Country. The present Emperor has refused to visit the Diary according to the customs of the country, and this may be a step towards shaking off the yoke, as some of the Princes of Europe have of the Pope. The Princes of the country pay their stated visits to the Emperor at Jeddo, although he dreads the power of some Princes, especially the Prince of Saxemy, who pays his visits with great pomp. His attendants are mostly armed with firelocks which in this country is not common. It is said that he can raise 300,000 men. This Prince speaks Dutch and last year while the Dutch Upper Huff was on his way to Jeddo he came out of the city in disguise to see and converse with him. The Diary is acknowledged as the first person of the Country, by the best information I can get. His power is something similar to that of the Pope of Rome formerly. His residence is at Meacco, a city of great extent and magnificence. It was consumed by fire a few years since. It is said the sun never shone on the Diary. The handsomest girls of the country are sent to the Diary and if he liked them they are immediately marked in the forehead for his use. After receiving the mark they are permitted to go at liberty, but it is death to anyone that should presume to touch them.

“Saturday, Nov. 22nd. Mr. Adamson, with four or five people and myself took the jolly boat to pay a visit to some

called a dairi; his own title was Mikado, though the two terms were frequently confused by foreign observers and writers.

“The power of the Mikado gradually declined until it had no grip on things temporal. One of the Mikados was imprisoned as a result of civil war and was delivered by the immortal hero Yourimato who made him regent and took the power into his own hands. In this way was first established the power of the Shoguns or temporal sovereigns. The Mikado’s rulership was reduced to a shadow by the Shoguns until it amounted to no more than an ecclesiastical supremacy. One empire was simultaneously under two sovereigns, although the Shoguns were nominally vice-regents.” (From the Official Narrative of the Perry Expedition.)

of the small islands below us. We landed at a town called Foko-Foree, where we were soon surrounded by men, women and children, who followed us as in great numbers through the town. We passed through a number of streets. Those occupied by fishermen were dirty, but those in the back part of the town were cleanly swept. We visited a burying ground where there was a number of stone images, monuments, etc., before all of which little stone troughs, cups, etc., were placed for victuals and drink for the dead. We went into a Temple which was composed of three or four small buildings in which were a great number of coarse paintings, the most of which appeared to be battles, some wild boars, horses, etc.

“After visiting most parts of the town we went down to the Boat. We conjectured that about 200 people were collected to see us. On turning quickly around the children ran as tho’ chased by mad dogs, screaming with fear.”

CHAPTER XIX

THE FIRST YANKEE SHIP AT GUAM

(1801)

THAT minute dot on the map of the Pacific known as Guam has appealed to the American people with a certain serio-comic interest as a colonial possession accidentally acquired and ruled by one exiled naval officer after another in the rôle of a benevolent despot and monarch of all he surveys. This most fertile and populous of the Ladrone Islands, which are spattered over a waste of blue water for four hundred miles and more, was casually picked up as the spoils of war, it will be remembered, by the cruiser *Charleston* soon after hostilities with Spain had been declared in 1898. The Spanish Governor of Guam was rudely awakened from his siesta by the boom of guns seaward and, with the politeness of his race, hastened to send out word to the commander of the American cruiser that he was unable to return the salute for lack of powder. Thereupon he was informed that he was not being saluted but captured, and the Stars and Stripes were run above the ancient fort and its moldering cannon which had barked salvos of welcome to the stately galleons of Spain bound from South America to Manila two centuries before.

The sovereignty of Castile being eliminated in this hilarious and harmless fashion, the hard headed legatees who wore the blue of the American navy sought to reform what had been a tropical paradise, where no man worked unless he wanted to, where simple, brown-skinned folk dwelt in drowsy contentment without thought of the morrow. The gospel taught by the late

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Captain Richard Leary as naval governor of Guam aimed to make these happy islanders more industrious and more moral according to the code of the United States. His successors have labored along similar lines and Captain Dorn, governor of Guam in the year of 1908, proclaimed such commendable but rigorous doctrine as this:

“Every resident of the island having no apparent means of subsistence who has the physical ability to apply himself or herself to some lawful calling; every person found loitering about saloons, dram shops or gambling houses, or tramping or straying through the country without visible means of support; every person known to be a pickpocket, thief or burglar, when found loitering about any gambling house, cockpit or any outlying barrio, and every idle or dissolute person of either sex caught occupying premises without the consent of the owner thereof, shall on conviction be punished by a fine of \$250, or imprisonment for one year or both.”

A brighter picture of the life of these islanders was painted several years ago by W. E. Safford, who wrote of them in a paper contributed to the *American Anthropologist*:

“Everybody seemed contented and had a pleasant greeting for the stranger. It seemed to me that I had discovered Arcadia, and when I thought of a letter I had received from a friend asking whether I believed it would be possible to civilize the natives, I felt like exclaiming: ‘God forbid.’”

The same visitor relates of these people and their ways:

“There are few masters and few servants in Guam. As a rule, the farm is not too extensive to be cultivated by the family, all of whom, even to the little children, lend a hand. Often the owners of neighboring farms work together in communal fashion, one day on A’s corn, the next on B’s, and so on, laughing, skylarking, and singing at their work and stopping whenever they feel like it to take a drink of tuba from a neighboring

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cocoanut tree. Each does his share without constraint, nor will one indulge so fully in tuba as to incapacitate himself for work, for experience has taught the necessity of temperance, and every one must do his share of the reciprocal services. By the time the young men have finished their round the weeds are quite high enough once more in A's corn to require attention. In the evening they separate, each going to his own ranch to feed his bullock, pigs and chickens; and after a good supper they lie down on a Pandanus mat spread over the elastic platform of split bamboo."

A pleasant picture, this, of toil lightened by common interest; an idyllic glimpse of what work ought to be, perhaps worthy the attention of socialists, labor unions, and those that scorn the heathen in his blindness.

Almost a hundred years before Guam became a United States possession, the island was visited by a Salem bark, the *Lydia*, the first vessel that ever flew the American flag in the harbor of this island. There has been preserved in manuscript an illustrated journal of the first mate of the *Lydia*, William Haswell, in which he wrote at considerable length the story of this historical pioneering voyage, and his impressions of the island and its people under Spanish rule in the far-away year of 1801. As the earliest description of a visit to Guam by an American sailor or traveler, the manuscript has gained a timely interest by the transfer of the island from under the Spanish flag.

However arduous may be the restrictions imposed by the conscientious naval governors of to-day, the journal of First Mate Haswell of the *Lydia* shows that the islanders were released from a condition of slavery and merciless exploitation by the memorable arrival of the cruiser *Charleston* and the subsequent departure from the stone palace of the last of the Dons of Spain.

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The very earliest experience of these islanders with Christian civilization must have inspired unhappy tradition to make them far from fond of their rulers. The Marianne or Ladrone Islands were discovered by Magellan on March 6, 1521, after a passage of three months and twenty days from the strait which bears his name. Among the accounts written of this voyage is that of Antonio Pigafetta, of Vicenza, which relates the terrible sufferings endured across an unexplored ocean. After there was no more food the crews were forced to eat rats, which brought a price of half a crown each, "and enough of them could not be got." The seamen then ate sawdust, and the ox hide used as chafing gear on the rigging of the main-yards. The water was yellow and stinking. Scurvy devastated the expedition, and nineteen men died of it, while twenty-five or thirty more fell ill "of divers sicknesses, both in the arms and legs and other places in such manner that very few remained healthy."

In this desperate plight, Magellan sighted two islands on which there were no natives nor any food, and passed by them to find an anchorage off what was later called Guam. The natives came out to welcome the ship, skimming over the water in wonderful canoes or proas, and brought gifts of fruit. The ships' sails were furled and preparations made to land when a skiff which had ridden astern of the flagship was missed. It may have broken adrift, but the natives were suspected of stealing it, and Captain-General Magellan at once led forty armed men ashore, burned forty or fifty houses and many boats, and slaughtered seven or eight native men and women.

"Before we went ashore," writes Pigafetta, "some of our people who were sick said to us that if we should kill any of them whether man or woman, that we should bring on board their entrails, being persuaded that with the latter they could be cured. When we wounded some of those islanders with

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arrows which entered their bodies, they tried to draw forth the arrow, now in one way, now in another, in the meantime regarding it with great astonishment, and they died of it, which did not fail to cause us compassion. Seeing us taking our departure, then, they followed us with more than a hundred boats for more than a league. They approached our ships, showing us fish and pretending to wish to give them to us; but when they were near they cast stones at us and fled. We passed under full sail among their boats, which, with great dexterity, escaped us. We saw among them some women who were weeping and tearing their hair, surely for their husbands killed by us."

After this bloodthirsty and wicked visitation no attempt was made to colonize these islands until a Jesuit priest, Padre Diego Luis de Suavitores, landed at Guam in 1668, when a mission was established. The Spanish Jesuits held full sway until they were expelled in 1769 and their place taken by the Friars.

When the Salem bark, *Lydia*, visited Guam, therefore, in 1801, the Spanish administration was in its heyday and had been long enough established to offer a fair survey of what this particular kind of civilization had done for the natives. The *Lydia* was in Manila on a trading voyage when she was chartered by the Spanish Government to carry to Guam the new governor of the islands, his family, his suite and his luggage. The bark sailed from Manila for Guam on October 20, 1801, and two days later, while among the Philippine Islands, the first mate wrote in his journal:

"Now having to pass through dangerous straits, we went to work to make boarding nettings, and to get our arms in the best order, but had we been attacked, we should have been taken with ease. The pirates are numerous in their prow* and we

*Proas.



The old-time sailors used to have their vessels painted on pitchers and punch bowls. (The legend beneath this gallant brig is "Success to the Peggy.")



REMARKS

ON A VOYAGE TO THE MARIANAS

ISLANDS

BY WILLIAM H. SAWYER, F.R.S.

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY J. H. COOKE, 1801

Title page from the journal of the *Lady*, bound to Guam in 1801

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have but eleven in number exclusive of our passengers, *viz.*, the captain, two officers, cook, steward, and six men before the mast. The passengers are the Governor of the Marianna Islands, his Lady, three children and two servant girls, and twelve men servants, a Friar and his servant, a Judge and two servants, total passengers twenty-four and we expected but eight. Too many idlers to drink water, and to my certain knowledge they would not have fought had we been attacked. However, we passed in safety.

“These passengers caused a great deal of trouble when their baggage came on board. It could not be told from the cargo and, of course, we stowed it all away together below, so that every day there was a search for something or other which caused the ship to be forever in confusion.”

There was more excitement while passing between the islands of Panay and Negros, where the bark was becalmed close to land, “and all our passengers were in the greatest confusion for fear of being taken and put to death in the dark and not have time to say their prayers.” Next day the *Lydia* anchored at the island of Sambongue and the “Governor, his Lady and children” went on shore to visit the officers of the Spanish settlement. Captain Barnard of the bark did not like the appearance of this port, and “put the ship into the highest state of defence possible, got all the boarding nettings up, and the arms loaded and kept a sea watch. This night a Spanish launch, as it proved to be afterwards, attempted to come on board, but we fired at it and ordered it to keep off.”

Cordial relations were soon established between ship and shore, however, and the Spanish Governor of Sambongue and his sons went on board to make a friendly call. “We had made every preparation in our power to receive them with the greatest respect,” says the journal. “His sons were as bad as Indians. They wanted everything they saw. Captain Barnard

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presented them with a day and night glass. They in turn sent a boat-load of cocoanuts, upwards of a thousand, and some plantain stalks for the live stock, some small hogs, two sheep, a small ox and goat, but the live stock was for the passengers. The same evening the Governor's sons returned on board and brought with them six girls and their music to entertain us, but the ship was so full of lumber that they had no place to show their dancing. However, we made shift to amuse ourselves till three in the morning. The current then turning and a light breeze from the northward springing up, we sent them all on shore, they singing and playing their music on the way."

The following day, November 7th, saw the *Lydia* under way and William Haswell, with cheerful recollections of this island, found time to write:

"The town of Sambongue is a pleasant place and protected by fifty pieces of cannon, the greatest part of them so concealed by the trees that they cannot be seen by shipping. This proved fatal to two English frigates that attempted to take it. They landed their men before the Spaniards fired. The Spaniards destroyed two boats and killed, by their account, forty men, one of them a Captain of Marines. The English made the best of their way back to the ships. One of them got aground abreast of the Fort and received great injury. This is their story, but we must make allowance. One thing is certain, the British left the greater part of their arms behind them. The English account is, the *Fox*, four killed and twelve wounded, the *Sybille*, two killed and six wounded.

"The English have so much of the Malay trade that but little comes to the share of the Spaniards, and in the words of the Governor's wife there is plenty of cocoanuts, water and girls at Sambongue, but nothing else. I was well pleased with the inhabitants, as they did everything in their power to serve us.

"November 8th. We had fine weather, light winds and

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those easterly, so that it rendered our passage long and tedious. Our passengers were very anxious to arrive at the island where they were to be the head commanders, a station they had never before enjoyed. The Friar was praying day and night but it would not bring a fair wind.

“. . . Jan. 4th. 4 P. M. we set all steering sails and stood to the westward and got sight of the Islands of Guam and Rota. Next day we had light winds and calms. We steered for the north end of the island and at five P. M. found it was too late to get in that night. Reefed the topsails and stood off and on all night. At 4 P. M. set all sail to get round to the S. W. side. At 10 A. M. saw the town of Agaña* and at one we entered the harbour at Caldera. A gun was fired from the Island Fort, at which we came to and handed sails, the ship rolling very heavy. A small boat came on board to enquire who we were. As soon as they were informed that the new Governor was on board, they set off in the greatest hurry to carry the information to Don Manuel Mooro, the old Governor.

“The breeze continuing, we got under weigh and beat up the harbour. They placed canoes on the dangerous places and by 6 P. M. the ship was up and anchored in sixteen fathoms of water, sails handed, boats and decks cleaned. At midnight the Adjutant came on board with a letter from Don Manuel wishing our passenger, Don Vincentz Blanco, joy on his safe arrival and informing him that the boats would attend him in the morning.

“Jan. 7th. Accordingly at 6 A. M. three boats came on board, one of them a handsome barge, the crew in uniform, a large launch for baggage, and a small boat for the Judge and his two servants. At ten the Governor, his Lady, and suite left the Ship. We saluted with nine guns and three cheers. We then went to work to clear ship.”

*The name of the capital or chief town of Guam is spelled “Agaña” to-day.

At this place in his narrative the first mate of the *Lydia* turns aside from the pomp and fine feathers of the new Governor's reception to tell of the hard fate of another vessel.

"We saw a ship heaving in sight and not able to find the passage over the Reef. I took a small boat and went out and found her to be an English ship in distress. I piloted them in and brought them to anchorage near the Hill Forts in thirty fathoms of water. Their story is as follows, that the ship was taken from the Spaniards on the coast of Peru and carried to Port Jackson, New Holland, and condemned. The present owners bought her there and went with her to New Zealand to cut spars which they were intending to carry to the Cape of Good Hope. But the ship going on shore and bilging herself, delayed them some time which occasioned a greater expenditure of provisions than what they expected.

"They at length got the ship repaired and loaded and went to the Friendly Islands to get provisions, but they were disappointed as the natives were at war with one another and nothing to be got but yams of which they got a slender stock. They set off again, but the ship got aground on some rocks which made her leaky. They got her off and stopt the leak on the inside with clay as well as they could. Their men then mutinied and insisted on carrying the ship to Macao, but not being able to reach that place, they put in here for provisions, thinking the Spaniards would let them go out again. But their ship was so bad that she never left this place. They could not get at the leak any other way than by heaving the keel out and that was a work of time. I sent them some salt beef and pork on board and took an officer and fifty Indians and a bower anchor and cable with me to get her up the harbour which we were some time about, but plenty of men made light work, and I warped her up abreast of the *Lydia*, and there moored her.

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“Next day eight of the English ship’s men took a boat and went to town to the Governor to enquire how much he would give them to carry the ship to Manila, but he ordered them to be put in irons for mutiny.”

Meanwhile the *Lydia* was discharging cargo and filling her water casks. When the wind blew too hard for the boats to make a landing at Agana, Mate Haswell writes: “I used to take my gun and two or three Indians with me and wander into the woods, but in all my stay on the Island I shot only one small deer and some hogs and a few birds amongst which was a large Bat near three feet from tip of wing to wing. The woods are so full of underbrush that it is hard labour to one that is not used to it to get forward, but the Indians travel as fast as I can on clear ground. I frequently went into inland Indian villages and always found them hard at work with the tobacco which all belongs to the King. As soon as dried it must be carried to the Governor and he sells it all at an enormous price. Everything else they have, even the cattle, belongs to the King.

“The houses are small, but very cleanly, and are built of a kind of basket work, with cocoanut leaves and are about twelve feet from the ground. Their furniture consists of two or three hammocks of net work, and the same number of mats, a chest, one frying pan, a large copper pan, and a few earthen jars. Near their houses is a large row of wicker baskets in piles six feet high for their fowls to lay their eggs and set in, the breed of which they are very careful to preserve. The fire place is under a small shed near the house to shelter it from the rain. Their food is chiefly shell fish and plantains, cocoanuts and a kind of small potatoes which they dry and make flour of, and it makes good bread when new.

“But to return to the *Lydia*. She was bountifully supplied with fresh provisions, beef, pork, fowls, all at the King’s expense

and in the greatest plenty so that we gave three-quarters of it away to the English ship, who had nothing allowed them but jerked beef and rice. As our crew was small we had a great deal of duty a-going on, I often got assistance from the English ship and with this supply of men the work was light. I kept the long boat constantly employed bringing on board wood and water. Four men were on shore cutting wood, and some hands repairing the rigging, painting ship, etc., and getting ready for sea as soon as possible.

“About this time Captain Barnard came on board and went, accompanied by himself and the second officer, to make a survey of the hull of the English ship, her hull, rigging, sails, etc., and found her not fit to perform a passage without some new sails, a new cable and a great deal of new rigging and a new boat, as hers were lost. The leak we thought could be reduced on the inside, but all the seams were very open and required caulking. A report of our opinions being drawn out, I was sent to town with it.

“The Governor hinted it was impossible to get what was required, but yet wished to send the ship to Manila. The poor owners hung their heads in expectancy of the condemnation of the ship.”

After the *Lydia* had been made ready for her return voyage to Manila, Mr. Haswell relates that he went to town, Agana, for a few days, and passed “the time in a very pleasant manner. I found them preparing our sea stock, which was to be in the greatest abundance. It consisted of eight oxen, fifty hogs, large and small, but in general about thirty pounds each, twenty-four dozen of fowl, five dozen of pigeons, two live deer and a boat load of yams, potatoes, watermelons, oranges, limes, cocoanuts, etc. The way we came to be so well provided for was that both the Governors and the Lieutenant Governor insisted on supplying us with stock, but that was not all, for the Friars

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and the Captains of the Villages near the seaside all sent presents on board, some one thing, some another.

“Thus the ship’s decks were as full as they could be with live stock, hen coops from one end of the quarterdeck to the other, the long boat and main deck full of hogs, and the fore-castle of oxen. This great stock of provisions was more than half wasted, for the heat of the weather was such that more than half of it was spoiled. It would not keep more than twenty-four hours without being cooked and then not more than two days, so that if we killed an ox of five hundred pounds, four hundred of it was hove overboard, which was a pity, but we had no salt.

“All of the English gentlemen and some of the Spanish officers came down to the waterside to see us embark. I then went in company with Captain Barnard and bid the kind Governor farewell and found scarcely a dry eye in the house. The Governor’s Lady would not make her appearance, but she waved a handkerchief from the balcony of the Palace as we embarked in the boats.

“Captain Barnard was disappointed as he expected to have carried the old Governor back to Manila with us, and only required half the sum we had for going out, which was 8,000 dollars, but the old man thought 4,000 dollars was too much and offered 2,000 which was refused, the Captain thinking that he would give it at last. Don Manuel had the precaution to embark all the old Governor’s goods and the remains of his wife on board the *Lydia* by which Captain Barnard thought he would come up to his price, and so took them on board for the small sum of two hundred dollars. Nothing was left behind but the old Governor and servants. He expected to the last moment that we would stop for him, but as soon as he saw us under weigh, he wanted to stop us, but it was too late as we were gone before his messenger reached the fort.

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“We left the Harbour de Calderon with a fine breeze N. E. and as soon as we were at sea a man belonging to the English ship that had secreted himself on board, came on deck and shewed himself. We had also an Otaheita Indian that was under the care of Captain Barnard as his servant. We had but one passenger, a Friar, and he was a good man, his behaviour was very different from the one we carried out with us. He was so bad that we were forced to send him to Coventry, or in other words, no one would speak with him.”

Having finished this running chronicle of the voyage to Guam, the first mate of the *Lydia* made a separate compilation of such general information as he had been able to pick up. His account of the treatment of the natives by their Spanish overlords is in part as follows:

“They are under the Spanish martial law. All (native) officers are tried by the Governor and the King’s officers of the army. They have the power to inflict any punishment they think proper. When a man is found worthy of death he must be sent to Manila to be condemned and then brought back again to be executed. There was only one lying in irons for murder, but Captain Barnard would not take him with us. The whole island belongs to the King of Spain whom the Governor personates, and the inhabitants must pay a yearly rent for their houses and lands and all the cattle are the property of the Crown and can be taken from them at the pleasure of the King’s officers, nor dare they kill their cattle but with the permission of the Governor or the Friars, and then never kill a cow till she is very old. The only things they have are the milk and butter and the labour of the beast, and a small piece when it is killed.

“They are called free-men, but I think contrary. If the Governor wants a road cut he calls on all the men and sets them about it and only finds them rice till it is done. The old Governor carried too far and was called a great Tyrant. He

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made them build two forts and a bridge and cut a road through a high rock, build a school house and some other things and never allowed them to be idle, but for want of a supply of food from Manila the poor men were near starving as he did not give them time to cultivate the land.

“The Church also has its modes of trial. They have a kind of Inquisition or trial by Torture established but I never heard of their punishing any person. The poor Indians respect the Friars highly, but the Governor will not let the Friars meddle with the affairs of Government, as they often want to do. They were at variance about a man that had committed murder and fled to the Church for protection. One of the Officers took him from under the altar. The priests resented this but were forced to hold their tongues. They sat on trials before, but now they are excluded and the Governor takes care of things temporal. But we carried out a Judge with us to examine into the Governor’s behaviour and to hear the complaints of the poor to see them redressed.

“On the arrival of the new Governor the ship that brings him salutes him when he leaves the ship and on his landing all the forts fire except the Citadel which fires on his entering the church. The road was lined with the militia without arms and he was received at the landing place by the Lieutenant Governor and Adjutant and the Guards under arms. There was a handsome carriage and four horses for the children and two chair palanquins for him and his Lady, but he mounted the Adjutant’s horse, and rode under triumphal arches of flowers and leaves of trees to the church which he entered with all his family. The forts then fired and the Guards received him on his leaving the church and conducted him to the Palace where the old Governor received him and the Guards fired three volleys.

“A grand entertainment was provided of which all the officers

partook and in which the old Governor shewed his taste. His table was covered with the best of provisions, consisting of beef, venison, fowls, fish, turtle, etc. All was in the greatest style, and the old man still had good wines and chocolate though he had been five years without supplies from Manila. The feast he gave was grand and by far surpassing what was to be expected on a barren island. The next day all the officers waited on the Governor's Lady to pay their respects. All of them brought presents, *viz.*, butter, eggs, fowls, fruit, but the Adjutant's wife gave her a pair of ear-rings of pearls, the largest that I ever saw. They were entertained with music and dancing and had beverages served round to them, but some of the head ones had chocolate, wine, cakes, etc.

"In their dances the natives imitate the Spaniards as near as possible. Their voices are soft and harmonious, their songs are short and agreeable, their language borders on the Malay but not so that they can understand one another. These people are very hospitable and on your entering their huts they offer you young cocoanuts and will get any kind of fruit they have in a few moments. They are in general healthy and strong but a certain malady introduced among them by the Spaniards has made sad ravages and they had no medicines in the Island at the time of our arrival, and they have no person that is acquainted with medicines or with disorders of any kind. It is a great pity that the Spanish Government does not send a man sufficiently qualified to put a stop to that dreadful disorder.

"The Roman Catholic religion is universally established in all its Terrors. I could not find out whether the Indians had any of their own, but they pay great respect to some large flat stones of an oval shape that are often found near their villages and are engraved with characters like Malay, but there was no person on the Island that could decipher them, as all kinds of learning have been long lost by the poor Indians. The Spaniards

The First Yankee Ship at Guam

have established a school to teach them to read and write, but there are few of them who learn more than to read the Prayers which are given them by the Friars.

"In the inland places the men and women go naked, but they have clothes and on the appearance of a European they run and put them on and are proud of being dressed, but they cannot buy clothes to wear in common because they are so dear, for the Governor gains eight hundred per cent. on all he sells them. And no other person is allowed to trade. They are very obedient to government and it is seldom that there is any disturbance.

"Of the troops one company is of colored men formerly brought from Manila but now more than half Indians. They are well clothed and make a good appearance with bright arms and a good band of music. Of militia there is one regiment of one thousand men. Their arms are in bad order, so rusty that when the Militia paraded to receive the new Governor they were not armed but sat about cleaning them. The payment of this militia is the only cash in circulation on the Island. Every man has ten dollars a year to keep himself in readiness. When pay day comes it causes a kind of market. The Governor's secretary pays them and they carry the money to the dry goods store and lay it out in Bengal goods, cottons, and in Chinese pans, pots, knives, and hoes, which soon takes all their pay away so that the cash never leaves the Governor's hands. It is left here by the galleons in passing and when the Governor is relieved he carries it with him to Manila, often to the amount of eighty or ninety thousand dollars.

"The population is estimated at 11,000 inhabitants* of which twelve only are white and about fifty or sixty mixed. The Governor and four Friars are the only Spaniards from old Spain, the others are from Peru, Manila, etc. The city or

* The first American census of Guam reported a native population of between 9,000 and 10,000.

The Ships and Sailors of Old Salem

capital of the Island is on the north side in a large bay, but there is no anchorage for shipping. It is a pleasant town and contains five hundred houses of all sorts and one thousand inhabitants of all descriptions. It is on a small plain under a hill which protects it from the heavy gales that sometimes blow from the eastward. The town consists of six streets, one of them three-quarters of a mile long. The buildings of the Governor and Chief Officers are of stone and are good houses. The Palace is two-story and situated in a very pleasant part of the town with a large plantation of bread-fruit trees before it, and a road from it to the landing place. It is in the old Spanish style. The audience chamber is near a hundred feet long, forty broad and twenty high and well ornamented with lamps and paintings. At each end of it are private apartments. In the front is a large balcony which reaches from one end of the house to the other. Behind the palace are all the outhouses which are very numerous. Close to the Palace are the barracks and guard-room. It is a large building and is capable of containing five hundred men with ease. To the northward stands the church, built like one of our barns at home. It has a low steeple for the bells. On the inside it is well adorned with pictures, images, etc. On the south east and near the church is the free school which has a spire. Here the alarm bell is hung, also the school bell. The scholars never leave the house but to go to church."

In this rambling fashion does Mr. William Haswell, mate of the Salem bark *Lydia*, discourse of Guam as he saw it in the year of Our Lord, 1801. He dwells at some length also on the remarkable abundance of fish, shells and *beche de mer*, the animals wild and tame, "the finest watermelons I ever saw," and the proas or "Prows" which he has seen "sail twelve knots with ease." Of one of these craft he tells this tale:

"There is a Prow that was drove on shore in a southerly

The First Yankee Ship at Guam

gale from the Caroline Islands with only one man alive. She had been at sea fourteen days, and ten of them without provisions. There were three dead in the boat and the one that was alive could not get out of the boat without assistance. She had but one out-rigger which they shifted from side to side. In other ways she was like the Guam Prows. The man that came in her was well used and has no desire to go back. He looks a little like a Malay, but there was no person in the Island that understood his language."

Mate William Haswell has left unfinished certain incidents of his voyage to the bewitching island of Guam. Why was the Friar of the outward voyage sent to Coventry? Did the thrifty "old Governor" finally overtake the remains of his wife which sailed away to Manila without him? One might also wish to know more of the brilliantly successful methods of the Governor as a captain of industry. The system by which he kept all the cash in the island in his own pockets, paying his militia in order that they might immediately buy goods of him at a profit of eight hundred per cent., seems flawless. It has not been surpassed by any twentieth century apostle of "high finance."

Whatever sins of omission may be charged against the literary account of First Mate William Haswell, it is greatly to his credit that he should have taken pains to write this journal of the *Lydia*, a memorial of the earliest voyage under the American flag to that happy-go-lucky colony of Uncle Sam which in more recent years has added something to the gaiety of nations.

CHAPTER XX

NATHANIEL BOWDITCH AND HIS "PRACTICAL NAVIGATOR"

(1802)

HAIL to thee, poor little ship, *Mayflower*, of Delft Haven," wrote Thomas Carlyle, "poor common looking ship, hired by common charter-party for coined dollars—caulked with mere oakum and tar—provisioned with vulgarest biscuit and bacon—yet what ship Argo or miraculous epic ship, built by the sea gods, was other than a foolish bumbarge in comparison!"

This fine rhapsody is of a piece with many another tribute to the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers and their immortal ship, and yet it would seem that some measure of praise were due that sturdy English seaman, Thomas Jones, the master of the *Mayflower*, who dared to make his blundering way across the Atlantic three centuries ago. Nor can one go wrong in admiring the courage and resourcefulness of any of these bold seamen who crossed oceans, made their landfalls and destined ports in safety and rolled home again with the crudest knowledge of navigation and almost no instruments for accurately charting their courses. Even a century ago shipmasters voyaged to far-away havens without chronometers, trusting to the log-line and compass to find their longitude by dead reckoning, and keeping track of their latitude with the quadrant and a "Navigator" or "Seaman's Friend." Nathaniel Silsbee of Salem records that as late as 1827 he made a passage in a brig to Rotterdam when they had no chronometer, and knew nothing

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of lunar observations, but navigated by dead reckoning, or the estimated speed of the ship. On his first voyage of eighteen months beyond the Cape of Good Hope, "the only spare canvass for the repair of a sail on board the vessel was what was on the cover of the log-book."*

Before informing the landsman who Nathaniel Bowditch was, and what this self-taught astronomer and mathematician of Salem did to aid the great multitudes of those that go down to the sea in ships, it may be worth while to tell something of how our forefathers found their way from shore to shore. The real beginnings of the science of navigation as it is known to-day, are to be sought no further away than the seventeenth century which first saw in use the telescope, the pendulum, logarithms, the principles of the law of gravitation and instruments for measuring minute angles of the heavens. The master of the *Mayflower* in 1620 was hardly better equipped for ocean path-finding than Columbus had been two centuries before him. Columbus in his turn had made his voyages possible by employing the knowledge gained by the earlier Portuguese exploring expeditions of the fifteenth century.

* The Boston ship *Massachusetts* sailed for the East Indies in 1790. She was the largest merchant vessel built in the United States up to that time, and was especially designed and equipped for the Oriental trade, measuring six hundred tons and carrying a crew of eighty men. Winthrop L. Marvin's American Merchant Marine states:

"In view of the importance of the *Massachusetts* it is astonishing to learn from Delano's Narrative that she went to sea without a chronometer, and without a single officer who could work a lunar observation. This compelled her to creep down the coast of Africa, feeling her way along, as it were, by the discolored current. She tried to sight the Cape Verde Islands to correct her reckoning, but missed them, and standing too far back toward the East came near bringing up on the inhospitable sands of South Africa. But the worst miscalculation of all was the missing of Java Head, that great landmark of East India voyagers. This blunder compelled the *Massachusetts* to make at least fifteen extra degrees of 'eastings' and cost her about three weeks' time. If a great ship like the *Massachusetts* were so ill-provided with the instruments of navigation, it is inexplicable how the small ships of poorer owners ever found their way around the Cape of Good Hope, and through the labyrinths of the East Indian Archipelago."

In fact, up to the time of the voyages undertaken under the patronage of Prince Henry of Portugal which led to the discovery of the Cape Verde Islands in 1447, and of Sierra Leone in 1460, thousands of years had passed without the slightest improvement in aids to navigation except the introduction of the mariners' compass or magnetic needle among European nations at the beginning of the fourteenth century. The civilization which bordered the Mediterranean had known only coastwise traffic, and the vast ocean beyond the Pillars of Hercules was mysterious and unfurrowed by the keels of trading galleys. Ancient discoveries in astronomy had taught that the altitudes of the sun and stars varied with respect to the location of the observer according to fixed laws, but the sailor had not dreamed of making use of these laws to find his latitude or longitude, except for the tradition that the adventurous Phœnician traders guided their vessels by means of the known position of the constellation of Ursa Minor, or of the Pole star.

Prince Henry of Portugal resolved to collect and systematize all the knowledge of nautical affairs obtainable in the early part of the fifteenth century, preparatory to sending forth his intrepid seamen as explorers of the Atlantic, and established an observatory near Cape St. Vincent in order to obtain more accurate tables of the declination of the sun, by which the mariner obtained his latitude in clumsy and unreliable fashion. The sun's "declination" is its angular distance from the celestial equator, or the angle that a line drawn to the sun from any point at sea or on the earth's surface makes with the plane of the celestial equator. In other words, the most important early discovery in navigation, next to the use of the magnetic needle, was the use of an instrument by which these angles could be determined and then utilized by means of astronomical tables to find a ship's distance north or south of the earth's equator, in degrees and fractions thereof.

Nathaniel Bowditch and his "Practical Navigator"

John II of Portugal, grand-nephew of this enlightened and ambitious Prince Henry, endeavored to make further advancement in the same field and employed a "Committee on Navigation" to collect new data and make more calculations to lessen the errors in the tables of the sun's declination. They turned their attention also to the instrument then in use for taking observations at sea, the cross-staff, and recommended that the astrolabe should be employed instead. The shipmaster of Columbus' time went to sea with a cross-staff or astrolabe, a compass, a table of the sun's declination, a table for connecting the altitude of the pole star and occasionally a very incorrect chart. The first sea chart ever seen in England was carried there in 1489 by Bartholomew Columbus. The log-line had not been invented and it was not until 1607 that any means was known of measuring a ship's course through the water.

The cross-staff, as used by Columbus and Vasco da Gamma, consisted of two light battens or strips of wood, joined in the shape of a cross, the observer taking his sights from the ends of the "cross" and the "staff," on which the angles were marked in degrees. As a device for measuring altitudes, the cross-staff had been known to ancient astronomers, although unknown to their seamen. The astrolabe was a copper disk, suspended from above with a plumb line beneath, and was found to be more convenient for taking altitudes than the cross-staff, and gradually superseded it.

The problem of finding longitudes at sea was far more baffling than that of latitude. It was early discovered that the only accurate and satisfactory method must be by ascertaining the difference in time at two meridians at the same instant, but until the invention of the chronometer this could be done only by finding, at two different places, the apparent time of the same celestial phenomena. The most obvious phenomena occurring to the early navigators were the motions of the moon

among the fixed stars, which was first suggested in 1514. Better instruments and a sounder theory of the moon's course were needed before its motions could be predicted with accuracy and recorded beforehand in an almanac in order to give the mariner a basis of comparison with his own observations, and the very principal of such a theory was, of course, unknown until Newton's great discoveries, after which the problem of lunar observations began to have a chief place in the history of navigation.

The cross-staff and astrolabe gave place in time to the quadrant, which was a much more accurate instrument for observation and was used by the mariners of the eighteenth century. It, in its turn, was discarded for the sextant during the nineteenth century, which instrument, as improved and perfected, is in universal use at sea to-day for helping to find a ship's position by means of the measurement of angles with respect to the sun and stars.

The chronometer, for finding longitudes, has taken the place of lunar observations, and the story of the struggle to invent a time-keeping mechanism of requisite accuracy for use at sea is one of the romances of science. Watches were unknown until 1530, but before the end of that century efforts had been made to ascertain the difference in time between two places by means of two of these crude timepieces which, however, were too unreliable to be of any practical service to navigation. The study of the problem was stimulated by the offer of a reward of a thousand crowns by Philip III of Spain, in 1598, to him who should discover a safer and more accurate method of finding longitude at sea than those in use. The States-General of Holland followed this with the offer of ten thousand florins, and in 1674 England became actively interested in the problem and Greenwich Observatory was established for the benefit of navigation and especially to calculate the moon's exact position

with respect to the fixed stars a year in advance and so make the "lunar observation" method of determining longitude a safer guide for the seamen than was the case with the tables then existing.

The pressing need of such investigation was brought home to England by a series of great disasters to her naval force because of blundering navigation. Several men-of-war were wrecked off Plymouth in 1691 through a mistake in their landfall and Sir Cloudesley Shovel, one of Great Britain's immortal admirals, was lost with his fleet of ships off the Scilly Islands in 1707 because of a mistake in reckoning position. The government became convinced that the whole theory and practice of navigation needed a radical overhauling, and in 1714 a "royal commission for the discovery of longitude at sea" was appointed and at the same time a series of splendid prizes was offered for the invention of an accurate chronometer; five thousand pounds for a chronometer that would enable a ship six months from home to find her longitude within sixty miles; seven thousand five hundred pounds if the limit of error were within forty miles; ten thousand pounds if the position were correct within thirty miles. Another clause of this bill as enacted by Parliament offered a "premium" of twenty thousand pounds for the invention of any method whatever by means of which longitude at sea could be determined within thirty miles. Two years later the Regent of France offered a hundred thousand francs for the same purpose with similar stipulations.

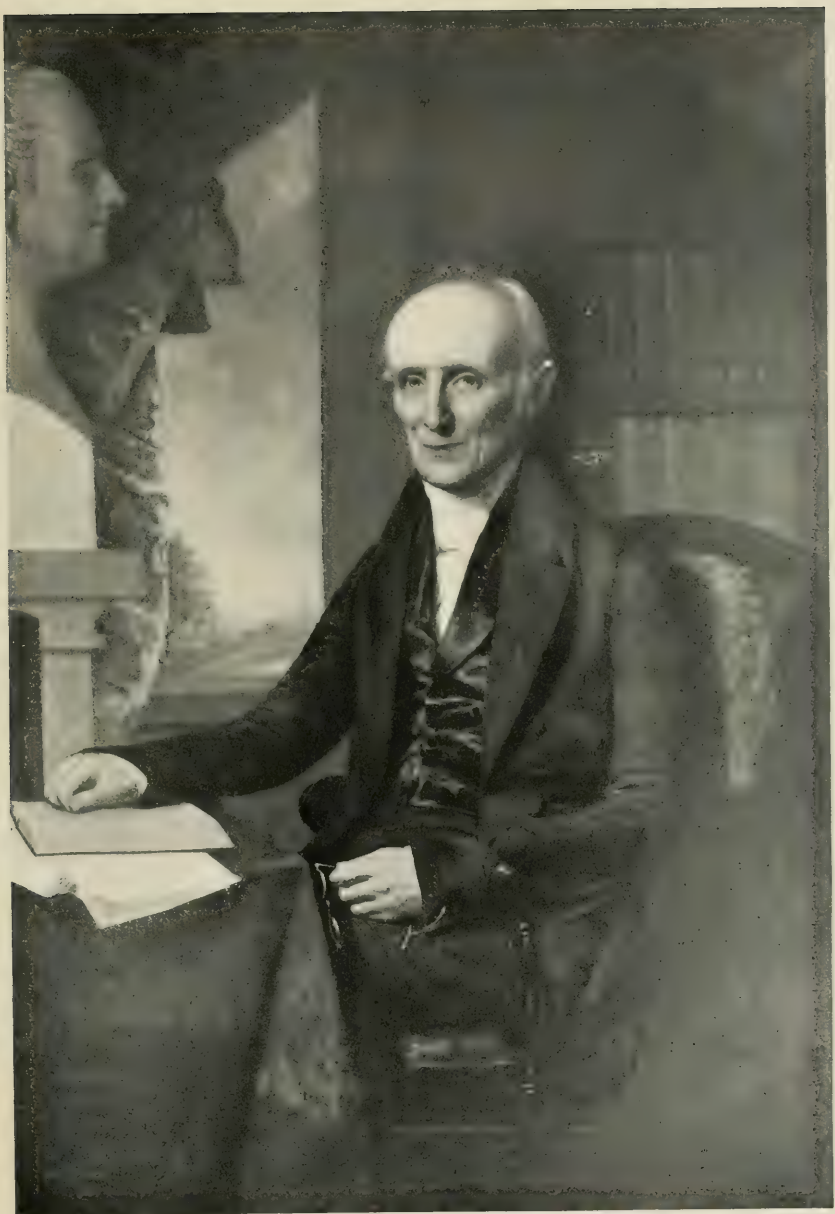
There lived in Yorkshire a young watchmaker, John Harrison, who learned to make better watches than anybody else in England, and he had followed with keen interest the experiments which attempted to find longitude by means of watches set to keep Greenwich Observatory time as nearly as possible. He determined to attack the problem in his way and to compete for these royal prizes if it meant the devotion of a lifetime to

the art of making chronometers. He spent years in making one instrument after another until in 1736 he carried to Greenwich a "gridiron pendulum clock" which was placed on board a ship bound for Lisbon. It proved to be accurate enough to correct the ship's reckoning of observations by several miles, and was a notable improvement on any other timepiece of the day.

The Royal Commission urged Harrison to drop all other work and make a business of competing for the prizes, and offered to supply him with funds. For twenty-four years John Harrison strove to make a chronometer that should win the twenty thousand pounds. He was sixty-eight years old when, in 1761, he wrote the Commission that he had a chronometer which he was willing to send on a trial voyage, and asked that his son William be allowed to go with it to take care of the precious instrument.

The Commission sent the chronometer out in a ship bound to Jamaica in order that its mechanism might be tested by extremes of climate and temperature. On arriving at Jamaica the chronometer had varied but four seconds from Greenwich time. When the ship returned to England after an absence of 147 days, the total variation was found to be less than two minutes, or eighteen miles of longitude. The Commission demanded that the chronometer be given another trial, and it was sent to Barbados on a voyage five months long, at the end of which it showed a variation of only sixteen seconds from Greenwich time, which meant that John Harrison's chronometer had lost or gained an average of about two-thirds of a second a week.

The Yorkshire watchmaker, after a lifetime of service, had won a momentous victory, but more exacting tests were demanded of his masterpiece and he was threatened with death from old age before he was finally given the twenty thousand pounds. Thenceforth the chronometer slowly made its way



Nathaniel Bowditch, author of "The Practical Navigator"

Nathaniel Bowditch and his "Practical Navigator"

among ship owners as a necessary article of the captain's equipment and the most important contribution to navigation since the magnetic compass.

Old-fashioned mariners with an eye to expense continued to find their longitude by means of lunar observations for half a century and more after the chronometer had been perfected, and in American merchant vessels the chronometer may be said to belong to the nineteenth century era of navigation. "Dead reckoning" and lunar observations were the main-stays of the Salem sea captains in the days of their greatest activity over distant seas, and their fellow-townsmen, Nathaniel Bowditch, author of "The Practical Navigator," was a far greater man, and more useful to them, than John Harrison of Yorkshire.

The log-line and sandglass have been discarded on steamers of to-day in favor of the patent log with its automatic registering mechanism, but the old-fashioned method of measuring the ship's course is used on sailing vessels the world over. It gave to the language of the sea the word "knot" for a nautical mile, and the passenger on board the thirty-thousand-ton express liner of the Atlantic "steamer lanes" talks of her six hundred and odd knots" per day without knowing how the word came into use, or that at the taffrail of the white-winged bark or ship passed in midocean the logline and glass are being used to reckon the miles in genuine old-fashioned "knots," just as they were employed a century ago.

The "log" is a conical-shaped canvas bag, or a triangular billet of wood so attached to the "log-line" that it will drag with as much resistance as possible. The line is wound round a reel, and is divided at regular intervals into spaces called "knots." These are marked on the line by bits of rag or leather; at the first knot is a plain piece of leather, at the second a piece of leather with two tails; at the third a knot is tied in

the line, and so on according to a simple system which enables the observer to identify the sequence and number of the "knots." The glass is like an hourglass, but the sand is carefully measured to run through in exactly fourteen or twenty-eight seconds. The logline and its knots are carefully measured to correspond with the glass. That is, if the sand runs out in twenty-eight seconds, the distance between two knots of the line bears the same ratio to the length of a real "knot," or nautical mile as the twenty-eight seconds for which the sandglass is set bears to an hour of time. Therefore the number of "knots" of the line unreeled out over the stern of the ship while the sand is running in the glass gives the number of miles which she is traveling per hour.

When the speed is to be read, one man throws overboard the "log" and line, while another stands ready with the glass. The first twenty or thirty fathoms of line are allowed to pay out before the knots are counted. When the drag has settled quietly in the sea astern and anchored itself, a white rag tied to the line marks the instant for turning the glass. As the bit of white rag flashes over the rail the man with the reel begins to count the knots that slip past, the glass is set running, and when the last trickle of sand has sifted through, the man holding it shouts "stop her." The other man with the log reel notes the number of knots paid out, and down on the ship's logbook go the figures as the number of miles per hour the ship is making through the water.

The log and sandglass, along with the sounding lead, are survivals of a vanished age of sea life, perhaps the only necessary aids to navigation which are used to-day precisely as our forefathers used them. For this reason, and also because the log and glass played so vital a part in the day's work of the navigators of such ports as Salem, they have been discussed at some length in this introduction to a sketch of the life of Nathaniel

Nathaniel Bowditch and his "Practical Navigator"

Bowditch, for his place among the truly great men of his time, great in benefactions to humanity, cannot be perceived by the landsman without some slight knowledge of the conditions which then existed in the vastly important science of deep-water navigation.

The nineteenth century had to thank this seafaring astronomer of Salem for its most valuable working treatise on navigation which illustrates with singular aptness the fact, often overlooked, that the ship captain is a practical astronomer and this his calling has been more and more safeguarded by methods of applied science. Or as Professor Simon Newcomb has expressed it:

"The usefulness of practical astronomy and the perfection it has attained may be judged from this consideration: take an astronomer blindfolded to any part of the globe, give him the instruments we have mentioned, a chronometer regulated to Greenwich or Washington time, and the necessary tables, and if the weather be clear so that he can see the stars, he can, in the course of twenty-four hours tell where he is in latitude and longitude within a hundred yards."

For more than a century the name of Nathaniel Bowditch has been known in the fore-castle and cabin of every American and English ship, and a volume of "The Practical Navigator" is to be found in the sea kit of many a youngster who aspires to an officer's berth. The book is still one of the foremost authorities in its field, a new edition being published by the United States Hydrographic Office every three or four years. A multitude of landlubbers who have no knowledge of seafaring as a calling have heard of "Bowditch" as a name intimately linked with the day's work on blue water. At his death in 1838, his fellow mariners of the East India Marine Society, of which he had been president, spread upon their records a resolution which voiced the sentiment of shipmasters in every port and sea:

“Resolved, That in the death of Nathaniel Bowditch a public, a national, a humane benefactor has departed; that not this community, nor one nation only, but the whole world has reason to do honor to his memory; that when the voice of eulogy shall be still, when the tear of sorrow shall cease to flow, no monument will be needed to keep alive his memory among men, but as long as ships shall sail, the needle point to the north, and the stars go through their appointed course in the Heavens, the name of Dr. Bowditch will be revered as one who helped his fellowmen in time of need, who was and is to them a guide over the pathless ocean, and of one who forwarded the great interest of mankind.”

This ocean pathfinder of Salem, Nathaniel Bowditch, made no important discoveries in the science of navigation, but with the intellect and industry of a true mathematical genius, he both eliminated the costly errors in the methods of navigation used in 1800, and devised much more certain and practicable ways of finding a ship's position on the trackless sea. So important were the benefits he wrought to increase the safety of shipping that when the news of his death was carried abroad, the American, English and Russian vessels in the port of Cronstadt half-masted their flags, while at home the cadets of the United States Naval School wore an official badge of mourning, and the ships at anchor in the harbors of Boston, New York and Baltimore displayed their colors at half-mast. The London *Athenaeum* said of “The Practical Navigator,” in the days when no love was lost between British and American seamen:

“It goes, both in American and British ships, over every sea of the globe, and is probably the best work of the sort ever published.”

What Nathaniel Bowditch did was to undertake the revision of a popular English handbook of navigation by John Hamilton Morse in which his acute mind had detected many blunders

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which were certain to cause shipwreck and loss of life if mariners continued to use the treatise. This work was found to be in need of so radical an overhauling that in 1802 Bowditch published it under his own name, having corrected no fewer than eight thousand errors in the tables and calculations, including such ghastly and incredible mistakes as making 1800 a leap year in reckoning the tables of the sun's declination and thereby throwing luckless shipmasters as many as twenty-three miles out of their true position at sea. It was declared at the time that several ships had been lost because of this one error.

Expert opinion hailed the work of Bowditch with such eulogies as the following:

"It has been pronounced by competent judges to be, in point of practical utility, second to no work of man ever published. This apparently extravagant estimate of its importance appears but just, when we consider the countless millions of treasure and of human lives which it has conducted and will conduct in safety through the perils of the ocean. But it is not only the best guide of the mariner in traversing the ocean; it is also the best instructor and companion everywhere, containing within itself a complete scientific library for his study and improvement in his profession. Such a work was as worthy of the cultured author's mind as it is illustrative of his character, unostentatious, yet profoundly scientific and thoroughly practical, with an effective power and influence of incalculable value."

At a meeting of the East India Marine Society on May 6, 1801, "to examine a work called 'The New American Practical Navigator,' by Nathaniel Bowditch, a committee of sagacious and experienced shipmasters, veterans of the seas beyond the Cape of Good Hope and the Horn, submitted the following report:

"After a full examination of the system of navigation presented to the Society by one of its members (Mr. Nathaniel

Bowditch), they find that he has corrected many thousand errors in the best European works of the kind; especially those in the tables for determining the latitude by two altitudes, in those of difference of latitude and departure, of the sun's right ascension of amplitudes, and many others necessary to the navigator. Mr. Bowditch has likewise in many instances greatly improved the old methods of calculation, and added new ones of his own. That of clearing the apparent distance of the moon, and sun or stars from the effects of parallax and refraction is peculiarly adapted to the use of seamen in general, and is much facilitated (as all other methods are in the present work), by the introduction of a proportion table into that of the corrections of the moon's altitude. His table nineteenth, of corrections to be applied in the lunar calculations has the merit of being the only accurate one the committee is acquainted with. He has much improved the tables of latitudes and longitudes of places and has added those of a number on the American coast hitherto very inaccurately ascertained.

"This work, therefore, is, in the opinion of the committee, highly deserving of the approbation and encouragement of the Society, not only as being the most correct and ample now extant, but as being a genuine American production; and as such they hesitate not to recommend it to the attention of navigators and of the public at large.

Jonathan Lambert	}	Committee
Benjamin Carpenter		
John Osgood		
John Gibant		
Jacob Crowninshield		

"Approved, Benjamin Hodges, President.

"Moses Townsend, Secretary.

"Salem, May 13, 1801."

Nathaniel Bowditch and his "Practical Navigator"

This report is dry reading for the landsman, but it concerned matters of the most vital import to many thousand sea captains, who later blessed the name of this astronomer and mathematician of Salem.

As a shipmaster, Nathaniel Bowditch made a somewhat incongruous figure among the sturdy, full-blooded, simple-minded seamen of his port and his time. He was an intellectual prodigy, a thinking machine, and his tastes were not at all those of the practical navigator and trader overseas. He served his time at sea, and acquitted himself successfully, largely because he was trained for the calling of his father, Habakkuk Bowditch, who had begun his career on shipboard.

The family was in straitened circumstances when Nathaniel came into the world in 1773, and his period of schooling was exceedingly brief. At the tender age of seven he was sent to a Salem "seminary of learning," the master of which drilled his pupils' minds by making them spell at frequent intervals that uncouth monster of words "honorificabilitudinitas." The Bowditch offspring survived this ordeal and at twelve years was apprenticed to a ship chandler. In this tarry environment he learned algebra and "could not sleep after his first glance at it." An old British sailor taught the lad what he knew of the elements of navigation after hours in the ship chandler's shop. The precocious love for mathematics had set the lad's brain on fire and he reveled in problems which would have baffled the wisest old heads of Salem.

While Nathaniel was still in his teens his ambition received a mighty impetus by the discovery of a treasure trove of learning, the philosophical library of Dr. Richard Kirwan,* a famous

* Dr. Richard Kirwan (1733-1812) was born in Cloughballymore, Ireland. He was a distinguished investigator and writer in the fields of mineralogy, chemistry, and meteorology, a member of the Edinburgh Royal Society, the Royal Irish Academy, and a number of foreign academies. He received an honorary degree of LL.D. from the University of Dublin, and declined a bar-

Irish scientist. This precious collection of abstruse literature had come to Salem in a manner highly characteristic of the time and place. While cruising off the British coast during the Revolution, an audacious privateer of Beverly snapped up a merchant vessel and took out her cargo as lawful prize of war. Among the plunder was the library of this luckless Doctor Kirwan, which he had been in the act of shipping from Ireland to England. The privateer came home to Beverly and her booty was sold, according to custom. Several gentlemen of Salem clubbed together, purchased the books, and used them to found the library of the Salem Atheneum, which institution lives even unto this day and is housed in a beautiful new building of colonial design on Essex Street.

Nathaniel Bowditch never forgot his youthful obligation to this source of learning and wrote in his will:

"It is well known that the valuable scientific library of the celebrated Dr. Richard Kirwan, was during the Revolutionary War, captured in the British Channel on its way to Ireland,* by a Beverly privateer and that by the liberal and enlightened views of the owners of the vessel, the library thus captured was sold at a very low rate, and in this manner was laid the foundation upon which has since been established the Philosophical

onety offered him by Lord Castlereagh. His works were translated into Russian, German and French. The capture of Doctor Kirwan's library was a misfortune of sufficient importance to find mention in the National Dictionary of Biography which relates:

"In 1776, Kirwan, having conformed to the established church, was called to the Irish bar, but threw up his studies after ten years, and pursued scientific studies in London, exchanged for Greek at Cregg in 1773. He resided in London from 1777 to 1787, and became known to Priestley, Cavendish, Burke, and Horne Tooke. He corresponded with all the savants of Europe; his Wednesday evenings in Newman St. were the resort of strangers of distinction; the Empress Catharine of Russia sent him her portrait. His library, dispatched from Galway to London on 5th Sept., 1780, was captured by an American privateer. Elected a fellow of the Royal Society on 24th Feb. 1780, he received the Copley medal in 1782 for a series of papers on chemical affinity."

* A probable error of memory as the library was on its way to England according to other sources of information.

Nathaniel Bowditch and his "Practical Navigator"

Library so-called, and the present Salem Atheneum. Thus in early life I found near me a better collection of Philosophical and Scientific books than could be found in any other part of the United States nearer than Philadelphia, and by the kindness of its proprietors I was permitted freely to take the books from that library and to consult and study them at pleasure. This inestimable advantage has made me deeply a debtor to the Salem Atheneum, and I do therefore give to that institution the sum of one thousand dollars, the income thereof to be forever applied to the promotion of its objects, and the extension of its usefulness."

Dr. Richard Kirwan had the shadowy consolation of being compelled to furnish enlightenment to this hostile port of Salem, but the most important benefit reaped by this singular privateering adventure was the stimulus it conveyed to the mind of young Nathaniel Bowditch. He became wholly submerged in the volumes of the Transactions of the Royal Society of London. Indeed, he copied one book after another, making these manuscripts with infinite pains in order that he might possess them and carry them to sea with him. He was in his teens when he copied "A complete collection of all the Mathematical Papers of the Philosophical Transactions; Extracts from various Encyclopedias and from the Memoirs of the Paris Academy; a complete copy of Emerson's Mechanics, a copy of Hamilton's Conics; extracts from Gravesand's and Martyn's Philosophical Treatise; extracts from Bernoulli, etc., etc."

At the age of seventeen Bowditch began to learn Latin without a teacher in order that he might read Newton's Principia, and when he was old enough to vote "he was unsurpassed in mathematical attainments by any one in the Commonwealth." But he must needs earn his bread and go to sea, and so in 1795 Nathaniel made his first voyage as captain's clerk in the Salem ship *Henry*, Captain Prince, to Mauritius. His sea life covered

a period of nine years, during which he made five voyages, one of them to Manila in 1796-7, in the ship *Astrea*, as supercargo with Captain Prince. The *Astrea* was the first American ship to fly the stars and stripes in the harbor of Manila, a fact of some historical worth. The American trade to the Orient was then in its beginnings and it was Elias Hasket Derby, who, with characteristic enterprise, sent the *Astrea* to Manila in search of sugar, pepper and indigo, of which she fetched home a large and valuable cargo.

Nathaniel Bowditch kept a journal of this voyage as was required by the laws of the East India Marine Society, and his journal, written in a precise and delicate hand, is preserved in the Society's collection of records. His impressions of the capital city of the Philippines in 1797 read in part as follows:

"The city of Manila is about three or four miles in circumference, is walled all around, and cannon are placed at proper intervals, but we were unable to get much information with respect to the state of the place, as they were shy of giving any information to foreigners. The buildings within the wall are all of stone, and none except the churches is more than two stories high, on account of the violent earthquakes which they generally have at the breaking up of the monsoons. The month of March is when they most expect them, but on the fifth of November, 1797, we experienced several violent shocks at about 2 P. M. which came from the northward, and proceeded in a southerly direction, continuing with violence nearly two minutes. It threw down a large house half a league from the city, untiled several buildings, and did much other damage. It was not observed on board the ship lying off the bar. The motion of the earthquake was quicker than those usual in America, as the latter are generally preceded by a rumbling noise; the former was not.



Nathaniel Bowditch's chart of Salem harbor

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"The suburbs of Manila are very extensive; most of the business is done there. The houses of the wealthier class are of two stories, built of bamboo with thatched roofs. No house can be built in the suburbs without the particular permission of the Governor, fearing if they were too high an enemy might make use of them, as was the case when the English took the place formerly, for one of the churches near the walls was very serviceable to them

"All the women have a little of the Indian blood in their veins, except the lady of the Governor and two or three others, though by a succession of intermarriages with Europeans they have obtained a fair complexion. The natives (like all other Malays) are excessively fond of gaming and cock-fighting. A theatre is established for the latter business from which the government draws an immense revenue, the diversion being prohibited at any other place. Sometimes there are five or six thousand spectators, each of whom pays half a real. A large sum arises from the duties on tobacco and cocoa wine. Tobacco is prohibited, but if you smuggle any on shore it cannot be sold for more than the ruling cost in America, notwithstanding the price is very high. Particular people, licensed by the King, are the only persons allowed to deal in it.

"All the natives chew *dreca* and *betel*, though not mixed with opium as in Batavia. This with chewing and smoking tobacco make their teeth very black. The segars used by the women, and which they smoke all day, are made as large as they can possibly get into their mouths. The natives are about as honest as their neighbors, the Chinese; they stole several things from us, but by the goodness of the police we recovered most of them.

"On the second of December, 1797, thieves broke into the house where we lived, entered the chamber where Captain Prince and myself were asleep, and carried off a bag containing

\$1,000 without awakening either of us, or any of the crew of the longboat sleeping in an adjoining chamber.

“The guard boat discovered them as they were escaping and pursued them. They, in endeavoring to escape, ran afoul of a large boat, which, upsetting them, the money went to the bottom, and, what was worse, the bag burst and the money was all scattered in the mud, where the water was eight feet deep. However, by the honesty of the captain of the guard, most of it was recovered. The thieves were caught, and, when we were there in 1800, Mr. Kerr informed us that they had been whipped, and were to be kept in servitude several years.

“The same day another robbery was committed, equally as daring. The day the indigo was shipped, the second mate came ashore with several of the people to see it safe aboard. The boats we had provided, not taking all of it, we sent the remainder aboard with a black fellow as a guard, who was esteemed by Mr. Kerr as an honest man, but he had been contriving, it seems, to steal a couple of boxes. When the cases containing the indigo had passed the bar, a small boat came aboard with two boxes filled with chips, stones, etc., appearing in every respect like those full of indigo, and, pretending that we had put on board two wrong boxes, they exchanged their boxes for two real boxes of indigo, but, in bringing them ashore, they were detected and the indigo returned.

“There are great numbers of Chinese at Manila. It is from them most of the indigo is purchased. They trade considerably with China; their junks arrive at Manila in January, and all their goods are deposited in the custom-house. Some of these cargoes are valued at a million of dollars, the duties on which amounted to nearly \$100,000. The Chinese at Manila retain all the customs of their country, excepting those respecting religion and a few other things of small moment.”

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When the *Astrea* arrived at Manila on this voyage, Captain Prince was asked by another shipmaster how he contrived to find his way in the face of the northeast monsoon by dead reckoning. He replied that "he had a crew of twelve men, every one of whom could take and work a lunar observation, as well for all practical purposes, as Sir Isaac Newton himself, if he were alive."

During this dialogue Nathaniel Bowditch, the supercargo, who had taught these sailors their navigation while at sea, "sat as modest as a maid, saying not a word but holding his slate pencil in his mouth," according to Captain Prince who also used to relate that "another person remarked there was more knowledge of navigation on board that ship than ever there was in all the vessels that have floated in Manila Bay."

During his seafaring years this singular mariner, Nathaniel Bowditch, learned French thoroughly, and studied Italian, Portuguese and Spanish. One who sailed with him said, "all caught a zeal to learn on board his ships. The whole crew of twelve men on board the *Astrea* later became captains, first and second mates. At sea his practice was to rise at a very early hour in the morning, and pursue his studies till breakfast, immediately after which he took a rapid walk for half an hour, and then went below to his studies till half-past eleven o'clock, when he returned and walked till twelve o'clock, the hour at which he commenced his meridian observations. Then came dinner, after which he was engaged in his studies till five o'clock; then he walked till tea time, and after tea was at his studies till nine o'clock in the evening. From this hour till half-past ten o'clock he appeared to have banished all thought of study, and while walking he would converse in the most lively manner, giving us useful information, intermixed with amusing anecdotes, and hearty laughs, making the time delightful to the officers who walked with him, and who had to quicken their

pace to accompany him. Whenever the heavenly bodies were in distance to get the longitude, night or day, he was sure to make his observations once and frequently twice in every twenty-four hours, always preferring to make them by the moon and stars on account of his eyes. He was often seen on deck at other times, walking rapidly and apparently in deep thought, when it was well understood by all on board that he was not to be disturbed, as we supposed he was solving some difficult problem. And when he darted below the conclusion was that he had got the idea. If he was in the fore part of the ship when the idea came to him, he would actually run to the cabin, and his countenance would give the expression that he had found a prize."

In keeping with this picture is the story of Bowditch's behavior when during his third voyage, from Cadiz to Alicante, his ship was chased by a French privateer. The Yankee captain decided to make a fight of it and Bowditch was assigned to hand powder on deck from the magazine. One of the officers, going below after the vessel had been cleared for action found the supercargo sitting on a keg of powder with his slate in his lap, absorbed in making calculations.

In 1803, Bowditch was in the ship *Putnam* which came home from Sumatra with a cargo of pepper. He formed a poor opinion of the trading methods of the native chiefs of that savage coast, and wrote in his journal:

"On your arrival at Sumatra you contract with the Dattoo for the pepper and fix the price. If more than one vessel is at the port, the pepper which comes daily to the scales is shared among them as they agree. Sometimes the Dattoo contracts to load one vessel before any other vessel is allowed to take any, and he holds to this agreement as long as he finds it to his interest to do so and no longer, for a handsome present or an increase in his price will prevent the pepper from being brought

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in for several days, and the person who made the agreement must either quit the port or else give an additional price."

Two years later, in November, 1805, the *Putnam* was attacked and captured by Malays while seeking pepper on the coast of Sumatra, seven of her crew being wounded, and the ship lost to her captain notwithstanding his efforts to retake her with the half-hearted assistance of two English trading ships. Nathaniel Bowditch had left the *Putnam*, however, after one voyage in her as master and part owner. Navigation appealed to his unusual intellect only in its scientific aspects. Even while he was engaged in seafaring he went ashore from his ship which was anchored in Boston harbor to attend the Harvard commencement of 1802 and was surprised to hear his name read as the recipient of the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

Nathaniel Bowditch had made the sea serve him, both to gain a livelihood and to test his theories of practical navigation for the benefit of his fellow seamen. But he did not consider "The Practical Navigator" to be an achievement by which his intellectual powers should be measured. His *magnus opus*, the fond labor of his best years was the translation and commentary of the monumental work of the great French astronomer, La Place, entitled "*Mécanique Celeste*" (Celestial Mechanics). So much of his own learning appeared in his exhaustive notes, that the American edition of four volumes was a lasting memorial to the industry, knowledge and researches of Nathaniel Bowditch, and was the foremost American achievement in scientific letters during the early nineteenth century. It won a solid fame for Nathaniel Bowditch, both at home and abroad. Where one American, however, has heard of his edition of *Mécanique Celeste*, a thousand have studied the pages of his "Practical Navigator," which is a living book to-day.

Shortly after he retired from the sea, Doctor Bowditch was elected president of the Essex Fire and Marine Insurance Com-

pany and continued in that office until 1823, declining professorships at Harvard, West Point and the University of Virginia. In 1823 he was persuaded to move his residence to Boston as actuary of the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Society which position he held until his death in 1836. A self-taught scientist, a notable benefactor of mankind, Nathaniel Bowditch was with singular fitness, a son of Salem in the days when its splendid race of navigators were his fellow-townsmen. He loved the storied seaport in which he was born, and he was generally beloved for those very genuine qualities characteristic of the shipmasters among whom he lived. There was a rare simplicity and an absence of all false pride in the reasons which he gave to his executors for making a bequest to the Salem Marine Society.

"He told us, and all our children," his sons wrote to the officers of the society, "at the time of executing his will that his father, Habakkuk Bowditch, for nearly twenty years received from your charity fund the annual sum of fifteen dollars or thereabouts, so that his own food and clothing when a boy were in part derived from this source. Under these circumstances, we felt with him, that he had incurred a debt of gratitude toward your society which justified and indeed required from him an acknowledgement in return."

CHAPTER XXI

LOGS FROM THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

(1792-1819)

ON the fly leaf of the log of the ship *Hercules* is pasted a clipping from a Salem newspaper, a "letter to the Editor" dated September 26, 1823. It is the tribute of a friend to the memory of Captain Benjamin Carpenter who had died ten days before. The writer sketches the outline of a typical American seaman of his time in these words:

"He followed the seas the principal part of thirty years with the character of an intelligent, generous and very active man. He commanded the first cartel sent to England in our Revolutionary War, with captured British officers, which, for a time, puzzled the government there—whether to condemn the vessel, send her commander to Newgate as a rebel, or purchase his ship. They preferred the latter and thus evaded the nice question of American Independence. The examination of Captain Carpenter by Lord Sandwich, and other Lords of the Admiralty, was curious, spirited and humorous, and ought to be preserved in history.

"But Captain Carpenter's exertions were not confined to the planks of a ship. He was one among two or three sea captains who founded that beautiful Museum which adorns the town of Salem. The idea of depositing curious articles brought from abroad in one place, instead of scattering them here and there, as heretofore, arose in a small club of which he was an influential member. Hence originated that neat collection of curiosities in value and in art at Salem.

"Wherever Captain Carpenter went he bore about him the pride of Country. Undeviating Republicanism marked his sagacious and manly character. From its dignified principles, no temporary advantage, family consideration, immediate flattering prospects, or specious argument could ever for a moment swerve him. In every region he felt like an American, judged like a man of sense, and acted like an honest one.

"A deep and aggravated domestic loss (his only son was left to perish on a wreck at sea) broke down a strong constitution. Captain Carpenter died at Cambridge this 16th inst. in the 72nd year of his life, leaving behind him a pleasant and untainted memory."

In the Marine Room of the Peabody Museum there hangs a striking portrait of this Captain Carpenter, an unusually handsome man, in a brave scarlet coat, the beau ideal of the adventurous, resolute master mariner of the eighteenth century. In the log of the *Hercules*, dated 1792, he has left to posterity the most beautiful specimen of a sea journal of the olden time that is anywhere preserved. Among the thousand log books in the collection of the Essex Institute it stands alone for faultless penmanship and illustration. The drawings of harbors, landfalls and ports, as made by Captain Carpenter while at sea have the delicacy and fineness of engravings, even as reproduced herewith.

The appearance of the journal is proof that he liked to have things done as handsomely as possible, and the records of his voyages show that smartness, discipline and thoroughness ruled his conduct afloat and ashore.

This log is inscribed "Journal of my intended voyage (by God's assistance) from Boston to the East Indies in the good ship *Hercules*, May 14th, 1792."

There is a certain satisfaction to be found in scanning the record of this voyage of a typical master and ship's company

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in the finest days of the American merchant marine. It may be worth while even to run over the names of this crew, thirty-nine of them all told, for the sake of knowing what was the breed of men that toiled and dared in those long-vanished forecastles and cabins. Here they are, then, a true-blue Yankee crew in the year of our Lord, 1792, outward bound for the East Indies, and every name of the thirty-nine, from captain to cabin boys, an honest, sterling Anglo-Saxon name to be proud of; in its humble way, a roll of honor:

Benjamin Carpenter,	Samuel Gerrish, Jr.,
William Claghorn,	Ben. K. Churchill,
Joshua Walker,	M. M. Burdick,
Unity Dodge,	John Reeves,
Andrew Truelove,	George Jackson,
Joshua Breck,	Alexander Arthur,
Benjamin Daniels,	William Willis,
Spencer Cole,	Robert Haines,
Daniel Cheever,	Patrick Fleming,
William Fadden,	John Cook,
Samuel Snowden,	Joshua White,
Reuben Knowles,	William Bacon,
John Newton,	David Robertson,
James Cutler,	John Cummings,
Thomas Redfield,	Frank Hector,
William Poor,	John Doane,
John Brown,	John Hovey,
Benjamin Roberts,	Chester Dodge,
Benjamin Gerrish,	Henry Eldridge,
William C. Potter,	

This crew, thrice the number needed to navigate a ship of the tonnage of the *Hercules* in these piping times of peace, comprised the captain, three mates, the boatswain, boatswain's

mate, carpenter, carpenter's mate, steward, cabin cook, ship's cook, cooper, two cabin boys and twenty-five able seamen. They were young men, surprisingly young. The average age of the mates was twenty-three years. The average age of the twenty-five able seamen was twenty-two years and six months. Captain Carpenter was well pleased with this lusty Yankee ship's company for he entered in his log on the first day of the voyage:

"Set the watch with the best crew I ever put to sea with from Boston, being thirty-nine of us, most of them young, active men."

On the first Sunday at sea, the captain made this note in the log:

"At 10 A. M. the hands appeared on the quarterdeck in a very tidy dress while the captain read several selected prayers, during which time the most becoming solemnity and attention marked the countenance of every man. The same regulations will be strictly attended to during the voyage."

The ancient ceremonies of welcoming Neptune aboard when a ship "crosses the Line," have not been suffered to become obsolete even in the age of "the ram-you, damn-you liner with a brace of bucking screws." These rude festivities belong with the age of sail, however, when there were real seamen instead of paint-scrubbers, to perform the boisterous rites of initiation over the luckless greenhorn who was making his first passage to the southward of the Equator. It may be fairly assumed that as far away as 1792, this briny custom was in the height of its glory, and the rites as described by Captain Carpenter have a sound historic value because they took place according to the firmly established maritime code of the eighteenth century. His account, written on board the *Hercules*, reads as follows:

"These twenty-four hours brisk breezes and clear weather.



Captain Benjamin Carpenter of the *Hercules*, 1792

Having crossed the Line, the usual ceremony of ducking began about 2 P. M. The ship was hailed by the Old Man of the Tropics, who being desired by the officer of the deck to come on board, entered over the bow, attended by his wife, whence they were drawn in their Chariot by a number of sailors, as Tritons, to the quarterdeck where the Captain and Gentlemen received them. Their appearance was truly ludicrous, having their faces blackened and painted, a blanket over their shoulders, by way of royal robes, and a large swab on their heads, instead of a crown, the long strands of which hanging down to their waist, served for hair. After paying their compliments to the Captain and welcoming the ship to their domain, they observed she was a new ship, that had never been there before, and that there was a number of new faces which they had never before seen.

“The Captain, having given his word that both the ship and Gentlemen should be properly entered, they returned forward and proceeded to business. A half hogshead having been previously filled with water, and a bucket of tar and grease mixed together, the men who had never crossed the tropic were brought up singly and blindfolded. They were welcomed with great ceremony and a kiss by old Neptune who told them that he was glad to see them and would take the liberty to have them shaved before they went any farther. The candidate was then placed on a seat across the half hogshead and his feet kept from the water where, still blindfolded, he was lathered with the tar and grease and shaved with a notched iron hoop. As soon as he was done the oath was administered, *viz.*, ‘*That he will to the best of his ability prove himself a good fellow, that he will never drink small beer when he can get strong, except he likes the small beer best, nor eat brown bread when he can get white, but under the same promise; that he will never kiss the maid when he can kiss the mistress without he likes the maid*

The Ships and Sailors of Old Salem

best; that he will never sail in an old ship when he can get a new one, unless he knows he is born to be hanged; that he will never forsake the pumps until they suck, and in fine, that he will never suffer any man, where he maybe, to pass the Tropic or Equinoctial Lines, for the first time, without going through the same ceremonies.'

"This done, a speaking Trumpet was put in his hand and he was told to hail the Tropic. As soon as he got the trumpet to his mouth, in an almost perpendicular elevation, a bucket of water was thrown into it, and at the same instant the seat being pulled from under him he fell backward into the water, where he was very handsomely washed by the bystanders, which closed the ceremony. Seven or eight went through this operation which was conducted with good humour and followed by the parties joining in drinking the grog given for the ship and the gentlemen who entered the Tropic for the first time."

The first port of call on the outward voyage was at Teneriffe in the Canary Islands. Captain Carpenter's impressions of the place and its society were most agreeable, for he wrote:

"After the business of the day was ended, a servant came to make me acquainted where the Harmonious Club spent the evening, with compliments to the stranger and hoping he would favor them with his company. The Club spent the evening in music, dancing and cards till eleven o'clock which is the hour at which they break up. This is the way they spend most of the evenings in the year, the climate being very mild and pleasant. The island abounds in the good things of life and those that have money may live very gay."

Quite different were Captain Carpenter's impressions of the next port at which he touched, Port Praya, Santiago, of the Cape Verde group of islands. In fact his opinions of this Portuguese Colony and its people and their opera bouffe government are scathing in the extreme. He says of them:

“Of all the places I have ever landed at, this seemed to be the poorest. After walking thro’ the sand of a burning hot day, I ascended a precipice that never carriage did ascend, nor do I think ever will, as you are obliged to jump from one rock to another. Not a green thing to be seen, nothing but poor miserable half-starved negros on your right and left, leading hogs, goats, and monkeys to sell for old clothes, bread or anything they can get in exchange. At the top of the hill at the gate is a sentry placed, but for what reason would puzzle anybody to tell.

“Of all creatures I think these people are the laziest on earth, for if a hog comes into the house and they are lying down they will not rise to drive it out, but lie in the room till they have their nap out, or some one is seen passing the door of their hovel and asked to look after the hog. Their bed for the afternoon nap stands near the door of their room in order that they may, if lying down, see the Governor when he comes out to walk. Every afternoon about five o’clock he makes his appearance dressed in a red coat, as meagre as a person that had been running express for a long time and had nothing to support nature. He is attended by five or six gentlemen of copper and jet black complexion, making a group that I should be sorry to meet on a dark night without being well armed and having a safe retreat.

“I applied to the Lieutenant Governor for leave to purchase some hogs and goats, etc., which he readily granted, as I suppose he puts considerable of the price in his own pocket. His house was of one story and had a kind of board floor, but one window and that without glass. In one corner of the only furnished room were some green cocoanuts and oranges, two chairs and something like a table. When I first went in his dress was a pair of silk breeches and a coarse white shirt open at the neck and wrists, without shoes or stockings. It was three

o'clock when I arrived at his house, which was the time His Excellency, the Governor, went to rest. The Lieutenant Governor proposed that I should wait on the Governor at 5:30, but his Excellency, rising sooner than common, came out to walk by that time, so I was disappointed of being introduced to him, as his Lieutenant told me it would be improper to speak to him in the street, but that he would put on his regimentals and acquaint him of my attentions which would answer for my intended compliments."

At the Isle of France, now called Mauritius, Captain Carpenter writes that he found "everything in the greatest confusion. Liberty is the cry and every man has his uniform and sword by his side. No prospect of a market for our tobacco, and all business is at a standstill. Nothing else but a reformation of Government will appease the Democrats."

With painstaking care the master of the *Hercules* continues his journal at Ceylon, as a guide to fellow mariners of Salem who may come that way. Of the first anchorage on the coast of Ceylon he says:

"On your arrival at Point de Gale, it is customary to visit the Dutch Governor, the Lieutenant Governor and officials. You will find Mynheer Sluisser, the Governor, a pleasant man, free of access, and by no means ostentatious. You will probably dine with him once or twice a week, and on every Thursday evening you will receive an invitation to his concert. If you will endeavour to render yourself agreeable you will never be at a loss for society, nor obliged to eat dinner alone at a hotel. It is necessary that you should give the Governor the refusal of your cargo. He will probably trade with you, but if he should not, it can be of no detriment (to offer him the refusal of it) and it is a show of respect which always pleases men in high office. Don't omit giving the minor officials some trifling present. By this means you gain friendships and then little

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matters are overlooked. I have always made this a rule, let me be in what port I may, not to neglect such attentions. From the Governor to the meanest citizen I have made it my study to please. Let a man's occupation be what it will, you may have occasion for his aid, and I have known a small present of ten shillings to be the means of saving one hundred pounds. Good language will have the same effect. Therefore exert yourself as much as possible in this way and set apart twenty pounds for these purposes. I know of no place where this kind of attention is so necessary as in India. A degree of address without familiarity in conversation and attention to your person are no less necessary."

Captain Carpenter made of this log a unique and valuable record of the details of a kind of commerce now unknown to American merchants. With a vast amount of detailed instruction, including a formidable array of calculations, he wrote out the program to be followed by an American ship engaged in trade among the ports of the East Indies more than a century ago. The foregoing extracts from his journal serve to show that the successful American shipmaster of that time possessed tact and diplomacy, and had a clear idea of how he ought to carry himself when ashore in strange lands. The following summary of his commercial instructions will show how thoroughly equipped were these navigators to do business as merchants, acting wholly on their own responsibility. Captain Carpenter begins these latter chapters of the log of the *Hercules*:

"A person of abilities and in the mercantile line with a ship of 300 to 500 tons, copper bottom, and a fast sailor, may be sure to do well in the country trade, provided dispatch is made and economy observed. He must be determined to stay in India two or three years and to make himself well acquainted with navigation and the prevailing winds. He will be sure to behave himself in such a manner as to gain the acquaintance of

the principal merchants and pay the strictest attention to keeping his ship in order. By this means you will not only have the refusal of freights, but very frequently get a number of passengers. There are so many advantageous ways of employing such a ship in India that I scarcely know which to recommend. I will here mention several which I know from my own experience must prove very beneficial. Although freights are high and the profits are certain, I should rather prefer to load the ship on my own account. In the latter case it would be advisable to embrace the opportunity to let your ship sail from Bengal at the first of November with a cargo of rice. She will proceed to Point de Gale (Ceylon), where if she meets a good market, you will dispose of this cargo and take in return arrack, oil and some spices, and with these articles proceed on to Bombay where you will sell your goods.

“You may then take a freight of cotton for Madras. After you have delivered your cotton, you will take freight of salt for Bengal, where after it is discharged, and all accounts settled, you will have finished your first voyage. This voyage will take three and a half months, provided you sail the latter end of one and the beginning of the other monsoon. You will then have time for another such voyage before the cotton season is over. You will then take in your cargo of rice at Bengal and proceed exactly as you did on your former voyage. By the time you have finished your second voyage, it will be June which is the end of the Bombay and the beginning of the Pegu (Rangoon) trade. You will doubtless, after being some months at sea, need some few repairs which may detain you at Bengal till the first of July. which is the best time for a voyage to Pegu.*

* “In 1793, the ship *Astrea*, on a trading voyage from Madras to Pegu, was seized by the king of the latter place as a transport for stores to his army to Siam which had gone thither to attack its forces. Captain Gibant and his second mate were detained as hostages for the performance of the voyage.” (Historical Sketch of Salem.)

In a voyage from Bengal to Ceylon you have advantages arising from the general demand for rice at every port on the Malabar coast. For instance, suppose you were disappointed in a market at Point de Gale, you have Colombo, Angengo, Comorin, and Cochin. These are places where you may never be at a loss to sell a cargo of rice. It is not necessary for your ship to anchor at any of these ports, unless you have a prospect of sales, but when you arrive in sight of the place, hoist your boat and go on shore to learn the state of the market. If you should meet with encouragement you may bring your ship to."

Captain Carpenter then adds a tabulated statement of outlay, receipts and net profits for the voyages described. The amounts are in rupees and it is not easy to turn rupees into dollars and estimate the fair equivalent of their relative values in 1792. It is possible, however, to discover that the profits of such commercial venture were well worth the long outward-bound voyage from Salem or Boston. The cargo of rice with which the ship was laden on the first leg of the route cost ten thousand rupees, which is the amount of capital invested in the undertaking. After deducting all expenses, including insurance and wear and tear on the vessel, the net profits for the round voyage of three and a half months was estimated at 28,335 rupees, or almost two hundred per cent. Captain Carpenter's program comprised two of these voyages in seven months' time, yielding a total net profit of 56,670 rupees on an original investment for cargo of 10,000 rupees. Of the returns from this foregoing venture Captain Carpenter observes with his usual sagacity:

"If you wish to perform another northern voyage 10,000 rupees will answer your purpose. You can then either remit the rest of your money home, or lend it in Bengal at twelve per cent."

For the voyage to Pegu or Rangoon, the shipmaster was advised to carry a cargo of coarse blue cloths, cutlery, tobacco,

sword blades, hatchets, pewter spoons, small looking-glasses, "and a few other trifling matters with about 500 rupees in gold. Having all things in readiness you will make the best of your way for the Nicobar Islands, where you will purchase a full cargo of cocoanuts. From thence you will proceed to Rangoon. This cargo of nuts will purchase at Rangoon a full load of timber which will net a handsome profit on the Coromandel coast or at Bengal.

"On your arrival at Rangoon you will meet with a number of the natives who will want to trade with you. Pay no attention to them till you have settled the duties and have permission from the Prince so to do. The first thing after your arrival will be to procure a linguist. Enquire for an old man by the name of Francisco. He is an honest fellow, speaks the English tongue perfectly and will serve you faithfully. He will immediately on your arrival take you to the Prince or Mahoon, to whom you will render an exact list of your ship company, stores, guns, and the invoice of your cargo. After he has examined your invoice, etc., he will ask you if you wish to trade. If you do he will demand one or two of your topsails, and sometimes your rudder as security for your good behaviour and to prevent your going off without paying the duties. These being in his custody and some trifling presents made him, he will grant you liberty to sell your cargo and to purchase timber or anything else except precious stones which, notwithstanding the country abounds with them, they are not allowed to send away.

"Be careful to be very condescending while in the presence of the Prince and not to assume any haughty airs during your stay there. If you strictly attend to this conduct you may expect to find the greatest hospitality. But should you offer the least insult to any one of the inhabitants you must expect to be severely handled. Your cargo, when landed, is put in the king's go down, and when you have finished unloading several

officers will go on board to search your ship. Endeavour to find out the day they intend to visit you and make some little preparation to give them a good reception. This business being over, you will go with them to the Prince and settle the duties which will amount to about thirteen per cent. They have no coin at Pegu. Their pieces of metal money are all in different shapes and values as in China."

The voyage of Captain John White of Salem in the brig *Franklin* to Saigon, Cochin China, while somewhat later in time than Captain Carpenter's trading adventures at such picturesque ports as Rangoon, was also the undertaking of a pioneer navigator, and belongs with the same era of activity. It was much easier, however, to have dealings with the "Mahoon of Pegu," even though he did take one's topsails and rudder as security for good behaviour, than with the Mandarins and other erratic potentates who ruled the kingdom of Anam a century ago.

In 1804 the Salem ship *Fame*, Captain Jeremiah Briggs, came home from a voyage to the Orient and he wrote in his journal a glowing description, very much after the style of the Arabian Nights, of the kingdom of Cochin China whose shores he had visited in search of sugar. He seems to have had no difficulty in getting into the ports he sought, and makes no mention of the arduous difficulties which beset Captain White, who came along in the *Franklin* fifteen years later. Before quoting the troubled narrative of Captain White, it is perhaps worth while to afford the reader a few glimpses of Cochin China as pictured by Captain Jeremiah Briggs in 1804.

"The King of Cochin China," he writes, "has about five hundred vessels of war of all denominations, principally boats from about forty to ninety feet long, a number of junks and four ships carrying thirty guns each, about four hundred tons, rigged and sailed by European method. The boats that are

reserved for the use of the royal family are the most elegant work that I ever saw; the painting was superb. The one which is called the King's is one hundred feet long and not a butt in her. She mounts eight guns, six-pounders, and one twenty-four-pounder. I saw a great number of brass cannon, eighteen and twenty-four-pounders, that were cast in the country. Elephants are kept to the number of five hundred, trained for war. The first Mandarin is captain of two companies and likewise of these animals. They are manoevered by a boy sitting on their heads with a hook with which he turns them.

"The citadel or fort, is about three-fourths of a mile in circumference. It has a wall of twenty-five feet, which the present King is now extending two miles. The streets are laid out in European style. He has now one hundred thousand men at work laying out the roads, building the walls, etc. The king himself attends every day. He is mounted on an elephant. His dress is yellow silk and he is attended by a guard of two hundred men armed with spears, each spear with hair upon it, dyed red. He keeps thirty-two concubines. They all live together in one house, which they are not allowed to leave. It is built upon the water and communicates with the land by a bridge. The king is thirty-one years old, a man very well informed."

Perhaps this Jeremiah Briggs had a more optimistic temperament than Captain John White who ascended the Donnai River in 1819, in the *Franklin* brig, but was unable to get as far as Saigon for lack of a permit from the government of the country. After trying in vain to secure a pilot, Captain White conferred with the native chiefs of the villages abreast of his anchorage and was told that he must await word from the viceroy or governor of the district before venturing any nearer Saigon. Thus began a series of misadventures and delays which ended in the Captain's giving up in disgust his plan of

finding cargo in Saigon and without even clapping eyes on that city he turned his ship about and headed for Manila. On a later voyage he succeeded in reaching Saigon, but the story of his failure is the more entertaining, and he related it as follows:

“On this first interview with the natives of the country we were much surprised to find their manners so different from what we had been led to expect. We were now convinced that the Cochin Chinese were in many respects but little removed from a state of deplorable barbarism. The military chief was a withered, gray-headed old man, possessing, however, a great deal of vivacity. He had several attendants who were promptly obedient to his orders. One of the attendants carried a huge umbrella with which he followed the old man to all parts of the ship, and when invited into the cabin he would not descend without the umbrella, so tenacious was he of every circumstance of state and appearance. Another attendant was a handsome boy of about fifteen years of age, who carried in two blue silk bags the areka nut, betel leaf, and chunan and tobacco, of which they chew immense quantities. Another servant carried a fan. Our risability was not a little excited on seeing the old fellow strutting about the deck, prying into the cook’s coppers, embracing the sailors on the forecastle, dancing, grinning, and playing many other antic tricks, followed by the whole train of fanners, umbrella bearers, and chunan boys.

“After visiting every part of the ship, the old mandarin began to court my favor with the most unyielding pertinacity, hugging me around the neck, attempting to thrust his betel nut into my mouth from his own, and leaping upon me like a dog, from which I was nearly suffocated. I finally succeeded in extricating myself from the ardor of his caresses, and getting to the windward side of him, which I maintained, notwithstanding his efforts to dislodge me. At first we could not account for this sudden and violent fit of unsolicited friendship, but in a

short time the mystery was completely unravelled. One of the inferior chiefs intimated a wish to descend to the cabin, which was granted. No sooner had we entered it than, pointing to the looking-glass, he gave us to understand that he must have it for the old chief. Being somewhat surprised at this demand, we smiled and endeavoring to divert his attention, presented him a bottle of brandy and a glass to help himself, which he did not hesitate to do most abundantly, and then giving us to understand that he considered the vessels as a present, passed them to his attendants who after swallowing the liquor deposited them under his robes. The mandarin then renewed his solicitations, nor was there a single article in sight that he did not demand, and in a manner to impress us with the idea that a refusal would give great umbrage to the chief on deck.

"We were forced to purchase peace and good will at the expense of a pair of pistols to the old chief, 25 cartridges, 12 flints, one six pound canister of powder, two pairs of shoes, a shirt, six bottles of wine, three of rum, and three of French cordial, a cut glass tumbler and a Dutch cheese. Nor were the attendants neglected in the general amnesty, and each of them received some trifling article of clothing as a propitiatory offering.

"Old Heo, the mandarin, was now in high spirits again, and in the wantonness of his benevolence, took off his old blue silk robe with which he very graciously invested me, at the same time shrugging and intimating that he was cold. I took the hint and sent for a white jacket, which I assisted him in putting on. At this attention he appeared highly gratified. A demand was now made for some refreshment, and we spread before them some biscuits, cold beef, ham, brandy, fruit and cheese. Of the biscuits and cheese they ate voraciously, seasoning their repast with bumpers of raw spirits.

"It was now proposed by the chiefs that the charges of our

guns should be drawn, and that the commander should accompany them on shore. We refused to comply with the first proposition. I, however, prepared to accompany them to the village, taking with me Mr. Bessel, a young gentleman who acted in the capacity of clerk. On our approach to the shore, our olfactory nerves were saluted with the rankest compound of villainous smells that ever offended nostril; and the natives of the place, consisting principally of men, women, children, swine, and many dogs lined the muddy banks of the Stygian stream to welcome our landing.

"We passed immediately to the house of the chief. This house stood at a little distance from the compact part of the village, and was somewhat larger and in better style than the huts we had passed in approaching it. Here I feel myself incompetent to do justice in portraying the scene which ensued. My descriptive powers are totally inadequate; nothing but the pencil of a Hogarth, or a Teniers could convey an adequate idea of the original. So irresistibly ludicrous was the scene that it was with the utmost difficulty that we could keep our risible muscles in subjection. The apartment into which we were ushered was about twenty-five feet square, and this we found was the usual hall of audience. The floor was composed of a mixture of sand and clay, which by constant attrition had become very hard and solid. The walls were decorated with rusty swords, shields, matchlocks, gongs and spears.

"On each side of the entrance was an enormous brass drum mounted on a clumsy wooden frame, and struck at stated intervals with a bamboo by a soldier on guard. On a raised platform were seated two miserable looking objects undergoing the punishment of the caungue or yoke. This punishment is inflicted by placing over the culprit's neck and resting upon his shoulders, two pieces of bamboo about ten feet in length each, and secured parallel to each other by two strong wooden

bars which pass by each side of the neck, embracing it very closely, and giving the criminal the appearance of carrying a ladder on his shoulders. Directly back of this platform was an entrance to another apartment devoted to domestic purposes before which was hung a coarse screen of split bamboo, closely woven, which concealed from our view the women, children and pigs behind it which were amicably and jointly partaking of the contents of a huge wooden tray placed in the middle of the floor.

“On each side of a recess in gaudy colors were displayed several paintings of prodigious monsters, and in the centre stood a table on which was placed a censer of brass and a basin of the same material filled nearly to the top with ashes in which were stuck a great number of matches, the ends of which had been burnt, and a little bronze joss or god.

“Seated upon a platform was a venerable looking object, his arms akimbo and his legs crossed like a tailor’s. We were led up directly in front of the throne, and received by this august personage. He asked us to be seated, or rather motioned to two vacant chairs, and then addressed us in their language, but not a word of it could we understand, yet the voice sounded familiar to us, and on a nearer scrutiny we recognized our recent guest, but now most dignified host, old Heo. The grim and sable visages of the attendants, the grave and solemn deportment of the mandarins, the grotesque assemblage of monsters in the recess, and the discordant noises of the human and brute concert with which we were still regaled, transported us in idea to other regions. Such a scene must have been in the mind’s eye of Milton when he wrote his animated and minute description of the Court of Pandemonium.

“A table was set before us, on which were placed a China tea equipage, a large dish of boiled rice, together with a piece of boiled fresh pork, very fat and oily. The old chief then

began tearing the food in piecemeal with his long claws and thrusting it into our mouths, between every thrust holding a large bowl of tea to our lips with the most cruel perseverance, till finally losing all patience at his tormenting hospitality, and finding prayers and utterances of no avail I stepped back and clapped my hand on my dirk, darting at him at the same time a frown of displeasure. He desisted from any further importunity, and we were permitted to help ourselves in our own way.

“A bottle of rum and another of cordial, a part of the pillage from our ship, were now produced and a glass of the latter we were glad to take as an antidote to the effects of our meal. The old man now applied himself most vigorously to the liquors, and in a few moments had dispatched the cordial, and then opened the bottle of rum. On our refusal to partake with him he applied it to his own lips, and we were struck with admiration to see ‘how long, how deep, how zealously, the precious juice he quaffed.’

“Perceiving that the mandarin would shortly be unfit to transact business, I hastened to communicate my wishes of being supplied with a pilot, and immediately ascending the river, which he seemed to understand, and shaking his head, drew his hand across his throat and then across mine, as if to intimate that we should both lose our heads if the request was complied with.

“I said I would go up in my boat; at this the signs were repeated. He, however, gave me to understand that he would transmit to Saigon an account of a strange vessel being in the river and demand permission for her to come up to the city, and that an answer would be returned in two days. Some orders were given to an officer, who at once retired as I understood for the purpose of dispatching a messenger to Saigon. We then left our host who was in a state of inebriety.

"We afterwards saw the chief civil magistrate and demanded permission to proceed up the river, but with the same ill success as before. Subsequently we saw the Mandarin again, and he informed us that he would prepare the despatch to be sent to Saigon immediately and noted down the number of men on board the brig, armament, etc., with an assurance that in two days the messenger would return. We now expressed a wish to take leave, when we were informed by the Mandarin that he intended to go on board with us, and had sent orders to prepare a boat for that purpose. We immediately embarked, and in a short time arrived on board.

"We were now somewhat better prepared for the visit of the Mandarin than at first, and had our movables placed out of sight; but the steward, happened to open the door of a state-room, where part of our arms were deposited; they quickly caught the eye of our visitor, who entered the room, and taking a musket from the stand, passed it to an attendant. In this design he was prevented and an inferior one offered him. He then became very surly and we were obliged to conciliate him at the expense of the best musket, a yard of red cloth, several bottles of sweet wine, shoes, ammunition, etc. And here it may be well to observe that on this and every other occasion of visits from these people, while we were in the country, their demands were made in a most systematic manner; the inferior chiefs play the jackal for their superior, who reciprocates the favor in the same manner. We found them a set of sturdy beggars, never expressing any gratitude for the presents which they received or omitting any opportunity of taking every advantage of us or stealing whatever lay in their way.

"Old Heo visited us on the following day, and invited us to go on shore to a feast, but as we were quite satisfied with our regale on the preceeding day it was thought best to decline. The next morning a message came from the civil magistrate

no 8 leagues employed in unloading rather stowing Anchors & other
 Near the Peak of Teneriffe bore ESE and the SW part of Ferre WBS
 Lat. was $27^{\circ} 11' 45''$ N. from now I shall begin my Sea JOURNAL



15th

At noon the Peak bore EBN distance 19 leagues from which I take
 true, its Latitude being $28^{\circ} 13' N.$ and Longitude $16^{\circ} 56' W.$ - present
 Ship under all Sail - from the appearance of the sea & difference between the
 Observation, I suppose we had a strong current to the NE for the first 12
 hours and Ferro, I allow $1\frac{1}{2}$ point Variation. Lat. by Observation 26°
 16.4

BOSTON LIGHT-HOUSE.



On account of the Light House's being the distance between the
 with an observing instrument. It was not till Sept. 11th 1792
 I could take a view of the Light House after the British Fleet
 British Fleet the Light House was come in. The Government
 accordingly did not put it for some years. It has at present
 Dr. Childers Capt. & Mrs. W. Latham is a very good sight the
 is visited but the House is a small one. It is at the bottom of the

Pages from the log of the ship Hercules, 1792, remarkable for the beauty of their
 draftsmanship in pen and ink. These drawings were made
 in the log while at sea

that we should shortly be favored with a visit, and accordingly at about 11 o'clock we saw him leave the creek and in a few moments he was alongside of us. A repetition of their shameless and insolent conduct was again displayed, and nothing but fear of acting contrary to our own interests prevented us from turning them out of the ship. We therefore concealed the resentment and contempt with which they had inspired us, and permitted them to drink deep of the Lethean draught which was to drown all their cares and was the object of their fondest desires. We considered, also, that the sooner they were intoxicated, the sooner we should be rid of their importunity; nor were our hopes in this respect defeated, for in about half an hour they took to their boat and pulled off, leaving a small pig and some fruit, assuring us on their departure that we should receive our pass in two days.

"The following day Heo visited us again. He had a large number of his chiefs and people in the boat with him. As we did not feel altogether safe with so many coming on deck, we had all hands called to quarter, and preparations were made to act on the defensive. Heo looked around, and, seeing our warlike attitude, appeared to be somewhat embarrassed. He slipped his arm under mine and took several turns with me, measuring his steps with great exactness, to keep time with me. I again demanded the pass to proceed to Saigon, and informed him that we suspected they were merely amusing themselves, that we would inform the great mandarin at Saigon how we had been treated, and that he would know how to punish them as they deserved. He appeared considerably surprised at this declaration, but, as if the subject were a disagreeable one, he soon waived it in favor of a new demand upon us to go on shore to a great buffalo hunt, which was exemplified at the chief's instance, by one of the attendants, who, first pointing the forefinger of each hand up on each side of his head, and then, getting

down on all fours, galloped round the deck, pursued by the whole train in full cry, to our no small amusement. Heo was now assailed by us with a new proposition. I demanded to embark immediately with him and his boat, and go up to the city, to which he replied, that if we would throw out the long-boat, and go on shore with the whole ship's company to the hunt, on the morrow he would grant us permission to go up the river. Struck with astonishment at this declaration, we demanded of him to inform us if our arrival had been made known at the city, on which he tacitly acknowledged that it had not, and assured us that the option of granting or refusing our demands was his, but he refused to assign any cause for keeping us so long in ignorance of his power in this respect. They now left us, with the promise of an early visit on the following day.

"At about 10 o'clock our visitors made their appearance. Dissatisfaction and mutual dislike of each other were now evidently making rapid progress in our minds, and our excitement became shortly so great as to restore us in some measure to the use of our signs again. And they motioned that we should draw the charges from our guns. Our refusal to do it was given in a way to impress them with the belief that we expected soon to have use of them. Apparently undismayed at this intimation, they pointed down the hatchway, repeating the word 'baak' (meaning money or silver). Pretending not to notice them, we made one more effort to draw the attention of the chief to the subject of our pass, but we could get no answer but a shake of the head, and a motion alternately across our throats.

"Towards the close of the day we observed an unusual number of boats enter the creek, and a great bustle was noticed on shore. In the evening, the confused noise of gongs, tom-toms, and voices had increased to a considerable degree. We

could not imagine the cause of the din, unless it were to demonstrate their joy at the capture of a smuggler on the previous day. We weighed anchor and stood out towards the cape, and at daylight on the 13th we were clear of the land, and shaped our course to the northward."

CHAPTER XXII

THE VOYAGES OF NATHANIEL SILSBBEE*

(1792-1800)

NEITHER myself nor the chief mate of the ship for that voyage (Mr. Charles Derby) had attained the age of twenty-one years when we left home. I was not then twenty years of age, and it was remarked by the naval officer on taking the ship's papers from the Custom House that it was the first instance in which papers had been issued from that office to a vessel bound to the East Indies, the captain and chief mate of which were both minors."

This is what young Nathaniel Silsbee was able to record of the year 1792 when he took command of the new ship *Benjamin*, one hundred and sixty-one tons, laden with a costly cargo of merchandise and bound out from Salem for the Cape of Good Hope and India, "with such instructions as left the management of the voyage very much to my own discretion." It was only four years earlier than this that the Salem ship *Atlantic* had flown the first American flag ever seen in the harbors of Bombay and Calcutta, and the route to those distant seas was still unfamiliar to these pioneers who swept round the Cape of Good Hope to explore new channels of trade on the other side of the world.

* Historical Collections of the Essex Institute, Vol. XXXV, Jan., 1889. *Biographical Notes*: By Nathaniel Silsbee. (A paper written by him, "for the perusal of his family," between 1836 and 1850, and from which most of the material for this chapter was obtained.)

In these latter times a nineteen-year-old lad of good family is probably a college freshman without a shadow of responsibility, and whose only business care has to do with the allowance provided by a doting parent. He is a boy, and is ranked as such. When our forefathers were creating a merchant marine whose achievements form one of the finest pages of American history, seafaring lads were men at twenty, ruling their quarter-decks and taming the rude company of their forecastles by weight of their own merits in brains and pluck and resourcefulness.

Nathaniel Silsbee, a captain in the India trade at nineteen, was not a remarkably precocious mariner a century and more ago. He could say of his own family:

“Connected with the seafaring life of myself and my brothers, there were some circumstances which do not usually occur in one family. In the first place each of us commenced that occupation in the capacity of clerk, myself at the age of fourteen years; my brother William at about fifteen, and my brother Zachariah at about sixteen and a half years of age. Each and all of us obtained the command of vessels and the consignment of their cargoes before attaining the age of twenty years, viz., myself at the age of eighteen and a half, my brother William at nineteen and a half, and my brother Zachariah before he was twenty years old. Each and all of us left off going to sea before reaching the age of twenty-nine years, viz., myself at twenty-eight and a half; William at twenty-eight, and Zachariah at twenty-eight and a half years.”

In other words, these three brothers of Salem had made their fortunes before they were thirty years old and were ready to stay ashore as merchants and shipowners, backed by their own capital. A splendid veteran of their era, Robert Bennet Forbes of Boston pictured his very similar experience in this manner:

“At this time of my life (1834), at the age of thirty, I had

become gray and imagined myself approaching old age. I had attained the summit of my ambition. I was what was then thought to be comfortably off in worldly goods; I had retired from the sea professionally and had become a merchant; I had contributed something toward the comfort of my mother; I had paid off large debts contracted in building my ship, and I began to think more of myself than I ever had done. Looking back to 1824 when I was content in the command of a little ship of 264 tons, on a salary of six hundred dollars per annum, I conceded that I had arrived at the acme of my hopes. I had been blessed with success far beyond my most ardent expectations.

“Beginning in 1817, with a capital consisting of a Testament, a ‘Bowditch,’ quadrant, chest of sea clothes and a mother’s blessing, I left the paternal mansion full of hope and good resolution, and the promise of support from my uncles. At the age of sixteen I filled a man’s place as third mate; at the age of twenty I was promoted to a command; at the age of twenty-six I commanded my own ship; at twenty-eight I abandoned the sea as a profession, and at thirty-six was at the head of the largest American house in China.”

Nathaniel Silsbee, therefore, was in tune with the time he lived in when at fourteen he embarked on his first voyage, from Salem to Baltimore as a captain’s clerk in a small schooner. His father had been an owner of several vessels in the West India trade, but losses at sea and other commercial misfortunes compelled him to take the boy from school and launch him in the business of seafaring. Three voyages in a coaster were followed by several months of idleness during which he “was uneasy and somewhat impatient” until a chance was offered to ship as supercargo of the brig *Three Sisters* bound on one of the first American voyages around the Cape of Good Hope in the winter of 1788. His wages for that voyage were five dollars a

The Voyages of Nathaniel Silsbee

month, and all the property which his father could furnish as an "adventure" or private speculation, was six boxes of codfish worth eighteen dollars, "most of which perished on the outward passage."

The *Three Sisters* went to Batavia, thence to China where she was sold, and her crew came home in another Salem ship, the *Astrea*. Young Silsbee studied navigation in his spare time at sea, and gained much profit from the instruction of the captain. His strenuous boyhood seems remote in time when one finds in his memoirs that "while absent on that voyage the present constitution and form of the government of the United States which had been recommended by a convention of delegates from the several states, held in 1787, was adopted by eleven of the then thirteen United States, and went into operation on the fourth day of March, 1789, with George Washington, as President and John Adams as Vice-President of the United States."

A week after his return from China Nathaniel was setting out with his father in a thirty-ton schooner for a coasting trip to Penobscot, these two with brother William comprising the ship's company. They made a successful trading voyage, after which the youthful sailor sailed to Virginia as captain's clerk. He was now seventeen, a tough and seasoned stripling ready to do a man's work in all weathers. At this age he obtained a second mate's berth on a brig bound to Madeira. When she returned to Salem he was offered the command of her, considerably in advance of his eighteenth birthday. The death of his mother recalled him to Salem and deferred his promotion.

In the same year, however, we find him captain of a sloop and off to the West Indies with specie and merchandise. The boyish skipper was put to the test, for a succession of furious gales racked his vessel so that she was sinking under his feet, and he "endured such incessant and intense anxiety as prevented my having a single moment of sound sleep for thirteen entire days

and nights." He made a West Indian port, however, and his vessel was declared unseaworthy by a survey of shipmasters and carpenters. "At a somewhat later age," he confesses and you like him for it, "I should probably have acceded to that decision and abandoned the vessel, but I then determined otherwise, caused some repairs to be made on the vessel, which I knew to be entirely uninsured, invested the funds in West India produce, and proceeded therewith to Norfolk, and thence to Salem where the vessel was considered unfit for another voyage, and where I had the good fortune to be immediately offered by the same owner the charge of a brig and cargo for the West Indies."

It was after this next voyage that Captain Silsbee, veteran mariner that he was at nineteen, was given the ship *Benjamin* already mentioned. In those early foreign voyages of one and two years duration, the captain was compelled to turn his hand to meet an infinite variety of emergencies. But he usually fought or blundered a way through with flying colors, impelled by his indomitable confidence in himself and the need of the occasion. This young shipmaster of ours had somehow qualified himself as a rough-and-ready surgeon, or at least he was able to place one successful and difficult operation to his credit. He was already living up to the advice of another New England mariner whose code of conduct was: "Always go straight forward, and if you meet the devil, cut him in two and go between the pieces." This is how Captain Silsbee rose to the occasion:

"In an intensely cold and severe storm on the first night after leaving home, our cook (a colored man somewhat advanced in age) having preferred his cooking-house on deck to his berth below for a sleeping place, had his feet so badly frozen as to cause gangreen to such an extent as to render amputation of all his toes on both feet absolutely necessary for the preservation of his life. Having neither surgical skill nor surgical instru-

ments on board the ship, the operation was a very unpleasant and hazardous one, so much so that no one on board was willing to undertake the direction of it. I was most reluctantly compelled to assume, with the aid of the second mate, the responsibility of performing the surgical operation with no other instruments than a razor and a pair of scissors, and which, in consequence of the feeble state of the cook's health required two days to accomplish.

"The cook was very desirous to be landed and left at one of the Cape de Verde Islands, and for that purpose I proceeded to the Island of St. Jago, where I found an English frigate at anchor. Her surgeon came on board our ship at my request and examined the cook's feet and to my great satisfaction, pronounced the operation well performed, assured me that there remained no doubt of his recovery, and advised me by all means to keep him on board ship under my own care in preference to putting him ashore. With the cook's approbation I followed the surgeon's advice and in the course of a few weeks the cook was able to resume his duties, recovered his usual health and made several subsequent voyages."

After dispatching the business of the cook, the boy skipper proved his ability as a merchant of quick adaptability and sound judgment. While on the passage from the Cape of Good Hope to the Isle of France (Mauritius) he fell in with a French frigate which gave him news of the beginning of war between France and England. When this news reached the Isle of France prices rose by leaps and bounds and the cargo of the Benjamin was promptly sold at a profit that dazzled her commander. As fast as payments were made he turned the paper currency into Spanish dollars. Then for six months an embargo was laid on all foreign vessels in port. Captain Silsbee sat on his quarter deck and refused to worry. During this time in which his ship lay idle, his Spanish dollars increased to three

times the value of the paper money for which he had shrewdly exchanged them, while for lack of an outlet the products of the island had not advanced in cost.

He therefore abandoned his plan of keeping on to Calcutta, sold his Spanish dollars, loaded his ship with coffee and spices at the Isle of France, and made a bee line for Salem. He proceeded no farther than the Cape of Good Hope, however, where he scented another opportunity to fatten his owner's pockets. "I found the prospect of a profitable voyage from thence back to the Isle of France to be such," said he, "that I could not consistently with what I conceived to be my duty to my employer, (although no such project could have been anticipated by him, and although attended with considerable risk) resist the temptation to undertake it. At that time the Cape of Good Hope was held by the Dutch who had joined England in the then existing war against France, and it so happened that I was the only master of a foreign vessel then in port of whom a bond had not been required not to proceed from thence to a French port. . . . There being two other Salem vessels in port by which I could send home a part of my cargo, I put on board those vessels such portion of my cargo as I knew would considerably more than pay for the whole cost of my ship and cargo at Salem, sold the residue of the merchandise, and invested the proceeds in a full cargo of wine and other articles which I knew to be in great demand in those islands."

At the Isle of France the captain sold this cargo for three times its cost, and again loaded for Salem. When he was almost ready to sail, it was reported that another embargo was to be laid forthwith. Hastily putting to sea he was obliged to anchor at Bourbon next day to take on provisions. Here he had a rather mystifying experience which he related thus:

"Just as I was about stepping from the wharf into my boat the French Governor of the island ordered me to his presence,

which order I obeyed with strong apprehensions that some restraint was to be put upon me. On meeting the Governor he asked me, 'How long do you contemplate staying in Bourbon?' My answer was, 'Not more than a day or two.' 'Can't you leave here to-night?' he asked. I replied, 'If you wish it.' He then added, 'As you had the politeness to call on me this morning, and as I should be sorry to see you injured, hearken to my advice and leave here to-night if possible.' He cautioned me to secrecy, and I was in my boat and on board my ship as soon as possible after leaving him. There was a war-brig at anchor in a harbor a little to windward of my own vessel; toward midnight I had the anchor hove up without noise, and let the ship adrift without making any sail until by the darkness of the night we had lost sight of the war-brig, when we made all sail directly from the land. At daylight the war-brig was sent in pursuit of us, under a press of sail but fortunately could not overtake us, and toward night gave up the chase."

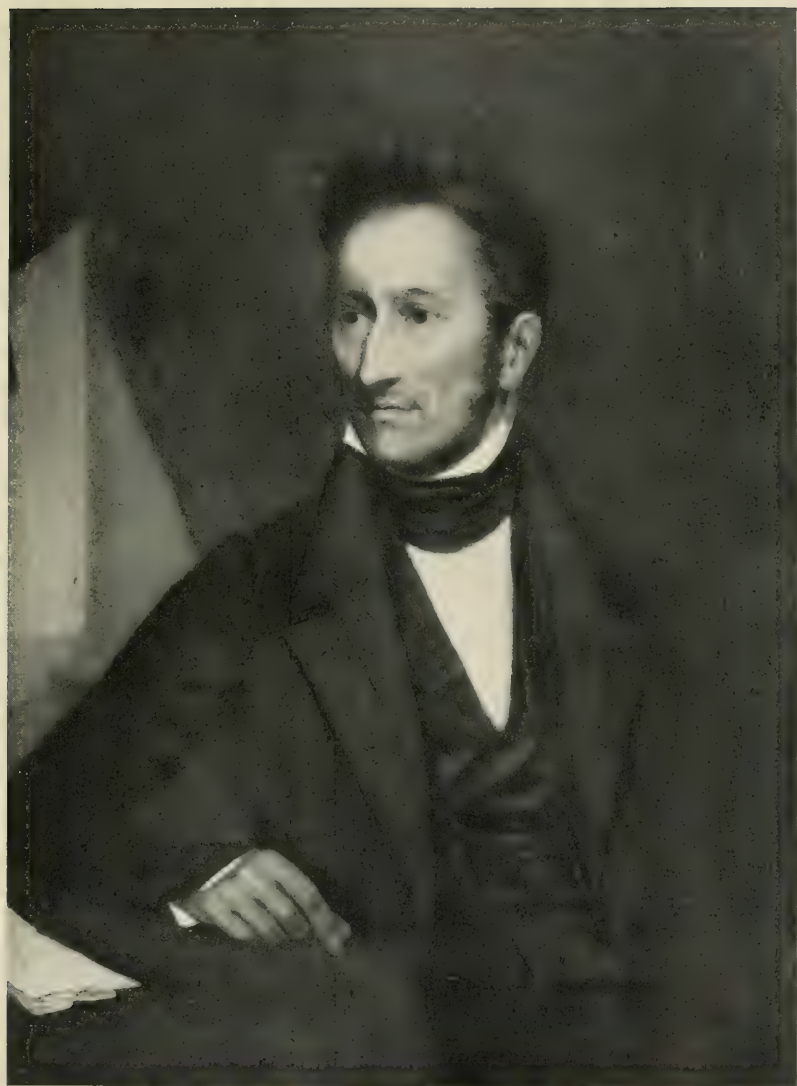
The *Benjamin* arrived at Salem after a voyage of nineteen months. Nathaniel Silsbee had earned for his employer, Elias Hasket Derby, a net profit of more than one hundred per cent. upon the cost of the ship and cargo. The captain was given five per cent. of the outward, and ten per cent. of the value of the return cargo, as his share for the voyage besides his wages, and he landed in Salem with four thousand dollars as his perquisites, "which placed me in a condition to gratify the most anxious and at that time almost the only wish of my heart, which was to increase and secure the comforts of my mother, sisters and brothers." And one of his first acts was to purchase the house and land formerly owned by his father, at a cost of fifteen hundred dollars and placed the whole of it at his mother's disposal.

Being now twenty-one years old, and with a capital of two thousand dollars to risk as an "adventure" of his own account, Captain Silsbee took the *Benjamin* to Amsterdam, bound for

India, with a cargo double the value of his first venture in her. He carried with him as clerk his brother William, aged fifteen, and furnished him with a sum of money as an "adventure" for his own account. Again the Isle of France lured him from the path to the Indies, and he sold his cargo there for "enormously high prices." The young merchant navigator was so rapidly finding himself that he loaded his own ship and sent her home in command of her mate and then bought at the Isle of France another ship of four hundred tons for ten thousand dollars out of his employer's funds. She was a new vessel, the prize of a French privateer and proved a good investment. Loading her with coffee and cotton and shipping a new crew he sailed for Salem in the wake of the *Benjamin*.

This homeward voyage was varied by an episode of such frequent occurrence in that era that it was commonplace. "A short time before our arrival in Boston," Captain Silsbee related, "we were for two days in company with and a few miles from a schooner which we suspected to be a privateer watching for a favorable opportunity to attack us. Having on board the ship six guns and twenty-five men, I was determined to resist, as far as practicable the attack of any small vessel. On the afternoon of the second day that this vessel had been dogging us, she bore down upon us with the apparent intention of executing what we had supposed to be her purpose, which we were, as I imagined, prepared to meet. But on calling the crew to quarters, I was informed by one of my officers that there were four or five seamen who were unwilling thus to expose themselves, alleging that they had neither engaged nor expected to fight.

"On hearing this, all hands being on deck, I ordered every passage-way which led below deck to be securely fastened; then calling to me such of the crew as had not engaged to fight, I immediately sent them up the shrouds to repair the ratlin *and to*



Captain Nathaniel Silsbee.

perform other duties which they had engaged to do, in the most exposed part of the ship. Finding themselves thus exposed to greater danger than their shipmates, they requested, before the schooner had come in gunshot of us, to be recalled from their situation and allowed to participate in the defense of the ship, which request was granted. All our six guns were placed on one side of the ship, and we succeeded by a simultaneous discharge of the whole of them, as soon as the schooner had approached within reach of their contents, in causing her to haul off, and hasten from us."

Captain Silsbee was handling his employers' ventures so shrewdly that his own shares in the cargoes was amounting to what seemed to him a small fortune. At twenty-two years of age, in 1795, he was able to purchase one-fourth part of a new ship called the *Betsy*. In this vessel as commander he sailed to Madras, Malaysia and Calcutta and returned after an absence of seventeen months. While at Madras he was a witness of and an actor in an incident of the kind which directly led to the second war between America and Great Britain, a collision at that time only sixteen years away. He tells it in these words, which clearly portray the lawless impressment of American seamen which was in operation on every sea.

"I received a note early one morning from my chief mate that one of my sailors, Edward Hulen, a fellow townsman whom I had known from boyhood, had been impressed and taken on board of a British frigate then lying in port. Receiving this intelligence I immediately went on board my ship and having there learned all the facts in the case, proceeded to the frigate, where I found Hulen and in his presence was informed by the first lieutenant of the frigate that he had taken Hulen from my ship under a peremptory order from his commander to visit every American ship in port and take from each of them one or more of their seamen.' With that information I returned

to the shore and called upon Captain Cook, who commanded the frigate, and sought first by all the persuasive means that I was capable of using and ultimately by threats to appeal to the Government of the place to obtain Hulen's release, but in vain. I then, with the aid of the senior partner of one of the first commercial houses of the place, sought the interference and assistance of the civil authorities of Madras, but without success, it being a case in which they said they could not interfere.

"In the course of the day I went again to the frigate and in the presence of the lieutenant, tendered to Hulen the amount of his wages, of which he requested me to give him only ten dollars and to take the residue to his mother in Salem, on hearing which the lieutenant expressed his perfect conviction that Hulen was an American citizen, accompanied by a strong assurance that if it was in his power to release him he should not suffer another moment's detention, adding at the same time that he doubted if this or any other circumstance would induce Captain Cook to permit his return to my ship.

"It remained for me only to recommend Hulen to that protection of the lieutenant which a good seaman deserves, and to submit to the high-handed insult thus offered to the flag of my country which I had no means of either preventing or resisting, beyond the expression of my opinion to Captain Cook in the presence of his officers, and in terms dictated by the excited state of my feelings. After several years detention in the British Navy and after the Peace of Amiens, Hulen returned to Salem and lived to perform services on board privateers armed in Salem in the late war between this country and England."

The extraordinary hazards of maritime commerce in the last years of the eighteenth century are emphasized in the story of the voyages made by Captain Silsbee to the Mediterranean in his next ship, the *Portland*, of which he owned one third. In

the winter of 1797, he sailed from Boston with "brother William" as second mate, and stopping at Cadiz, learned of the decrees of the French government which made liable to condemnation every vessel of whatever nation, on board of which might be found any articles of the production or manufacture of Great Britain or any of its territories. While these decrees greatly increased the risk of capture in the Mediterranean, they also vastly enhanced the prices of Colonial merchandise. It seemed a commercial gamble worth the risk and Nathaniel Silsbee determined to make for Genoa or Leghorn. First, however, he erased from his nautical instruments the name of their English maker, put on shore a quantity of English coke from the cook's galley, and weeded out everything else which could be considered as having a British pedigree.

He was no more than five days from Cadiz when a French privateer brig from Marseilles captured and carried the *Portland* into Malaga. The harbor was filled with American and other foreign vessels all flying the French flag, a depressing picture for the Salem crew. Every one of the vessels with their cargoes was condemned by the French, except the good ship *Portland*, Nathaniel Silsbee, master. His escape was due to his own bulldog persistence and resolute bearing in this grave crisis of his fortunes.

After anchoring at Malaga no boat was allowed to approach his ship, nor was he allowed to go ashore or to communicate with anyone until a day had passed. Then he was taken ashore, under guard of a squad of French soldiers, to the office of the French consul. The owner and commander of the privateer were present, and, single-handed, the American shipmaster was questioned in the most minute manner regarding every article of merchandise on board his vessel. Where were they produced? How and by whom imported into the United States? How came they into the possession of the owners of his ship?

In his recollection of this extraordinary interview Captain Silsbee stated:

“And I was commanded by that mighty man, for at that time the French consul held the Spanish authorities of the place in as much subjection as he did the humblest domestic, to answer each and all his lengthy and precise interrogatories in ‘five words.’ . . .

“After the examination was closed the record of it was placed with the ship’s papers on the shelves of the consular office with similar papers appertaining to thirty or forty other vessels then under sequestration. At about eleven o’clock at night I was informed that I might return to my ship in charge of the same guard which brought me ashore. I then asked the Consul when I might expect his decision upon my case. He said the decision must be ‘in turn,’ and that as there were many cases before mine, which would require possibly two or three months, but certainly not less than one month, mine could not be decided short of that time. . . . After some disputation upon that point I told the Consul that I would not leave his office, unless taken from thence by force, until his decision was made. Toward midnight the Consul and his clerk, together with the owner and officer of the privateer, went out of the office, leaving me there in charge of two porters and a watchman with whom I remained during that night, and saw nothing more of the Consul until about 9 o’clock in the morning. He expressed some surprise at finding me there, and asked if I could give him a written order to my officers directing them and the crew to assist in unclosing such parts of the cargo as would enable a survey which he would immediately appoint.”

The Yankee skipper cheerfully complied with this encouraging request, but stood by his guns in the consular office, nor did he budge until after a siege of twenty-four hours. He then deserted his post only to seek a notary under guard and enter a

formal protest. Late in this second day the French consul reported that the survey showed every article of the cargo to be a production of British colonies, and therefore damned beyond repeal. Silsbee ingenuously replied that he had expected such a verdict but that along with other false statements, he begged leave to ask whether *mace* was considered the product of a British colony? This appeared to stagger the Consul, and Silsbee sought his bench and prepared to spend another night in the office. At nine o'clock in the evening the harassed Consul capitulated, handed the ship's papers to the master and told him to take his ship and go to the devil with her, or anywhere else he pleased.

Although he had been forty hours without sleep, the happy victor hastened to make ready for sea and escape from Napoleon's clutches as soon as ever he could. Head winds baffled him, however, and while waiting at anchor he called to see the American consul whom he had not been permitted to visit or send for during his detention. So astonished was the representative of our infant republic that he refused to accept the word of the captain until he had seen the French consul in confirmation. It seemed preposterous that this Salem youngster could have slipped out of the trap while a dozen or more American ships had been waiting for weeks and months doomed to condemnation. The Frenchman privately admitted that "the apparent determination of this terrible fellow not to leave his office until his case was decided, had not been without some effect on the time and character of his decision."

It was out of the frying pan into the fire, for soon after reaching Genoa, a French army entered that port, declared an embargo, and began to fit out one fleet of the expedition which was to carry Napoleon's legions to Egypt. The Generals in charge hired such vessels as they could and requisitioned such others as they wanted to use as transports. The *Portland* being the best

and most comfortably fitted ship at Genoa, was selected, without the consent of her captain, for the transport of the Staff of the Army. Captain Silsbee failed to appreciate this honor, and after trying in vain to effect a release, decided to try to bribe his way clear. He had carried from home sufficient salt beef and pork for an India voyage, and he accidentally learned that the Bonaparte expedition was in great need of salted meat for the transports.

With sound strategy, Captain Silsbee had forty barrels of "salt horse" conveyed by night to a secure hiding place several miles beyond the outskirts of the city. Then he called upon the French General and asked him if he did not want to buy some provisions for the fleet.

"He answered affirmatively," wrote Captain Silsbee, "and added, 'you know it is in my power to take it at my own price.' I told him he should have every barrel of it at his own price, or even without price, if he would release my ship, that those were the terms, and the only terms on which he could or would have it. The general angrily threatened to take my provisions and make me regret having insulted him. Two days later he sent an order for me to appear before him which I did, when he demanded me to 'inform him promptly' where my forty barrels of provisions were, intimating a doubt of my having it, as his officers had not been able to find it. I told the General very frankly that if the ship which I commanded belonged wholly to myself, I might have felt not only willing but highly gratified to convey a part of the Staff of such an army on such an expedition, but that a large part of the ship and the proceeds of a valuable cargo belonged to other persons who had entrusted their property to my charge. . . . That avowal from me was met by a threat from the General to coerce me not only into a delivery of the provisions, but to the performance of any and every duty which he might assign to me; not only the ship, but

likewise her captain, officers and crew had been placed under requisition by the French Republic; a requisition not to be frustrated, he said, by any human being, while a subaltern officer who was present added with enthusiasm, 'Yes, sir, suppose God had one ship here, and the French wanted it, He must give it.'"

The Salem seafarer gave not an inch, but declared that a release of the ship was the only price which would drag the "salt horse" from its hiding place. On the following day, the General sent word that he was ready to yield to these terms. Napoleon's veterans could not get along without salt pork, and Captain Silsbee triumphantly dragged his forty barrels into town. His ship was restored to him, the General even promised to pay for the stores, and the hero very rightly summed it up, "I could not but consider that a more beneficial disposal of forty barrels of beef and pork had probably never been made than in this instance."

During the two years following Nathaniel Silsbee stayed ashore in order to promote his rapidly growing commercial ventures. He became tired of the inactivity of life on land, however, and in 1800 bought part of the ship *Herald* and loaded her for India with a crew of thirty men and ten guns. His memoranda of that voyage affords a fresh insight into the business methods of a typical Salem shipmaster of the old school. The *Herald* sailed "with a stock of sixty-three thousand dollars in specie and merchandise, and with credits authorizing drafts on England or the United States for about forty thousand dollars, making together over one hundred thousand dollars, which at that time was considered a very large stock. Of this, as in my previous voyages to India I furnished, besides my interest as owner of one fourth part of the vessel and cargo, five per cent. of the cost of the outward cargo, for which I was to take ten per cent. of the return cargo at the close of the voyage as my compensation for transacting the business thereof."

The master's account of that voyage contains some spirited passages. He took with him his other brother, Zachariah, who was now sixteen years old and eager to follow in the elder's footsteps. He left Calcutta in company with four other American ships with the captains of which he had entered into an agreement to keep company until they should have passed the southern part of Ceylon. Each of these ships carried from eight to twelve guns and sailing in fleet formation they expected to be able to defend themselves against the several French privateers which were known to be cruising in the Bay of Bengal. Of this squadron of American Indiamen Captain Nathaniel Silsbee, now an elderly man of twenty-seven, was designated as the Commodore.

"On the morning of the third day of November," as he tells it, "two strange sails were discovered a few leagues to windward of us, one of which was soon recognized to be the East India Company's packet ship *Cornwallis* of eighteen guns, which had left the river Hoogly at the same time with us. At about eight o'clock, A. M., the other ship stood toward the *Cornwallis*, soon after which the latter bore down upon us under full sail, commencing at the same time a running fight with the other ship which then displayed French colors. We soon perceived that they were both plying their sweeps very briskly, that the Frenchman's grape was making great havoc on the *Cornwallis*, and that the crew of the latter ship had cut away her boats and were throwing overboard their ballast and other articles for the purpose of lightening their ship and thereby facilitating their escape. The sea was perfectly smooth, and the wind very light, so much so that it was quite mid-day before either of the ships was within gunshot. By this time we five American ships were in a close line, our decks cleared of a large stock of poultry, (which with their coops could be seen for a considerable distance around us) and every preparation made

to defend ourselves to the extent of our ability. This display of resistance on our part seemed to be quite disregarded by the pursuing ship, and she continued steering directly for my own ship which was in the center of the fleet, until she was fully and fairly within gunshot, when my own guns were first opened upon her, which were instantly followed by those of each and all of the other four ships.

“When the matches were applied to our guns, the French ship was plying her sweeps, and with studding-sails on both sides, coming directly upon us; but when the smoke of our guns, caused by repeated broadsides from each of our ships, had so passed off as to enable us to see her distinctly, she was close upon the wind and going from us. The captain of the *Cornwallis* which was then within hailing distance, expressed a wish to exchange signals with us, and to keep company while the French ship was in sight. She was known by him to be *La Gloire*, a privateer of twenty-two nine-pounders and four hundred men. His request was complied with and he having lost all his boats, I went on board his ship where our signals were made known to him and where were the officers of the *Cornwallis*, who acknowledged the protection which we had afforded them in the most grateful terms. The *Cornwallis* continued with us two days, in the course of which the privateer approached us several times in the night, but finding that we were awake, hauled off and after the second night we saw no more of her.”

At the close of this voyage, in his twenty-eighth year, Captain Nathaniel Silsbee was able to say that he had “so far advanced his pecuniary means as to feel that another voyage might and probably would enable him to retire from the sea and to change his condition on shore.” He married the daughter of George Crowninshield and began to build up a solid station in life as one of the most promising merchants and citizens of Salem. He had launched his two younger brothers in life and they were

masters of fine ships in the India trade "with as fair prospects of success as young men thus situated could hope for."

He made only one long voyage after he had his own home and fireside, but his interests were weaving to and fro between Salem port and the faraway harbors of the Orient, the South Seas and Europe. The Embargo Acts of 1808 and 1812 occasioned him heavy losses, but these were somewhat repaid by the success of the privateers in which Nathaniel Silsbee is recorded as holding shares.

By 1815, he had risen to such prominence as a representative American merchant that he was named by the United States Government as one of the commissioners to organize the Boston branch of the "Bank of the United States." He became one of the Massachusetts delegation to Congress, and was a United States Senator from 1826 to 1835, representing his state in company with Daniel Webster.

Dying in 1850, Nathaniel Silsbee left bequeathed to his home town the memory of his own life as a tribute to the sterling worth and splendid Americanism of the old-time shipmasters of Salem. Trader and voyager to the Indies as a captain in his teens, retired with a fortune won from the sea before he was thirty, playing the man in many immensely trying and hazardous situations, this one-time Senator from Massachusetts was a product of the times he lived in.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE VOYAGES OF CAPTAIN RICHARD CLEVELAND

(1791-1820)

PERHAPS the finest type of the Salem shipmaster of the age when her seamen were the vikings of American commerce, was Captain Richard Cleveland who wrote as capably as he sailed and fought and whose own record of his voyages inspired the *London Literary Examiner* to comment in 1842:*

"Few things in De Foe, Dana, or any other truth teller are more characteristic than Mr. Cleveland's account of his voyage from Havre to the Cape of Good Hope. Surely never before was there such an Indiaman and with such a cargo and such a crew."

Captain Cleveland was born in 1773 and he reached manhood and the height of his career of the most romantic adventure when Salem commerce was also at the zenith of its prosperity. He was the eldest son of a father worthy to have such a son, Captain Stephen Cleveland, whose life at sea began when at the age of sixteen he was kidnapped by a British press gang in the streets of Boston, in 1756. This redoubtable sire served for several years on board a British frigate, was promoted to the rank of midshipman and fought the French fleet off the Channel ports. He had returned to live in Salem when the Revolu-

* Captain Cleveland's "Narrative of Voyages and Commercial Enterprises" was published in 1842 at Cambridge, Mass. In 1886 appeared a small volume, "Voyages of a Merchant Navigator," compiled from his letters and journals by his son, H. W. S. Cleveland.

tion began and became active in fitting out privateers to harry the British flag which he hated most heartily for having been compelled to serve under it. He built the *Pilgrim* brig which alone captured more than fifty British prizes and was one of the fastest armed ships sent out of Salem. From the Continental Congress he received a commission only a month after the Declaration of Independence to command the brig *Despatch** in a voyage to Bordeaux after military stores and guns for the patriotic forces. His was the first government vessel to fly the new American flag in a harbor of Europe and he returned in safety with a cargo which greatly helped the struggling cause in his country in the early days of the war.

His son, Richard, hero of this narrative, followed the sea as a matter of course, being an ambitious Salem lad as well as the son of his father. At the age of fourteen he entered the counting house of Elias Hasket Derby, as told in a previous chapter. He learned the mercantile side of a seafaring life and with the other lads in the employ of that famous old house, risked his little savings as "adventures" in the vessels which were sailing to the Far East. His education, beyond the counting house, was limited to a few years in the public schools of Salem before he had much more than passed into his teens. Yet this Richard Cleveland, mariner, by virtue of his native ability and the influences of the times that bred him, made himself a man of the most liberal education, in the finest sense of the phrase, and in addition to this, he could lay claim to more genuine culture than most college university graduates of to-day.

He was only eighteen when his father thought him old enough to go to sea. As captain's clerk, he sailed his first voyage with Captain Nathaniel Silsbee, and became second mate before the ship returned to Salem. This was the East Indiaman whose captain was not twenty years old; the chief mate, nineteen; and

* See Appendix C.

The Voyages of Captain Richard Cleveland

Richard Cleveland, second mate, at the same age. These rosy-cheeked lads carried the *Herald* to the Cape of Good Hope, thence into the Indian Ocean when warring powers and their privateers menaced every neutral vessel. Well might Richard Cleveland write of this remarkable beginning of his sea life:

“The voyage, thus happily accomplished, may be regarded, when taken in all its bearings, as a very remarkable one; first, from the extreme youth of all to whom its management had been entrusted; secondly, from the foresight, ingenuity, and adroitness manifested in averting and escaping dangers; in perceiving advantages and turning them to the best account; and thirdly from the great success attending this judicious management, as demonstrated by the fact of returning to the owner four or five times the amount of the original capital. Mr. Derby used to call us his boys, and boast of our achievements, and well might he do so, for it is not probable that the annals of the world can furnish another example of an enterprise, of such magnitude, requiring the exercise of so much judgment and skill, being conducted by so young a man, (Nathaniel Silsbee), aided only by still younger advisers, and accomplished with the most entire success.”

In 1797, at the age of twenty-three, Richard Cleveland was in command of the bark *Enterprise* of Salem, bound for Mocha after a cargo of coffee. He had to abandon this plan, however, after reaching Havre, and his ship was ordered home. Her young master had no mind to lose the profits which he had hoped to reap from this venture, wherefore he decided to remain abroad, to send the ship home in command of the mate, and not to go back to Salem until he had played for high stakes with the fortunes of the sea. Thus began a series of voyages and adventures which were to take him around the globe through seven long years before he should see home and friends again. At Havre he bought on two years' credit, a “cutter-sloop” of only

forty-three tons, in size no larger than the yachts whose owners think it venturesome to take them beyond the sheltered reaches of Long Island Sound on summer cruises.

His plan was, in short, to fit out and freight the absurd cockle shell of a merchantman for a voyage from Europe to the Cape of Good Hope and thence to the Isle of France, in the Indian Ocean, a fertile and prosperous colony which at that time was a Mecca for Yankee ships.

His cutter, the *Caroline*, was driven ashore and wrecked before the coast of France was passed on his outbound voyage. The dauntless skipper got her off, however, worked her back to Havre and made repairs for a second attempt. This experience ought to have convinced any ordinary mariner that his little craft was not fit for a voyage half round the world, but Richard Cleveland, turning loss into profit, was able to note of this disaster:

"My credit, however, has not suffered in the least on this account, for I have not only found enough to repair the damages, but shall put in \$1,000 more, so that my cargo, although in a vessel of only forty tons, will amount to \$7,000. I now wait only for a wind to put to sea again."

While at sea during the three months' voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, Captain Cleveland described in his journal the crew with which he had undertaken to navigate the *Caroline* to her faraway destination. "It was not until the last hour I was at Havre," said he, "that I finally shipped my crew. Fortunately they were all so much in debt as not to want any time to spend their advance, but were ready at the instant, and with this motley crew, (who, for aught I knew, were robbers and pirates), I put to sea.

"At the head of my list is my mate, a Nantucket lad, whom I persuaded the captain of a ship to discharge from before the mast, and who knew little or nothing of navigation, but is now

capable of conducting the vessel in case of accident to me. The first of my fore-mast hands is a great, surly, crabbed, raw-boned, ignorant Prussian, who is so timid aloft that the mate has frequently been obliged to do his duty there. I believe him to be more of a soldier than a sailor, though he has often assured me that he has been a boatswain's mate of a Dutch Indiaman, which I do not believe as he hardly knows how to put two ends of a rope together. He speaks enough English to be tolerably understood.

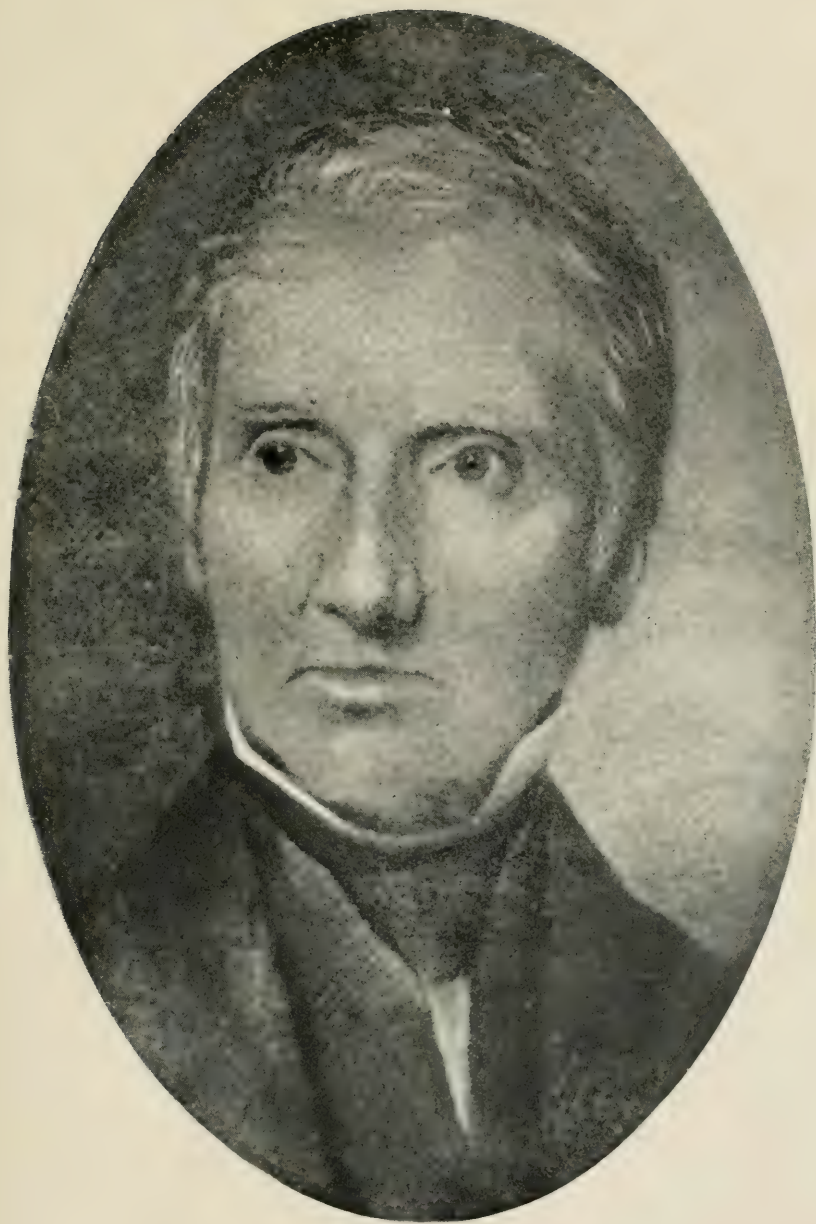
"The next in point of consequence is my cook, a good-natured negro and a tolerable cook, so unused to a vessel that in the smoothest weather he cannot walk fore and aft without holding onto something with both hands. This fear proceeds from the fact that he is so tall and slim that if he should get a cant it might be fatal to him. I did not think America could furnish such a specimen of the negro race (he is a native of Savannah), nor did I ever see such a perfect simpleton. It is impossible to teach him anything, and notwithstanding the frequency with which we have been obliged to take in and make sail on this long voyage, he can hardly tell the main-halliards from the mainstay. He one day took it into his head to learn the compass, and not being permitted to come on the quarter-deck to learn by the one in the binnacle, he took off the cover of the till of his chest and with his knife cut out something that looked like a cartwheel, and wanted me to let him nail it on the deck to steer by, insisting that he could 'teer by him better 'n tudder one.'

"Next is an English boy of seventeen years old, who from having lately had the small-pox is feeble and almost blind, a miserable object, but pity for his misfortunes induces me to make his duty as easy as possible. Finally I have a little ugly French boy, the very image of a baboon, who from having served for some time on different privateers, has all the tricks

of a veteran man-of-war's man, though only thirteen years old, and by having been in an English prison, has learned enough of the language to be a proficient in swearing.

"To hear all these fellows quarrelling, (which from not understanding each other, they are very apt to do) serves to give one a realizing conception of the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel. Nobody need envy me my four months' experience with such a set, though they are now far better than when I first took hold of them. . . . Absence has not banished home from my thoughts; indeed I should be worse than a savage were I to forget such friends as I have, yet such is now my roving disposition that were it not for meeting them, I doubt if I should ever return."

In the last lines quoted, Richard Cleveland, with such a crew on such a venture, was able to find contentment with his lot. It is evident from his graphic description that he was the only capable officer or seaman on board his cutter, yet he navigated her without serious accident to the Cape of Good Hope, and would not have touched there except for the urgent need of fresh water. The French Directory had given him official dispatches to carry to the Isles of France and Bourbon, and while this private mission might protect him against capture by French privateers, it laid him open to the grave risk of confiscation by whatever English authorities he chanced to fall athwart of. He successfully concealed these dispatches, but the officials of the Cape viewed him with suspicions for other reasons. They could not but believe that so hazardous a voyage in so small a craft must be somehow in the secret behalf of the French government, and although they could find no evidence after thoroughly overhauling the *Caroline* and her papers, they decided to make an end of this audacious voyage by purchasing the vessel. Of the excitement caused by his arrival at the Cape, Captain Cleveland relates:



Captain Richard Cleveland

“The arrival of such a vessel from Europe naturally excited the curiosity of the inhabitants of the Cape; and the next morning being calm, we had numerous visitors on board, who could not disguise their astonishment at the size of the vessel, the boyish appearance of the master and mate, the queer and unique characters of the two men and boy who composed the crew, and the length of the passage we had accomplished. Various were the conjectures of the good people of the Cape as to the real object of our enterprise. While some viewed it in its true light as a commercial speculation, others believed that under a mask we were employed by the French government for the conveyance of their dispatches, and some even went so far as to declare their belief that we were French spies, and as such deserving immediate arrest and confinement. Indeed our enterprise formed the principal theme of conversation at the Cape during the week after our arrival.”

Captain Cleveland's private letters, log, and all other documents found on board were taken ashore to the English admiral by whom he was treated very politely, “but the extreme importance of the blustering lieutenants was in the highest degree disgusting.” After much parleying, the young skipper was given permission to export ten thousand dollars worth of cargo in another venture. He had realized a profit on his vessel without going to the Isle of France and was inclined to think himself well out of an awkward situation when fresh trouble arose because the merchant to whom he sold his cargo fell afoul of the Custom House regulations, which entanglement resulted in the seizure both of the cutter and the goods on board.

Facing ruin through no fault of his own, Captain Cleveland determined to appeal directly to Lord McCartney, governor of the Cape, explaining that the loss must fall on him as the luckless merchant could not make good the losses. “But how to write a suitable letter (to Lord McCartney) embarrassed me,”

said he. "I had no friends with whom to advise. I was entirely ignorant of the proper manner of addressing a nobleman, and at the same time was aware of the necessity of conforming to customary rules. In this dilemma I remembered to have seen, in an old magazine aboard my vessel, some letters addressed to noblemen. These I sought as models and they were a useful guide to me. After completing my letter in my best hand I enclosed it in a neat envelope and showed it to the admiral's secretary who appeared to be friendly to me. He approved of it and advised my taking it myself to his lordship immediately. As the schoolboy approached his master after having played truant, so did I approach Lord McCartney on this occasion."

The frank and straightforward appeal of the boyish American ship master moved the autocratic governor to interfere and the matter was decided in favor of the petitioner with trifling loss. "The success of my letter was the theme of public conversation in the town," he commented, "and was the means of procuring me the acquaintance of several individuals of the first respectability."

Four months passed before he was able to get passage on a merchant vessel bound for Batavia, where he intended looking about for another venture upon which to stake his capital. Finding nothing to his liking in the Dutch East Indies, Captain Cleveland proceeded to Canton. At this port he made up his mind to attempt a voyage to the northwest coast of America to buy furs from the Indians. As soon as this daring project was fairly under way he wrote home in a much more optimistic vein than the circumstances warranted:

"We have every possible advantage, a vessel well calculated for inland navigation, the best articles of trade that can be carried, a linguist who speaks the Indian language as well as his own, and officers experienced in the business. Should we

fail of success with all these advantages, it will be very extraordinary ill-fortune, and such as I don't choose to expect."

As a matter of fact, his vessel was a small cutter no larger than the *Caroline*, and his crew as worthless a set of beach-combing ruffians as ever disgraced a fore-castle. The captain was twenty-five years old when he set sail from Canton in the winter of 1799, with a cargo of merchandise worth almost \$20,000, representing all his cash and credit. His only chart for beating up the Chinese coast was a map drawn by a navigator whom he chanced to meet in port. Until he could weather the northern end of Formosa his course lay directly in the teeth of the northwest monsoon, with imminent danger of being stranded or battered to pieces by the wind. He paid his crew this handsome compliment:

"Having all hands on board twenty-one persons, consisting—except two Americans—of English, Irish, Swedes and French, but principally the first, who were runaways from the men-of-war and Indiamen, and two from a Botany Bay ship who had made their escape, for we were obliged to take such as we could get, served to complete a list of as accomplished villians as ever disgraced any country."

For a month on end the cutter fought her way up the Chinese coast, her company weary, drenched, and wretched, until the sailors had enough of such an infernal enterprise, and broke out in a full-fledged mutiny. With a handful who remained loyal, including the ungainly black cook previously described, Captain Cleveland locked up the provisions, mounted two four-pounders on the quarter-deck, crammed them with grape-shot, and armed his squad with flintlock muskets and pistols. A man with a lighted match was stationed beside each cannon, and the skipper told the mutineers that if they attempted to get provisions or to come above the hatches, he would blow them overboard. For one whole day the hostile companies were at

a dead-lock, until hunger gnawing, the mutineers asked that they be put ashore believing that once out of the vessel they could dictate their own terms.

Captain Cleveland landed and marooned them. For two days the cutter lay off shore while the mutineers tried to patch up a truce. One man weakened and was taken aboard. Of what happened as the final chapter of this grim episode, Captain Cleveland wrote in his journal:

“At nine o’clock (A. M.) we hoisted the colors, fired a 4-pound cannon, and weighed anchor when they all came out from behind a rock, where they had doubtless been watching our motions. I then ordered the boat out, and with my second officer and four hands, well armed, went as near the beach as the surf would permit. I called them all down to the water side and told them I was then going away; that I knew there were several of them desirous of returning to their duty, but were deterred by the others; that if they would come forward I would protect them, and would fire at any one that tried to prevent them.

“They replied that they were all ready and willing to return to their duty, but the ringleaders (whom I had determined not to take on any account) were more ready than the others, and when they were rejected they swore none of the others should go, and presented their knives at the breasts of two of them, and threatened to stab them if they attempted to do so; a third seemed indifferent and a fourth was lying drunk on the beach. Having secured three, and one yesterday, which was four of them, and which, with a little additional precaution, was securing the success of the expedition, I did not think proper to put into execution my threat of firing on them.

“After dinner I sent the second officer with four hands, well armed, to make a last effort, but by this time those whose fate was decided, had persuaded the others to share it with them,

and had carried the drunken man out of reach, declaring that we dare not go on the coast of America with so feeble a crew, and we should take them all or none.

“Having now a light breeze from the westward and a favorable current, I concluded to have no further altercation with them, and immediately hoisted in the boat and made sail, leaving on the island of Kemoy, (which is about three hundred and fifty miles northeast of Canton) six of my most able men. This was such a reduction of our numbers as would require unceasing vigilance, and extraordinary caution to counteract, as the risk of being attacked by the Indians was of course increased in proportion to our diminished power of resistance.”

The mariners in Canton had told Captain Cleveland that he could never win his way clear of Formosa and into the Pacific during the winter or monsoon season, but the staunch cutter, after mutiny, stranding, and fighting her way inch by inch for thirty-one days steered out across the open ocean. On her northerly course the weather was so heavy that the seas washed over her day after day, and Captain Cleveland scarcely knew what it was to wear dry clothes, have a meal cooked in the wave-drenched galley, or snatch a whole night's sleep.

After fifty-odd days of racking hardships the cutter fetched the Northwest coast and anchored in Norfolk Sound. Bulwarks or screens of hides were rigged along the decks in order to hide from the Indians the scanty muster-roll of the ship's company, lest they take her by boarding. For two months Captain Cleveland cruised among the bays and inlets along this wilderness coast, trading for sea-otter skins, and averting hostile attacks by the ablest vigilance, diplomatic dealings, and a show of armed force when it became necessary.

His hold was nearly filled when his cutter went hard aground on a sunken ledge, and was tilted, nose under, at an angle of forty-five degrees. “This position, combined with a rank heel

to starboard, made it impossible to stand on deck," wrote her skipper. "We therefore put a number of muskets into the boat, and prepared to make such resistance in case of attack as could be made by fifteen men crowded into a sixteen-foot boat. Our situation was now one of the most painful anxiety, no less from the prospect of losing our vessel and the rich cargo we had collected with so much toil, than from the apprehension of being discovered in this defenceless state by any one of the hostile tribes by whom we were surrounded. A canoe of the largest class, with thirty warriors well-armed had left us but half an hour before we struck, and they were now prevented from seeing us only by having passed around a small island. Should the vessel bilge, there existed scarcely any other chance for the preservation of our lives than the precarious one of falling in with some ship before we were discovered by Indians. . . .

"More than ten hours passed in this agonizing state of suspense, watching the horizon to discover if any savages were approaching; the heavens, if there were a cloud that might chance to ruffle the surface of the water; the vessel, whose occasional cracking seemed to warn us of destruction; and when the tide began to flow, impatiently observing its apparently sluggish advance, while I involuntarily consulted my watch, the hands of which seemed to have forgotten to move."

The cutter was floated during the following night, conveyed to a beach and careened until her crew could repair her damaged copper and planking. Soon after this Captain Cleveland set sail for the return passage to China, *via* the Sandwich Islands, and "indeed the criminal who receives a pardon under the gallows could hardly feel a greater degree of exultation." When he arrived at Canton, "several of the gentlemen who had predicted our destruction from attempting the voyage at the season we did, presumed, when they saw the cutter arrive, that we had

failed, which indeed they had anticipated from the arrival in Canton several months before of the mutineers whom we had left on the coast of China, and the sad stories they told of hardship, danger and cruel usage."

Captain Cleveland had secured his sea-otter skins at the rate of one flint-lock musket for eight prime pelts, and his cargo was worth sixty thousand dollars in the Canton market. For this return he had risked eleven thousand dollars, and his share of the profits amounted to two-thirds of the whole, or forty thousand dollars. He sold the cutter, and went to Calcutta in her as a passenger, with forty-six thousand dollars as his capital for another fling at fortune. He had been away from Salem a little more than two years, and at the age of twenty-five had wrested from the seas a competence sufficient to have comfortably supported him ashore. But he had no intention of forsaking the great game he was playing with such high-hearted assurance.

During the voyage from Canton to Calcutta while the cutter was off Malacca, "we saw a fleet of eleven Malay proas pass by to the eastward, from whose view we supposed ourselves to have been screened by the trees and bushes near which we were lying. On perceiving so great a number of large proas sailing together, we felt convinced they must be pirates, and immediately loaded our guns and prepared for defence; although conscious of the fact that the fearful odds between our crew of ten men and theirs, which probably exceeded a hundred for each vessel, left us scarce a ray of hope of successful resistance.

"We watched their progress therefore, with that intense interest which men may naturally be supposed to feel whose fortunes, liberty and lives were dependent on the mere chance of their passing by without seeing us. To our great joy they did so, and when the sails of the last of the fleet were no longer visible from our deck, and we realized the certainty of our

escape, our feelings of relief were in proportion to the danger that had threatened us. On arriving at Malacca, the curiosity of the people was greatly excited to know how we had escaped the fleet of pirates which had been seen from the town."

Arriving at Calcutta Captain Cleveland was disappointed in his expectations of sending home a cargo of goods upon terms which should swell his profits, so he began to plan a voyage in which the rewards might be in fairer proportion to the risks he was ready to undertake. The East India Company forbade communication between Bengal and the Isle of France, but Captain Cleveland foresaw an opportunity to pick up at a bargain the rich prizes and cargoes that French privateers were carrying into the latter port. Therefore, he bought a mite of a twenty-five ton pilot boat, had her sent to the Danish settlement of Serampore, put her under the Danish flag, and stole away into the Indian Ocean. For forty-five days he held on his course blistering under a tropic sun, and as he ingenuously explained to account for his foolhardiness: "Pleasing myself with the idea that all will turn out for the best, time passes as lightly with me as with most people, and I am persuaded that few people enjoy a greater share of happiness than myself, if you can conceive of there being any happiness in building airy castles and pursuing them nearly around the globe till they vanish, and then engaging in a fresh pursuit."

The youthful merchant navigator fared safely in his cock-boat to the Isle of France and was again disappointed in his commercial air-castles. The privateers had sold their prizes and were winging it out to sea in search of more British plunder. For ten months he waited in the hope of a reopening of trade between America and the French colonies. At length he loaded seven thousand bags of coffee on board a Danish ship bound for Copenhagen, and sailed as a passenger. With him went Nathaniel Shaler of Connecticut, a sterling American

The Voyages of Captain Richard Cleveland

merchant whom he had met in the Isle of France and who was a partner in this coffee adventure to Copenhagen.

They sold their cargo for a large profit, and then began to look about for a vessel suitable to undertake a voyage to the west coast of South America, a project which the twain had worked out during their companionship at sea. They found at Hamburg a fast and roomy Virginia-built brig, the *Lelia Byrd*, which they bought. Shaler was made captain by the toss of a coin, Captain Cleveland signing the ship's papers as supercargo. While in Hamburg they had formed a warm friendship with a youthful Polish nobleman, Count de Rousillon, who had been an aide-de-camp to Kosciuszko. His personality was most engaging, his love of adventure ardent, and his means slender, wherefore he embraced with enthusiasm the invitation to join the two young Americans in their voyage to South America. Alas, the glamor of such romance as was their fortune to enjoy has long since vanished from commerce, afloat and ashore. They were three seafaring "Musketeers" all under thirty years of age, setting forth to beard the viceroys of Spain.

Richard Cleveland had now been a cheerful exile from Salem for four years, following the star of his destiny in almost every ocean, escaping dangers uncounted with the skin of his teeth and by his sagacity, resolution and shrewdness finding himself richer for every audacious voyage. For two and a half years longer, he was to sail in the *Lelia Byrd* among the Spanish peoples of the South American coast before his wanderings should lead him home to Salem.

From Hamburg the brig went to Rio Janeiro where they were not allowed to trade, and thence doubled Cape Horn and reached Valparaiso in February in 1802. They were startled and alarmed to find four American vessels under detention by the Spanish government. After spirited correspondence with the Captain General at Santiago the *Lelia Byrd* was permitted

to buy supplies sufficient for resuming her voyage and to sell so much of the cargo as would pay for the same. While at anchor in the bay, Captain Cleveland and his friends witnessed a tragedy which convinced them that the sooner they could get to sea the better. The American ship *Hazard* of Providence, Captain Rowan, which had touched for provisions, had on board several hundred muskets shipped in Holland and consigned to the Northwest Coast. The Governor ordered Captain Rowan to deliver up these arms as violating treaty stipulations. The American skipper saw no good reason why he should obey and refused to let a file of Spanish soldiers on board his ship.

The Governor flew into a violent passion, ordered every American merchant ashore to be locked up in the castle, and commanded an eighteen-gun Spanish merchant ship to bring her broadside to bear on the *Hazard* and demand Captain Rowan's surrender under pain of being sunk at his moorings. The skipper replied that they might fire if they pleased, and nailed his stars and stripes to his masthead.

Shaler, Rousillon, and Cleveland, happening to be ashore, were swept up by the Governor's drag-net order and sent to the castle as prisoners. Next day they were offered liberty without explanation, but the indignant trio from the *Lelia Byrd* refused to be set free until a proper apology had been made them. It was finally agreed that as Captain Shaler was nominal master of the brig, he should stay in prison while his comrades made matters hot for the offending Governor.

This official refused to let them send a messenger to the Captain General and asked why in the devil they did not put to sea, and be grateful that they had escaped the dungeons or worse. To which young Richard Cleveland made reply (which the gifted Count turned into fluent and fiery Spanish) that they wanted satisfaction for being locked up without cause, and that Captain Shaler proposed to languish behind the bars until

he was informed why he had been put in. A day later, the situation remaining in *statu quo*, the Governor sent for Cleveland, asked if he were not second in command and angrily ordered him to extract his recalcitrant skipper from jail and go to sea on the instant. The Yankee replied that the apology or explanation was still lacking, and that the *Lelia Byrd* was only waiting for her captain who was a prisoner in the castle.

Meanwhile a letter had arrived from the Captain General ordering Captain Rowan of the *Hazard* to deliver up the arms which comprised part of his cargo, and make a second declaration respecting their lading. The muskets were sent ashore, and the supercargo sent to the Governor with the customs certificate made out in Amsterdam. Captain Rowan did not understand that he was expected to make this report in person, but the Governor considered himself and his Spanish dignity again insulted by the failure of the captain to appear.

Early in the morning, two hours before Americans were permitted to land, and therefore before Captain Rowan could obey another summons, two hundred Spanish soldiers who were no better than brigands, boarded the *Hazard* and took her from an unarmed crew of twenty-three men who had no forewarning. In the words of Captain Cleveland:

"This was done by order of the Governor, who stood on shore opposite the vessel and was a witness to the horrid scene of assassination and rapine that followed. Captain Rowan's life was saved by the humanity of the captain of a Spanish brig, who got into the cabin in advance of the rabble, as he had not time to save himself as the other officer had done, by retreating to the lazaretto. The plunder which ensued for the remainder of the day and the following night was such as to lighten the ship nearly a foot. Nor were the officers of rank backward in taking part in the pillage; and the custom house guards, far from preventing, were as eager as the rest in the work of robbery."

Captain Cleveland rushed to the Governor's palace and demanded with forceful Anglo Saxon threats, that he be allowed to send a statement overland to the Captain General, but he was told that if he did not want to share the fate of the *Hazard*, he had best put to sea. The persistence of this indomitable young Yankee at last wore down the Governor's resistance, and the message was sent to Santiago by courier.

The answer was to the surprising effect that Captain Cleveland and his comrades should receive the most complete satisfaction for the injuries done them, at which Nathaniel Shaler, still cooling his heels in the castle, consented to emerge with his self-respect untarnished. After days and days of further complications due to red-tape and an invincible hostility toward all other than Spanish vessels trading in those waters, Captain Cleveland and his doughty shipmates were able to bid a glad farewell to the Governor of Valparaiso, His Illustrious Excellency, Don Antonio Francisco Garcia Carrasco.

"The notoriety they had attained by these protracted quarrels with an ignorant, conceited, and pusillanimous official, rendered it injudicious to attempt to enter any other port of Chili or Peru," wherefore the *Lelia Byrd* was steered for the coast of Mexico, after gathering these proofs to convince far less astute shipmasters that the markets for American enterprise on the South American coast were not up to expectations. They made their first landing at San Blas, where the subordinate Spanish officials cordially received them. Rousillon went to the interior capital of Tipeec to confer with the Governor, and alas, this peppery gentleman flew into a rage because his deputy at San Blas had dared to make a trading agreement with the Yankee brig without consulting him. Thus was brewed a tempest in a teapot, the upshot of which was that His Passionate Excellency at Tipeec sent word that the *Lelia Byrd* must leave port or be attacked by a Spanish gunboat.

The Voyages of Captain Richard Cleveland

The diplomatic Rousillon thereupon undertook to go to the City of Mexico and solicit permission from the Viceroy to sell a part or the whole of the cargo. Captain Cleveland, finding the harbor of San Blas too hot to hold him, sailed for Three Marias Islands, sixty miles to the westward, there to wait until word was received from his emissary to the Viceroy. Three weary months passed in this empty fashion, at the end of which the two captains, Shaler and Cleveland, decided to risk a return to San Blas in the hope of finding some tidings of the mysteriously vanished Rousillon. They stole into the coast by night, and next day saw an Indian in a canoe who paddled out to them and delivered a letter from their absent comrade. He had succeeded in obtaining a concession to sell ten thousand dollars worth of goods at San Blas, and after two weeks of delay this part of the cargo was put ashore.

The sales dragged on with such interminable waste of time, however, that it was deemed best to leave Rousillon in Mexico to finish these transactions. He died before his mission was ended, and his friends and fellow seafarers mourned the loss of one who had become very dear to them and who had stood the test of their arduous life together.

The *Lelia Byrd* next proceeded to San Diego in search of sea-otter skins.* At this port they caught another Spanish Tartar

* "Several American trading craft made their appearance on the California coast this year, creating not a little excitement in some instances by attempts at smuggling in the success of which the people were hardly less interested than the Yankee captains. The *Lelia Byrd* was fitted out at Hamburg by Capt. Richard J. Cleveland, of Salem, Massachusetts, who had just made a fortune by a four years' voyage or series of commercial adventures in the Pacific, during which he had touched the northern coast of America, but not of California, in partnership with William Shaler, and sailed in November, 1801.

"An amusing feature of this and other similar narratives is the cool frankness with which the Americans and English present the evasion of all Spanish commercial and revenue regulations as an action altogether praiseworthy, and the efforts of the officials to enforce those regulations as correspondingly reprehensible." (From *The History of California*, by Herbert Howe Bancroft. Vol II. Page 10.)

in the person of the Commandant, Don Manuel Rodriguez, who boarded them with a file of dragoons, and left a guard on the ship, the sergeant of which volunteered the discouraging information that the Boston ship *Alexander* had left port a few days before, after being robbed by the Commandant of several hundred sea-otter skins which her captain had purchased ashore. With this warning Captain Cleveland kept an eye out for squalls. He was able to obtain several valuable lots of furs, and made ready to go to sea without more delay. One more consignment of skins was to be delivered and the night before sailing the first officer and two men were sent ashore for them. They did not return and daylight showed the boat hauled out on the beach and the men from the brig in the hands of a squad of soldiers.

Captain Cleveland manned a boat with his armed sailors, pulled for the beach and promptly took his men away from their captors. As soon as the crew was on board, the Commandant's guard was unceremoniously disarmed, and with a fair wind the *Lelia Byrd* moved out to sea. "Before we got within gunshot of the fort," wrote Captain Cleveland in his journal, "they fired a shot ahead of us. We had previously loaded all our guns, and brought them all on the starboard side. As the tide was running in strong, we were not abreast the fort—which we passed within musket shot—till half an hour after receiving the first shot, all of which time they were playing away upon us; but as soon as we were abreast the fort we opened upon them, and in ten minutes silenced their battery and drove everybody out of it. They fired only two guns after we began, and only six of their shot counted, one of which went through between wind and water; the others cut the rigging and sails. As soon as we were clear we landed the guard, who had been in great tribulation lest we should carry them off."

Thirty years later Richard Henry Dana, author of *Two*

Years Before the Mast, found the story of this exploit still current in San Diego and the neighboring ports and missions. Shortly after the transfer of California to the United States, Commodore Biddle referred to the "Battle of San Diego" as giving Captain Cleveland a fair claim to the governorship of the territory which claim he had won in the *Lelia Byrd* long before Fremont's invasion.*

After some further adventures in search of trade along the Mexican coast the adventurers laid their course for the Sandwich Islands. They had purchased a horse on the coast and landed the beast on the island of Owyhee. There were only two European inhabitants on the Sandwich Islands at that time, John Young and Isaac Davis. Young came on board the brig and wanted to buy the mare as a present for King Tamaahmaah,

*"Another version is that of Rodriguez in his report to the Governor dated April 10th. About the fight the two narratives do not exactly agree. Rodriguez says that suspicious of contraband trade he made a round in the evening, surprised the Americans of one boat trading with Carlos Rosa at La Barranca, arrested them and went on to the Battery where he seized some goods left in payment for forty otter skins. Next morning when Cleveland came ashore to see what had become of the men one of the guards, Antonio Guilleau—he was the husband of the famous old lady of San Gabriel, Eulalia Perez, who died in 1878 at a fabulous old age—came also, escaped, and hastened to warn the corporal in command of the battery that the Americans were going to sail without landing the guard. The corporal made ready his guns, and when the *Lelia Byrd* started, raised his flag, fired a blank cartridge and then a shot across her bows as Cleveland says. Then another shot was fired which struck the hull but did no damage. This may have been the effective shot.

"Thereupon Sergt. Arce shouted not to fire as they would be put ashore and the firing ceased. But when the vessel came opposite the fort on her way out she reopened the fire. The battery followed suit and did some damage, but stopped firing as soon as the vessel did, no harm being done to the fort or its defenders. It is, of course, impossible to reconcile these discrepancies. Rodriguez, an able and honorable man engaged in the performance of his duty, and making a clear straightforward report is *prima facie* entitled to credence against a disappointed and baffled smuggler.

"Cleveland ridiculed Rodriguez for his exceeding vanity, his absurd display of a little brief authority, and the characteristic pomp with which this arrant coxcomb performed his duties. I cannot deny that Don Manuel may have been somewhat pompous in manner, but the head and front of his offending in the eye of the Yankees was his interference with their schemes of contraband trade." (From *The History of California*, by Herbert Howe Bancroft. Vol II, page 11.)

but when his *blasé* Majesty saw the animal cantering up and down the beach he expressed little curiosity or interest, although this was the first animal larger than a pig ever seen by the natives of the Sandwich Islands. The king's subjects were wildly excited, however, and when one of the sailors mounted the mare and tore up and down the beach, the spectators were much concerned for the rider's safety, "and rent the air with shouts of admiration."

From the Sandwich Islands the *Lelia Byrd* was carried to China, arriving off Canton on the 29th of August, 1803. Here the cargo of sea-otter skins was sold, and the two captains, Shaler and Cleveland, parted company for the time. Shaler loaded the brig for a return voyage to the California coast and Richard Cleveland took passage around the Cape of Good Hope, homeward for Boston.

At the age of thirty years this Salem mariner returned to his kinfolk and friends after an absence of seven and a half years at sea. He had left home a lad of twenty-three with two thousand dollars as his total capital. He had been twice around the world, had accomplished three most extraordinary voyages in tiny craft, from Europe to the Cape of Good Hope, from India to the Isle of France and from China to the Northwest coast of America. He had fought and beaten mutineers and Spanish gunners by force of arms, his invincible pluck and tenacity had won him victories over Governors and Viceroyes from Africa to the Mexican coast, he had succeeded in a dozen hazardous undertakings where a hundred men had failed, and at thirty years of age he had lived a score of ordinary lives. He had increased his slender capital to seventy thousand dollars by the cleanest and most admirable exertions, and as fortunes were counted a hundred years ago, he was a rich man.

The achievements of modern so-called "Captains of Industry," who amass millions in wresting, by methods of legalized

piracy, the riches that other men have earned, raise a prodigious clamor of comment, admiring and otherwise. But, somehow, such an American as Richard Cleveland seems to be a far more worthy type for admiration, and his deeds loom in pleasing contrast with those of a railroad wrecker or stock juggler, even though a fortune of seventy thousand dollars is a bagatelle in the eyes of the twentieth century.

Captain Cleveland believed that his affairs were so prosperously shaped that he could retire from the sea. He built him a home in Lancaster, Mass., where with his wife and brother, his well-stored mind and simple tastes enjoyed the tranquil life of a New England village. But much of his fortune was afloat or invested in foreign shipping markets, and misfortune overtook his ventures one after the other. Three years after his home-coming he was obliged to go to sea again to win a new treasure in partnership with his old friend, Nathaniel Shaler. For almost fifteen years longer he voyaged from one quarter of the globe to the other, winning large profits only to risk them in more alluring undertakings, always turning a resolute and undaunted front to whatever odds overtook him. In his elder years, after a series of cruel maritime reverses, he wrote as a summary:

“On making an estimate of my losses for the twenty years between 1800 and 1820, I find their aggregate amount to exceed \$200,000, though I never possessed at any one time a sum to exceed \$80,000. Under such losses I have been supported by the consoling reflection that they had been exclusively my own, and that it is not in the power of any individual to say, with truth, that I have ever injured him to the amount of a dollar. With a small annual sum from the Neapolitan indemnity I have been able to support myself till this was on the point of ceasing by the cancelling of that debt, when I was so fortunate as to obtain an office in the Boston Custom House, the duties of

which I hope to perform faithfully and in peace during the few remaining years or months or days which may be allotted to me on earth."

From an obituary notice in the *Boston Courier* of December 8, 1860, this tribute to the memory of Richard Cleveland is quoted, because it was written by one who knew him:

"While in the planning of commercial enterprises he showed rare inventive qualities, and in the execution of them wonderful energy and perseverance, he was somewhat deficient in those humbler qualities which enable men to keep and manage what they have earned. . . . But this reverse of fortune served to bring out more and more the beauty of Captain Cleveland's character, and to give him new claims to the affection and esteem of his friends. It was gently, patiently, heroically borne; never a word of complaint was heard from his lips, never a bitter arraignment of the ways of Providence, never an envious fling at the prosperity of others. And the wise, kind, cheerful old man was happy to the end."

Thus lived and died an American sailor of the olden-time, a brave and knightly man of an heroic age in his country's history.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE PRIVATEERS OF 1812

THE War of 1812 was a sailors' war, fought by the United States for "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights." Americans of this century cannot realize the bitterness of feeling against England which was at white heat in all the Atlantic seacoastwise towns during a period of forty years before the second war waged by the young republic against the mother country. To the men of New England, in the words of Josiah Quincy, the land was "only a shelter from the storm, a perch on which they build their eyrie and hide their mate and their young, while they skim the surface, or hunt in the deep." In 1806 and 1807, according to the files of the State Department, six thousand American seamen were virtual captives in British war vessels. "The detection of an attempt to notify an American Consul of the presence of Americans on board an English ship was sure to be followed by a brutal flogging," writes the historian McMaster.

President Jefferson shrank from war and sought a retaliatory compromise in the Embargo of 1808 which forbade the departure of an American merchant vessel for any foreign port. This measure which paralyzed American trade, was so fiercely opposed in New England that an insurrection was feared, and the ports were filled with dismantled ships, empty warehouses, deserted wharves and starving seamen. When war came, it was welcomed by forty thousand native American merchant seamen who, eager for revenge for the wrongs they had suffered, were ready to crowd the ships of the navy and overflow into the fleets of privateers that hurried from every deep-water port.

England's high-handed claims to right of search and impressment and the continual menace from French and Spanish marauders had developed a much faster and more powerful class of merchant vessels than had been armed for service in the Revolution. During the war Salem placed in commission forty privateers of which more than half had been built in her own yards. Of these the most famous and successful was the ship *America*, whose audacious cruising ground was from the English Channel to the Canary Islands. The art of building fast and beautiful ships had been so far perfected a hundred years ago that Salem vessels were crossing the Atlantic in twelve and thirteen days for record passages, performances which were not surpassed by the famous clipper-packets of half a century later. The *America*, as shown in the interesting data collected by B. B. Crowninshield, although built in 1803, was faster with the wind on her quarter, than such crack racing machines as the *Vigilant*, *Defender* and *Columbia*. This noble privateer made a speed record of thirteen knots, with all her stores, guns, fittings, boats and bulwarks aboard, which is only one knot behind the record of the *Defender*, in short spurts, and when stripped in racing trim. The *America* frequently averaged better than ten knots for twelve hours on end, which matches the best day's run of the *Vigilant* in her run to Scotland in the summer of 1894. This privateer, which carried a crew of one hundred and fifty men and twenty-two guns was no longer than a modern cup defender.

This splendid fabric of the seas was the fastest Yankee ship afloat during the War of 1812, and her speed and the admirable seamanship displayed by her commanders enabled her to cruise in the English Channel for weeks at a time, to run away from British frigates which chased her home and back again, and to destroy at least two million dollars worth of English shipping.

Michael Scott, in "Tom Cringle's Log" described such a vessel as the *America* in the following passage dealing with the fate of a captured Yankee privateer at the hands of British masters:

"When I had last seen her she was the most beautiful little craft, both in hull and rigging, that ever delighted the eyes of a sailor; but the dock-yard riggers and carpenters had fairly bedeviled her—at least so far as appearances went. First they replaced the light rail on her gunwale by heavy, solid bulwarks four feet high, surmounted by hammock nettings at least another foot; so that the symmetrical little vessel, that formerly floated on the foam light as a sea gull, now looked like a clumsy, dish-shaped Dutch dogger. Her long slender wands of masts, which used to swing about as if there were neither shrouds nor stays to support them, were now as taut and stiff as church steeples, with four heavy shrouds on a side, and stays, and back-stays, and the devil knows what all."

The *America* was built for the merchant service and her career before the war was not lacking in picturesque flavor. She was the pride of the great shipping family of Crowninshield, built by Retire Becket of Salem, under the eye of Captain George Crowninshield, Jr. With a crew of thirty-five men and ten guns she sailed on her first voyage, to the Dutch East Indies, in the summer of 1804, commanded by Captain Benjamin Crowninshield, Jr. Touching at the Isle of Bourbon in the Indian Ocean, it was learned that a cargo of coffee might be obtained at Mocha in the Red Sea. The *America* shifted her course and proceeded to Mocha, where she dropped anchor only seven years after the *Recovery* had first shown the stars and stripes in that port. Having taken on coffee, goat skins, gum arabic, and sienna, the ship went to Aden carrying as a passenger Mr. Pringle, the English consul. A few days later Captain Crowninshield was informed that Mr. Pringle had taken passage for England from Aden in

the ship *Alert*, which had been captured by Arabs, the captain and fifteen men murdered and the vessel carried off to India.

Meanwhile a rumor had reached Salem that the *America*, instead of obeying orders and going to Sumatra had veered away to Mocha after coffee. The owners had implicitly enjoined Captain Crowninshield after this imploring fashion:

"Now you've broken orders so often, see *for once* if you can't mind them."

When the ship was sighted off Salem harbor, the owners and some of their friends hastily put off in a small boat, wholly in the dark as to where their skipper had been and what he had fetched home, and not at all easy in their minds. If he had secured coffee, then they stood to win a small fortune, but if the cargo was pepper, which they had ordered him to get, well, the bottom had dropped out of the pepper market a short time before and the prospect was not so pleasing. It was a sea lottery of the kind that lent excitement to the return of most Salem ventures beyond the seas. As the owners neared the ship they began to sniff the wind. They thought they could smell coffee, but the old salt at the tiller suggested that the fragrant odor might be blown from a fresh pot of the beverage in the galley, and hopes fell below par. As soon as they were within fair hailing distance Captain Benjamin Crowninshield, one of the owners, shouted through a speaking trumpet, "What's your cargo?"

"Pep-p-er-r," came the doleful response from the skipper on the quarter deck.

"You're a liar, blast your eye, I smell coffee," roared back the agitated owner through his trumpet.

The Captain had had his little joke, and he was effusively forgiven, for he had brought back a cargo that harvested a clean profit of one hundred thousand dollars when sold in Holland.

As soon as war was declared the owners of the *America* hastened the task of fitting her out as a privateer. Her upper

deck was removed, and her sides filled in with stout oak timber between the planking and ceiling. Longer yards and royal masts gave her an immense spread of sail, and, square-rigged on her three masts she was a stately cloud of canvas when under full sail. Her guns were eighteen long nine-pounders, two six-pounders, two eighteen-pound carronades, and for small arms, forty muskets, four blunderbusses, fifty-five pistols, seventy-three cutlasses, ten top muskets, thirty-six tomahawks or boarding axes, and thirty-nine boarding pikes.

Her crew of one hundred and fifty men comprised a commander, three lieutenants, sailing master, three mates, surgeon, purser, captain of marines, gunner, gunner's mate, carpenter, carpenter's mate, steward, steward's mate, seven prize masters, armorer, drummer, fifer, three quartermasters, and one hundred and twenty-two seamen. This was the organization of a man-of-war of her time, and discipline was maintained as smartly as in the navy. Flogging was the penalty for offenses among the seamen, as shown by the record of a court martial on one of her cruises. A seaman had stolen a pair of shoes from a marine, for which he was sentenced to a dozen lashes. A poet of the privateer's gun deck described this event at some length, including these pithy lines:

“The Boatsw’n pipes all hands to muster,
No time for whining, plea or bluster,
The Judge announces the just sentence
And many stripes produce repentance;

“For the low cur, who’d meanly cozen
A poor Marine, must take his ‘dozen.’”

On her first cruise the *America* was commanded by Captain Joseph Ropes, son of that Revolutionary privateersman, Captain David Ropes, who was killed in a bloody action aboard the *Jack*, off Halifax. Joseph Ropes was also a kinsman of Na-

thaniel Hawthorne, and of Nathaniel Bowditch, the two sons of Salem whose fame is world-wide. This captain of the *America* had sailed in her as a merchantman to the Mediterranean, and it is related that he made so favorable an impression upon the Sultan of Turkey that the potentate wished to negotiate through him a commercial treaty with the United States.

Tradition says that the only thing in the world Captain Ropes feared was reproof from his mother. She hated the sea because the boy's father had lost his life upon it, and young Joseph ran away on his first voyage to the West Indies when he was little past the spankable age. He took care to send her as a peace offering a barrel of molasses before he dared return home and face her sorrowing indignation. Captain Ropes made only one cruise in the *America*, after which he retired from the sea. He captured six prizes on the Atlantic, valued at \$158,000, all of them merchantmen which could make no resistance to the heavy battery of the privateer.

Her second cruise was in command of Captain John Kehew, who had been a first lieutenant under Captain Ropes. The *America* was at sea four months and took ten vessels without notable incident. The third, fourth and fifth cruises of the privateer were entrusted to Captain James Chever, Jr., who won a name for himself as one of the ablest and most daring sailors of the war. He had been in the *America* from her first voyage to Mocha, when he was an infant of twelve years, acting as cabin boy. He came of a sterling fighting and seafaring stock. His father, Captain James Chever, was a lieutenant of the first *Grand Turk*, privateer during the Revolution, which ship, among other notable achievements, captured a large cargo of military supplies intended for Cornwallis. These stores were delivered to Washington and were a great assistance in the siege of Yorktown. The son rose to be a master of merchant vessel before he was twenty, and when he was given command of the *America*



Captain James W. Chever, commander of the
privateer *America*



The privateer *America* under full sail

privateer in 1813, he was twenty-two years old, with one hundred and fifty men to take his orders and one of the finest and fastest ships afloat to win him fame and fortune.

From the log of his first cruise in the *America* the following extracts are chosen, as showing the daily life and business aboard a Yankee privateer a century ago:

“Dec. 14 (1813) Latter part, strong breezes and clear weather. At 11 A.M. saw a sail bearing E. by N. Called all hands and made sail in chase; and sent up Top Gallant yards. At 3 P.M. coming up with our chase very fast. He hoisted English colors and hauled up his courses. At half past 3 P.M. we hauled down our English colors; gave him a gun; and hoisted American colors. Passed within pistol shot of him, to windward, firing continually; exchanged three broadsides; in a few minutes afterward we past round his bow and gave him a raking fire. Our guns under water. There being a great sea and our decks full of water, and perceiving him to be a light transport of about six hundred tons, mounting 28 or 30 guns and full of men, we concluded if we took him we should not reap any advantage as he could not be of much value; therefore, thought it prudent to leave him. During the action received a number of shot, one of which cut away part of the maintopsail yard. The topsail being double reefed the shot went through both reefs; another shot went through our fore topsail; another cut away one of our fore-shrouds. John McIntire, a marine, while in the act of loading his musket, was shot through the left breast and expired instantly. From 4 to 6 P.M. employed sending down the main topsail and yard and getting up another. At half past six sent up the main topsail; while bending it lost a man out of the main top-mast rigging by the name of Ebenezer Osgood. It being very dark and a long sea, thought it imprudent to get the boat out. At 8 set the maintopsail close reefed. Close reefed the fore topsail and took in the mizzen topsail and

mainsail; at 9 took in the foresail; at 10 took in the fore topsail; at 11 took in the maintopsail and mizzen staysail and lay to under the fore and main staysail. Strong gales and cloudy weather. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 1 A.M. sent down the top-gallant yards. At 3 set the mizzen staysail. At 7 set the fore and mizzen topsails. A gun bursted."

"Dec. 25. Commences with light breezes and pleasant weather. At 2 P.M. took in the staysails and jib. At 3 all hands to quarters; exercise the guns. At 4 let two reefs out of the topsails. At half past four hands aft while the carpenter repaired the copper on the cutwater."

"Jan. 18th. At 1 P.M. coming up with our chase very fast found him to be a schooner. At 4 P.M. gave him a gun, and he hove to and hoisted English colors. Boarded him and found him to be the English schooner *Martha*, Wm. Williams, master, from Waterford, bound for Cadiz. Cargo dry goods, butter, bacon, Beef, etc. Put on board Wm. C. Hooper as prize master, with six men and ordered her for America. Took Mr. Wilson, mate, and three men. Left no one on board of her except the captain. Sent on board schooner 150 pounds bread, 10 do. chocolate, 4 gallons rum, 110 gallons water. Received from her five firkins butter. At 6 P.M. parted from her. At 10 hauled up the mainsail."

In a way, this capturing small merchant vessels, the loss of which spelled beggary for their masters, seemed a cruel and unnecessary part of war between nations. It had its stern use however, in crippling England's commercial strength, and in employing her navy to protect her trading fleets. The *America* swooped among these deep-laden craft like a hawk in a dove cote, snatching them from convoys, or picking them up in the English Channel almost within sight of their own shores. Her logs are filled with such entries as these:

"Jan. 23. He proved to be the British ship *Diana*, George

W. Carlton, master, from London bound for Madeira, cargo, deals. From 2 to 6 P.M. boats employed in taking our articles from the ship as the captain contemplated burning her. During the afternoon received on board all the *Diana's* company consisting of 15 in number and one passenger, likewise a quantity of duck, rigging, etc. At 3 P.M. after taking all necessary things out of the *Diana*, set fire to her."

"Jan. 26th. At 2 P.M. saw a sail bearing N.N.W.; called all hands to make sail in chase. At 3 sent up Royal masts and yards; and set all necessary sail. At 8 came up with the chase; it proved to be the British brig *Sovereign* from Cork bound for Liverpool, John Brown commander. Took on board the prisoners and put on board Mr. Hall, prize master with six men and ordered her to America. Her cargo consisted of coals, crates, butter, etc."

"Jan. 27th. A number of our men on board the *Sovereign* fitting a new foremast and doing other necessary work. At 4 P. M. saw a sail on the lee bow. Made a signal for our boats and all hands to repair on board. Instantly got in the boats and made all necessary sail in chase. At 5 nearing the chase very fast. At half past 9 lighted our side lanterns and called all hands to quarters. At 10 within gunshot of him; Fired and brought him to. Got out the gig and brought the captain on board with his papers. She proved to be the British ship *Falcon*, Atkinson, master, from Liverpool *via* Lisbon, bound to the Canaries, with a very valuable cargo of merchandise. At 11 took on board the prisoners. Put on board Mr. Cleaves as prize master with 12 hands."

"Jan. 28. At 8 A.M. saw a sail in the lee bow. A signal was made for the boat and all hands to repair on board. Made sail in chase. At 4 P.M. discovered him to be a brig. At half past 9 gave him a gun; he not regarding it soon after gave him another and he rounded to. Got out the boat and boarded him.

The captain came on board with his papers. She proved to be the British brig *Ann* of London, Appleton, master, from Oporto bound to Bayhei in ballast; not being of much value, permitted him to pass, after putting all our prisoners on board of him, being forty-six in number including the brig's crew, and directed him to land them in Teneriffe and there to report to the proper officer. At 4 P.M. got all the prisoners on board and ordered him to make sail."

Prize after prize was thus entered in the log, for the *America* overhauled everything she sighted and made chase after, and managed to keep in the track of the richest trade bound to and from England, nor could British frigates find and drive her off her station. Other entries for this third cruise include the following:

"Feb. 19th. Coming up with our chase very fast. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 3 took in studding sails and Royals. At 4 fired a gun and brought him to and boarded him. He proved to be the British brig *Sisters* from Malaga, cargo wine and fruit, prize to the American privateer, *Young Wasp* of Philadelphia. At 5 parted with him."

"Feb. 20th. All hands to quarters and exercise the great guns, Boarders, etc. Started two Hogsheads of salt water forward to trim ship by the stern."

"Feb. 24th. At 9 A.M. got out the launch to scrub the bottom. All hands employed in setting up and tarring down the rigging. At 7 P.M. put all prisoners in Irons for bad Conduct."

"March 1. At 9 A.M. saw a sail bearing about S.W. Hauled up for him and set the mainsail, jib and mizzen. At 10 perceived the sail to be a ship of war, apparently a frigate; wore ship to the N.N.W. Set top gallant sails, stay sails and top mast studding sails, and sent up the Royal yards. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11 fired a lee gun and hoisted our colors.

"March 2. Lost sight of the ship astern at 1 P.M.

"March 6. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2 all hands to quarters for exercise. Got out the boat and carried an empty water cask from the ship, about 60 yards to fire at. Blew off one Broadside. All the shots went very near. At 4 went in swimming."

On this cruise the *America* took an even dozen prizes. Touching at Portsmouth, N. H., to gather her crew, which had been dangerously reduced by manning prizes, the privateer refitted and sailed on her fourth cruise, Oct. 31st, 1814. This was her only unlucky voyage. She ran into a submerged derelict at sea, and was so badly damaged that Captain Chever returned to Salem for repairs before any capture had been made. Departure was made from Salem for the fifth and last cruise on Nov. 25, 1814. "On this cruise," writes B. B. Crowninshield in an interesting summary of the *America's* log, "the sea seemed to be full of English men-of-war and much of the *America's* time was taken up in dogging and running away from frigates, and the crew no doubt realized that danger of capture to which they were continually exposed; at all events the log on Jan 8th and on each succeeding Sunday records that 'all hands were called to prayers,' although prayers were in no way allowed to interfere with the management of the ship or the furtherance of the purpose for which she was fitted out. They attended prayers at intervals before, and had returned thanks for a Merciful Providence Dec. 11."

On Feb. 27, the *America* fell in with the English packet, *Princess Elizabeth*, of 188 tons, armed with six nine-pound carronades, two long brass nine-pounders, and manned by thirty-two men. She proved to be a rarely plucky foeman, and during the hot engagement that followed, Captain Chever's crew exhibited a skill in gunnery comparable with that of the tars of the *Constitution* and American frigates. Captain Chever describes the action in these words:

“ At half past 4 P.M. saw a sail on our weather bow, made all sail in chase of her. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past six P.M. lost sight of the above ship. At 9 P.M. wore ship to the S. and E., judging that after he lost sight of us he would keep his former course to the Eastward. Hauled up our main course. At 6 A.M. saw the above ship to the west. Wore ship and stood after him. At 8 A.M. still in chase of the above ship, coming up with him very fast. He hauled down his signals, fired a gun and hoisted an English Ensign and Pennant. At the same time we fired a gun and hoisted English colors. At 9 A.M. nearly on his lee quarter, hauled down English and hoisted American colors. He immediately bore away before the wind and gave us a broadside which we returned by giving him another, when the action became general. At 12 minutes past nine, seeing his colors hanging overboard, concluded that he had struck and ceased firing, but in two minutes, seeing his fire, commenced firing again. At 18 minutes past 9 he surrendered, we receiving no loss on board the *America* neither in men, rigging, sails, or hull.

“ At $\frac{1}{2}$ past nine boarded him; he proved to be H. B. M. Ship Packet *Princess Elizabeth*, John Forresdale commander, mounting 8 carriage guns and 32 men, from Rio Janeiro bound to Fal-mouth. Her loss was 2 killed and 13 wounded; among the latter was the Capt. by a grape shot through the thigh. The Packet was very much cut to pieces. She had 8 shot holes between wind and water, 3 nine-pound shot in her mainmast, just above deck, one in her mizzen mast, and one in her main topmast, and one in her fore topmast, with his braces, bowlines and part of his shrouds and stays cut away, and about 700 shot holes thro’ his sails besides a large number through his bulwarks. On our approaching them they thought us to be some cunning ship with 12 or 14 guns and the rest Quakers. But they found their mistake so as to convince them that Quakers were not silent at all times. Took out her guns, muskets,

pistols, cutlasses, powder and shot on board the *America*, and gave her up to her original crew, to proceed on to Falmouth, after putting on board 6 prisoners, and a quantity of bread, as they had on board only 15 pounds for 25 men. Sent our Doctor on board to dress the wounded."

After taking thirteen prizes on this cruise the *America* returned to Salem and the last entry in her log reads:

"April 18. (1814.) At 4 P.M. came to with the best bower in seven fathoms and handed all sails and fired a salute of forty guns. People all discharged to go on shore. So ends the ship *America's* last cruise."

During her career as a privateer she had sent safely into port twenty-seven British vessels, but her captures much exceeded this number. Six of her prizes were retaken on their way to America and many more were destroyed at sea. Her officers and crew divided more than one half million dollars in prize money. More than this, with an American navy so small that it could not hope to take the offensive against England's mighty sea power, the *America* had played her part well in crippling that maritime commerce which was the chief source of English greatness. This beautiful ship never went to sea again. For reasons unknown and inexplicable at the present time, she was allowed to lay dismantled alongside Crowninshield's wharf in Salem until 1831, when she was sold at auction and broken up. The *Essex Register* of June 16th of that year contains this melancholy obituary in its advertising columns:

"Hull, etc. of Ship *America*

AT AUCTION

On Thursday next at 10 o'clock,

(Necessarily postponed from Thursday)

Will be sold by auction at the Crowninshield Wharf,

The Hull of the Privateer Ship *America*,

very heavily copper-fastened, and worthy attention for breaking up.

Also—about 1000 pounds of Powder, consisting principally of cannon and musket cartridges.

A quantity of old Iron, Rigging, old Canvas, Blocks Spars,—a complete set of Sweeps with a variety of other articles.

The sale will commence with the materials, June 16.

GEORGE NICHOLS, Auct'r."

Long after the war Captain Chever, master of a merchant vessel, became acquainted in the harbor of Valparaiso with Sir James Thompson, captain of the British frigate *Dublin*. This man-of-war had been fitted out with the special object of capturing the *America* in 1813. While the two captains chatted together in cordial friendliness, Sir James Thompson fell to telling stories of his service afloat in chase of the famous Yankee privateer. "I was almost within gun-shot of her once, just as night was coming on," said he, "but by daylight she had out-sailed the *Dublin* so devilish fast that she was no more than a speck on the horizon. And by the way, I wonder if you know who it was commanded the *America* on that cruise?" Captain Chever was glad to answer such an absurdly easy question as this, and his former foeman enjoyed the singular coincidence of this amicable meeting.

Even during the years of conflict the Yankee privateersman had more sympathy for than hatred of the prisoners whose ships they took or destroyed. Far more than the patriot landsman they could feel for these hapless victims of warfare on the seas, for they had suffered similar misfortunes at the hands of Englishmen, year after year. In an era of nominal peace the British navy alone had confiscated more American vessels than

were captured from under the English flag by Yankee privateers in the War of 1812. And if the merciless ravages of such fleet sea hawks as the *America* beggared many a British skipper whose fate in no way touched the issue of the war, it should be remembered, on the other hand, that in every American seaport there were broken captains and ruined homes whose irremediable disasters had been wrought by British authority.

In order to gain a more intimate realization of the spirit of those times, it may be worth while to review a typical incident which befell Captain Richard Cleveland of Salem. In 1806 he was in command of the ship *Telemaco* in which he had staked all his cash and credit, together with the fortune of his friend and partner, Nathaniel Shaler. Their investment in ship and cargo amounted to more than fifty thousand dollars won after years of maritime risk and adventure in every sea of the globe.* He sailed from Rio Janeiro for Havana, and said of the prospects of this voyage in a letter to his wife:

“With what a series of misfortunes have I not been assailed for the past three years, and with what confidence can I now expect to escape the pirates in the West Indies? I expect to meet the British ships of war, but do not fear them, as my business is regular, and such as will bear the nicest scrutiny by those who act uprightly; but should I meet with any of those privateers the consequence may be serious as they respect the property of no one.”

In his published narrative Captain Cleveland made this additional comment:

“But these were precarious times for neutrals, when the two great belligerents (England and France) agreed in nothing else than plundering them . . . On the presumption, however, that such neutral commerce as did not, even in a remote degree, prejudice the interests of the belligerents would be unmolested,

*See Chapter XVIII.

I felt that I had little else than sea-risk to guard against, and was therefore free from anxiety on the subject of insurance."

Near the equator Captain Chever was overhauled by a British frigate, and later by a sloop of war, the commanders of both of which vessels satisfied themselves of the legality of his voyage and very civilly permitted him to go on his way. Convinced that he was in no danger from this quarter, Captain Cleveland expected a safe arrival in Havana. Near Martinique he hove in sight of a British fleet, of which Admiral Cochrane was in command on board the *Ramillies* seventy-four. The American shipmaster was summoned on board the flagship, his papers carefully examined by the captain, and no cause found for his detention. He was sent aboard his ship, and made sail on his course with a happy heart. Scarcely was he under way when Admiral Cochrane signalled him to heave to again, and without deigning to question him or look at his papers ordered the ship seized and taken to the Island of Tortola for condemnation proceedings. These formalities were a farce, the *Telemaco* was confiscated with her cargo and after fruitless efforts to obtain a fair hearing, Captain Cleveland wrote:

"I am now on the point of embarking for home, after being completely stripped of the fruits of many years hard toil . . . To have practised the self-denial incident to leaving my family for so long a time; to have succeeded in reaching Rio Janeiro after being dismasted and suffering all the toils and anxieties of a voyage of forty-three days in that crippled condition; to have surmounted the numerous obstacles and risks attendant on the peculiarity of the transactions in port; to have accomplished the business of lading and despatching the vessels in defiance of great obstacles, and to perceive the fortune almost within my grasp which would secure me ease and independence for the remainder of my life, and then, by the irresistible means of brute force, to see the whole swept off, and myself and family

The Privateers of 1812

thereby reduced in a moment from affluence to poverty, must be admitted as a calamity of no ordinary magnitude. . . . After the villainy I have seen practised, at Tortola, by men whose power and riches not only give them a currency among the most respectable, but make their society even courted, I blush for the baseness of mankind and almost lament that I am one of the same species."

In the list of Salem privateers of 1812, one finds that few of them were in the same class with the splendid and formidable *America*. Indeed, some were as audaciously equipped, manned and sailed as the little craft which put to sea in the Revolution. For example, among the forty-odd private armed craft hailing from Salem during the latter war, there were such absurd cock-sparrows as:

<i>The Active</i>	20 tons	2 guns (4 lbs.)	25 men
<i>Black Vomit</i> (boat)	5 "	muskets	16 "
<i>Castigator</i> (launch)	10 "	1 6 lb. carronade	20 "
<i>Fame</i>	30 "	2 6 lb. "	30 "
<i>Orion</i> (boat)	5 "	muskets	20 "
<i>Phoenix</i>	20 "	1 6 lb. "	25 "
<i>Terrible</i> (boat)	5 "	muskets	16 "

The schooner *Helen* was a merchant vessel loaned by her owners to a crew of volunteers for the special purpose of capturing the *Liverpool Packet*, a venturesome English privateer which for several months had made herself the terror of all vessels entering Massachusetts Bay. She clung to her cruising ground off Cape Cod and evaded the privateers sent in search of her. At last the seamen of Salem determined to clip her wings, and the notion was most enthusiastically received. The *Helen* was fitted out and seventy volunteers put on board in the remarkably brief time of four hours. Captains Upton and Tibbetts, the leaders of the expedition, organized a parade through the Salem streets, led by a flag bearer, a fifer and

drummer, and had not made the circuit of the town before the full crew was enlisted. Four six-pounders were borrowed from the privateer *John*, and before nightfall of the same day the *Helen* was heading for sea. Some of her crew leaped aboard as she was leaving the wharf and signed articles while the schooner was working down the harbor. They failed to over-haul the *Liverpool Packet* which had sailed for Halifax to refit, but their spirit was most praiseworthy. The English privateer was captured later by another Yankee vessel.

The *Grand Turk* was one of the finest privateers of the war, an East India ship of 310 tons, fitted out with eighteen guns and one hundred and fifty men. Her commanders were Holten J. Breed and Nathan Green who made brilliantly successful cruises. After one cruise of one hundred and three days she returned to Salem with only forty-four of her crew on board, the remainder having been put into prizes of which she had captured eight, one of them with a cargo invoiced at a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Her log describes several astonishing escapes from British cruisers in which she showed a nimble pair of heels that won her the name of being one of the fastest armed ships afloat. During her last cruise, Captain Nathan Green made the following entries:

"Friday, March 10 (1815), at daylight the man at the mast-head descried a sail in the eastern quarter. Called all hands immediately and made sail in chase. Soon after saw another sail on the weather bow. Still in pursuit of the chase and approaching her fast. At 6:30 passed very near the second sail, which was a Portuguese schooner standing W.S.W. At 7:00 saw third sail three points on our lee bow, the chase a ship. At 8:00 discovered the third to be a large ship by the wind to the north and westward. At 10:00 being $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile to windward discovered the chase to be a frigate, endeavoring to decoy us. Tacked ship and she immediately tacked and made all



Capt. Holten J. Breed, commander of the
privateer *Grand Turk*



The privateer *Grand Turk*

sail in pursuit of us. Soon perceived we had the superiority of sailing, displayed the American flag and fired a shot in defiance. At 11:00 the wind hauled suddenly to the westward. The frigate received a favorable breeze which caused her to lay across and nearing us fast. At 11:30, the frigate within gunshot, got out our sweeps and made considerable progress, although calm and a short head sea. Frigate commenced firing, got out her boats and attempted to tack four different times but did not succeed. Hoisted our colors and gave her a number of shot. A ship to leeward, a frigate also. At noon swept our brig round with her head to the northward, and having the wind more favorable, left the chaser considerably. The day ends with extreme sultry weather and both ships in pursuit of us.

“Saturday, March 11, at dark, frigates using every exertion to near us.

“Sunday, March 12, at 1:30 P.M. saw two sail two points on our lee bow, soon discovered them to be the two frigates still in pursuit of us and much favored by the breeze. At 5 P.M. light variable winds with us and the enemy still holding the breeze. Took to our sweeps. At dark the enemy's ships bore S.S.W.

“Monday, March 13, at 2 P.M. the enemy having been out of sight $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours, concluded to get down the foretopmast and replace it with a new one. All hands busily employed. At 4 descried a second sail ahead standing for us. At 5:30 got the new foretopmast and top gallant mast in place, rigging secured, yards aloft and made sail in pursuit of the latter. At 7 came up and boarded her; she proved to be a Portuguese brig bound from Bahia to Le Grande with a cargo of salt. Finding ourselves discovered by the British cruisers, and being greatly encumbered with prisoners, concluded to release them and accordingly paroled five British prisoners and discharged ten

Spaniards and put them on board the brig after giving a necessary supply of provisions.

"Saturday, March 18, at 2 P.M., came up and spoke a Portuguese brig from Africa bound to Rio Janeiro with a cargo of slaves. Filled away in pursuit of a second sail in the N.W. At 4:30 she hoisted English colors and commenced firing her stern guns. At 5:20 took in the steering sails, at the same time she fired a broadside. We opened a fire from our larboard battery, and at 5:30 she struck her colors. Got out the boats and boarded her. She proved to be the British brig *Acorn* from Liverpool for Rio Janeiro, mounting fourteen cannon and having a cargo of dry goods. At 5:30 we received the first boat load of goods aboard. Employed all night in discharging her.

"Sunday, March 19, at daylight saw two frigates and a brig on the lee beam in chase of us. Took a very full boatload of goods on board, manned out the prize with Joseph Phippen and eleven men and ordered her for the United States. As the prize was in a good plight for sailing, I have great reason to think she escaped. One of the frigates pursued us for three-quarters of an hour, but finding that she had her old antagonist gave up the pursuit. Having on board one hundred and sixty-odd bales, boxes, cases and trunks of goods, which I conceive is very valuable, and the brigs copper and rigging being very much out of repair, and the water scant, concluded to return home with all possible dispatch. As another inducement I have information of a treaty of peace being signed at Ghent between the United States and Great Britain, and only remains to be ratified by the former.

"Wednesday, March 29, at 4 A.M. saw a sail to windward very near us, and tacked in pursuit of her. At 8:30 came up with and boarded her. She proved to be a Portuguese ship from Africa bound to Maranhão with 474 slaves on board. Paroled and put on board eleven British prisoners.

"Saturday, April 15, boarded the American schooner *Commit* of and from Alexandria for Barbadoes with a cargo of flour. They gave us the joyful tidings of peace between America and England, which produced the greatest rejoicing throughout the ship's company.

"Saturday, April 29, 1815, at 7:30 A.M. saw Thatchers Island bearing N.W. At 8 saw Bakers Island bearing west. At 9:30 came to anchor in Salem harbor, cleared decks, and saluted the town. This ends the cruise of 118 days."

Captain Nathan Green was a modest man, and his log, if taken alone, would indicate that his escapes from British frigates were most matter of fact incidents. The fact is, however, that these events of his cruise were made notable by rarely brilliant feats of seamanship and calculated daring. The scene of action began off the coast of Pernambuco, in which port Captain Green had learned that eight English merchant vessels were making ready to sail. He took prize after prize in these waters, until the English assembled several cruisers for the express purpose of capturing the bold privateer. The frigates which chased him were part of this squadron, and he not only eluded their combined attempts, but continued to make captures almost in sight of the enemy. His log shows that the pursuit, in which both the *Grand Turk* and the frigate were towed by their boats, and sweeps manned for a night and a day was as thrilling and arduous a struggle as that famous escape of the *Constitution* from a powerful British squadron in the same war. The two ships were within firing distance of each other for hours on end, and after a second frigate joined in the hunt, the *Grand Turk* managed to keep her distance only by the most prodigious pluck and skill.

The records of the Salem Marine Society contain the following compact account of the most spectacular engagement of an illustrious fighting privateersman of Salem:

“Capt. Benjamin Upton commanded the private armed brig *Montgomery*, one hundred and sixty-five tons, armed with eighteen guns. While on a cruise off Surinam, December 5, 1812, at 3 P.M., made a sail standing northward, which proved to be a large English packet brig with troops. She hauled up her courses and stood toward the *Montgomery*, which was prepared to receive her at 7 P.M. After exchanging shots and wearing, the *Montgomery* ordered her to send a boat on board, which she refused to do. Then commenced a terrible conflict. The *Montgomery* delivered her broadside, which was returned, and continued till 8 o’clock, when her antagonist laid the *Montgomery* aboard on the starboard waist, his port anchor catching in after gun port, his spritsail yard and jib-boom sweeping over the waist guns. In this situation the *Montgomery* kept up a fire of musketry and such guns as could be brought to bear, which was returned with musketry by regular platoons of soldiers. In this way the fight continued for fifty minutes. The *Montgomery* finally filled her foretop-sail and parted from the enemy, breaking his anchor, making a hole in the *Montgomery’s* deck, breaking five stanchions and staving ten feet of bulwark, with standing rigging much cut up. She hauled off for repairs, having four men killed and twelve wounded, among whom were Capt. Upton and Lieut. John Edwards of this society. It was thought prudent to get north into cooler weather, on account of the wounded. The enemy stood to the northward after a parting shot. On the *Montgomery’s* deck were found three boarding pikes, one musket and two pots of combustible matter, intended to set fire to the *Montgomery*, and which succeeded, but was finally extinguished. This was one of the hardest contests of the war. The *Montgomery* was afterwards commanded by Capt. Jos. Strout, and captured by H. M. ship of the line, *La Hoge*, and taken to Halifax. When Capt. Strout with his son, who was with him, were going alongside of the ship in the

launch, another son, a prisoner on board, hailed the father and asked where mother was, which would have comprised the whole family."

By the end of the year 1813 the prizes captured by Salem privateers had been sold for a total amount of more than six hundred thousand dollars. Many of the finest old mansions of the Salem of to-day, great square-sided homes of noble and generous aspect, were built in the decade following the War of 1812, from prize money won by owners of privateers. While ship owners risked and equipped their vessels for profit in this stirring business of privateering, the spirit of the town is to be sought more in such incidents as that of Doctor Bentley's ride to Marblehead on a gun carriage. The famous Salem parson was in the middle of a sermon when Captain George Crowninshield appeared at a window at the old East Church, and engaged in an agitated but subdued conversation with Deacon James Brown, whose pew was nearest him. Doctor Bentley's sermon halted and he asked:

"Mr. Brown, is there any news?"

"The *Constitution* has put into Marblehead with two British cruisers after her, and is in danger of capture," was the startling reply.

"This is a time for action," shouted Doctor Bentley. "Let us go to do what we can to save the *Constitution*, and may God be with us, Amen."

At the head of his congregation the parson rushed down the aisle and hurried toward Marblehead. The alarm had spread through the town, and Captain Joseph Ropes had assembled the Sea Fencibles, a volunteer coast guard two hundred strong. Doctor Bentley was their chaplain, and his militant flock hoisted him on board the gun which they were dragging with them, and thus he rode in state to Marblehead. Meantime, however, Captain Joseph Perkins, keeper of the Baker Island

Light, had put off to the *Constitution* in a small boat, and offering his services as pilot, brought the frigate inside the harbor where she was safe from pursuit by the *Endymion* and the *Tenedos*.

The ill-fated duel between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon* was fought off Boston harbor, and was witnessed by thousands of people from Marblehead and Salem who crowded to the nearest headlands. They saw the *Chesapeake* strike to the British frigate after a most desperate combat in which Captain Lawrence was mortally hurt. The captured American ship was taken to Halifax by the *Shannon*. Soon the news reached Salem that the commander whose last words, "Don't give up the Ship," were to win him immortality in defeat, was dead in a British port, and the bronzed sea-dogs of the Salem Marine Society resolved to fetch his body home in a manner befitting his end. Capt. George Crowninshield obtained permission from the Government to sail with a flag of truce for Halifax, and he equipped the brig *Henry* for this sad and solemn mission. Her crew was picked from among the shipmasters of Salem, some of them privateering captains, every man of them a proven deep-water commander, and thus manned the brig sailed for Halifax. It was such a crew as never before or since took a vessel out of an American port. They brought back to Salem the body of Capt. James Lawrence and Lieut. Augustus Ludlow of the *Chesapeake*, and the brave old seaport saw their funeral column pass through its quiet and crowded streets. The pall-bearers bore names, some of which thrill American hearts to-day; Hull, Stuart, Bainbridge, Blakely, Creighton and Parker, all captains of the Navy. A Salem newspaper thus describes the ceremonies:

"The day was unclouded, as if no incident should be wanting to crown the mind with melancholy and woe—the wind blew from the same direction and the sea presented the same unruffled

surface as was exhibited to our anxious view when on the memorable first day of July, we saw the immortal Lawrence proudly conducting his ship to action. . . . The brig *Henry*, containing the precious relics, clad in sable, lay at anchor in the harbor. At half-past twelve o'clock they were placed in barges, and, preceded by a long procession of boats filled with seamen uniformed in blue jackets and trousers, with a blue ribbon on their hats bearing the motto of "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights," were rowed by minute-strokes to the end of India Wharf, where the bearers were ready to receive the honored dead. From the time the boats left the brig until the bodies were landed, the United States brig *Rattlesnake* and the brig *Henry* alternately fired minute guns.

"The immense concourse of citizens which covered the wharves, stores and house tops to view the boats, the profound silence which pervaded the atmosphere, broken only by the reverberations of the minute-guns, rendered this part of the solemnities peculiarly grand and impressive.

"Conspicuous in the procession and in the church were a large number of naval and military officers, also the Salem Marine and East India Marine Societies, wearing badges, with the Masonic and other organizations.

"On arriving at the Meeting house, the coffins were placed in the center of the church by the seamen who rowed them ashore, and who stood during the ceremony leaning upon them in an attitude of mourning. The church was decorated with cypress and evergreen, and the names of Lawrence and Ludlow appeared in gilded letters in front of the pulpit.

The remains of Lawrence rested in the Salem burying ground until 1849 when they were removed to New York, where in the churchyard of Old Trinity, his monument bears the line that can never die:

"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP."

CHAPTER XXV

THE TRAGEDY OF THE "FRIENDSHIP"

(1831)

THE first American vessel to load pepper on the coast of Sumatra was the Salem schooner *Rajah* in 1795, and the last ship under the stars and stripes to seek a cargo on that coast was the *Australia* of Salem in 1860. Between these years the trade with that far off island was chiefly in the hands of the merchants and shipmasters of Salem. When the United States frigate *Potomac* was ordered to the East Indies seventy-five years ago with instructions to prepare charts and sailing directions of the Sumatra coast to aid American mariners, her commander reported that "this duty has been much more ably performed than it could have been with our limited materials. For this important service our country is indebted to Captain Charles M. Endicott and Captain James D. Gillis of Salem, Massachusetts. The former, who was master of the *Friendship* when she was seized by the Malays at Quallah-Battoo has been trading on this coast for more than fifteen years, during which period he has, profitably for his country, filled up the delay incident to a pepper voyage, by a careful and reliable survey of the coast, of which no chart was previously extant that could be relied on."

Captain Endicott of the *Friendship* not only risked his vessel amid perils of stranding along these remote and uncharted shores, but also encountered the graver menaces involved in trading with savage and treacherous people who were continu-

The Tragedy of the Friendship

ally on the alert to murder the crews and capture the ships of these dauntless American traders. Notwithstanding all of Captain Endicott's precautions and shrewdness born of long experience, he was at length overtaken by the fate which befell others of these pioneers in Malaysian waters. The story of the tragedy of the *Friendship* is typical of the adventures of the Salem shipmasters of the long ago, and Captain Endicott, like many of his fellow mariners, possessed the gift of writing such a narrative in a clean-cut, and vigorous fashion which makes it well worth while presenting in his own words. Perhaps because they told of things simply as they had known and seen and done them, without straining after literary effect, these old-fashioned sea captains of Salem were singularly capable writers, self-taught and educated as they were, jumping from school to the fore-castle at twelve or fourteen years of age.

For the entertainment of his comrades and friends of Salem, Captain Endicott put pen to paper and told them what had happened to him and his ship on the coast of Sumatra in the year of 1831. Somewhat condensed, this virile chapter of salt-water history runs as follows:

"The ship *Friendship*, of this place, under my command, sailed from Salem for the west coast of Sumatra, with a crew of seventeen men, including officers and seamen, on the 26th of May, 1830. On the 22d September following we touched first at the port of Qualah Battoo (*i.e.*, in English, Rocky River), in Lat. 3.48 m. North. This place is inhabited by natives from the Pedir coast, on the north of the island (of Sumatra), as well as Acheenise, and is therefore governed jointly by a Pedir and an Acheenise Rajah. We remained here for the purposes of trade, until the 5th of November following, at which time, having obtained all the pepper of the old crop, and the new pepper not coming in until March or April, we left that port, and in prosecu-

tion of our voyage visited several others, and finally returned to Pulo Kio (*i.e.*, in English, Wood Island), about two miles from Qualah Battoo, the latter part of January, 1831, intending to remain there until the coming in of the pepper crop.

“One bright moonlight night, shortly after our arrival at this place, I was awakened by the watch informing me that a native boat was approaching the ship in a very stealthy manner, and under suspicious circumstances. I immediately repaired on deck, and saw the boat directly in our wake under the stern, the most obvious way to conceal herself from our observation, and gradually approaching us with the utmost caution, without the least noise or apparent propelling power, the oars being struck so lightly in the water that its surface was scarcely ruffled. Having watched their proceedings a few minutes, we became convinced it was a reconnoitering party, sent to ascertain how good a look-out was kept on board the ship, and intending to surprise us for no good purpose.

“We therefore hailed them in their own dialect, asking them where they came from, what they wanted, and why they were approaching the ship in such a tiger-like manner. We could see that all was instantly life and animation on board her, and after a few moments we received an answer that they were friends from Qualah Battoo, with a load of smuggled pepper, which they were desirous to dispose of to us. We, however, positively forbade them to advance any nearer the ship, or to come alongside; but, after considerable discussion, we at length gave our consent for them to come *abreast* the ship at a respectful distance, and we would send some of our own men on board to ascertain if their story was correct, and if there was nothing suspicious about her, on their giving up their side arms we would rig a whip upon the main yard, and in this way take on board their pepper, and allow one man to come on board ship to look after it.



The Battle of Qualah Battoo.

It will be remembered that the ship *Friendship*, of Salem, while at Qualah Battoo, on the island of Sumatra, in the Indian Ocean, was taken by the natives and all hands murdered. When the intelligence was received by the American Government, the U. S. Frigate *Potomac*, Capt. John Downes, was immediately ordered to that place to chastise them; which was effectually accomplished on the night of the 7th of February, 1842,—convincing them that the stars and stripes of Uncle Sam are not to be trampled upon, nor the lives of American tars sacrificed with impunity.

The sun was setting behind the high mountains,

The fets of our enemy full in our view;

The frigate *Potomac*—John Downes, our commander—

Rode proudly at anchor off Qualah Battoo.

The land breeze blew mild, the night was serene,

Our boats—was the word, and our tackles were maul'd;—

Six miles was the distance that now lay between,

Our fine lofty ship and the enemy's land.

Our boats were soon launch'd on the breast of the billows,

On deck we repulsed with our pistols for our pistols;

And committed our cause with its justice to Heaven.

At the dead hour of night when all nature was dead,

The boatswain's shrill pipe call'd each man to his post;

Our hearts arm'd with justice and minds fully bent,

To attack and destroy that piratical host,

Who boarded the *Friendship* and murdered her crew.

Just twelve months before the memorable day

When Shillick* led forth the *Potomac* to war,

To fight and to vanquish the heathen Malay.

Our boats were all ready and we were prepared

To fight or to die, for our cause it was just;

Our muskets were loaded, our bosoms were bare,

To the strife or the storm, for in God was our trust.

When thus spoke our brave and respected commander,

"I charge you by all that is sacred below,

From the true paths of honor or virtue, never to swerve

If mercy is requested, then mercy bestow."

Never let it be said that the sons of Columbia

Shrink their spears in the breast of feeble or child;

And may virtue and valor attend you this day—

Be to death in the arms of the heathen Malay."

To revenge the sad wrongs which our friends and our usum,

So oft have suffered from these devils of the sea;

Our work we commenced, and the bright configuration

Left but few of our foes the sad story to tell.

Their forts they were strong, and the heroes they fought,

For mercy or quarter they never had shown;

And we faced in their veins—never they sought,

But the God of the Christians they never had known.

All around us in triumph these devils lay—

But the *Potomac*—her brave crew—was abroad;

Be still on their lists we continued to play.

To conquer our object—*Potomac* is the word.

Exposed to their fires, the *Potomac* undaunted

Beneath their rude ramparts stood firm and brave,

Resolved that the stripes and the stars of Columbia

For long on their ramparts in triumph should wave.

Their firing soon ceased, and our brave powder

Then opened a path and entered their gates;

We pass'd that moment—gave three hearty cheers—

Then hoisted the flag that is worthy the Stars.

The white dash'd in a row began to increase,

And waded in the hour of departure was near;

Our wounded and slain we could not to grove,

And found with our pikes and our muskets a tier,

To convey them all wailing and pain from the shore,

To our ship that majestically rode on the wave;

To comfort the wounded—who could no longer

And commit their remains to a watery grave.

The *Potomac*'s a champion—our men a noble crew,

Placed in the hands of the brave and the true;

Consider! Consider! the deeds of this day

Shall be a lesson to the sons of the sea.

An old broadside, relating the incidents of the battle of Qualah Battoo

The Tragedy of the Friendship

“All our own crew had, in the mean time, been mustered and armed, and a portion of them placed as sentinels on each side the gangway. In this manner we passed on board some fifty or sixty bags of pepper. We were afterwards informed by the second officer, that while this was going forward, the chief officer, who subsequently lost his life, was secretly scoffing at these precautions, attributing them to cowardice, and boasting he could clear the decks of a hundred such fellows with a single handspike. This boat, we ascertained, was sent by a young man named Po Qualah, the son of the Pedir Rajah, for the express purpose which we had suspected; the pepper having been put on board merely as an excuse in case they should be discovered. It was only a sort of parachute, let off to see from what quarter the wind blew, as a guide for their evil designs upon us.

“Ascertaining, however, by this artifice, that the ship was too vigilantly guarded, at least in the night, to be thus surprised, they set themselves at work to devise another plan to decoy us to Qualah Battoo, in which, I am sorry to say, they were more successful.

“A few days after this occurrence, a deputation was sent to invite us to Qualah Battoo, representing that the new crop of pepper was beginning to make its appearance, and they could now furnish us with from one or two hundred bags per day, and would no doubt be enabled to complete loading the ship in the course of forty days. Being in pursuit of a cargo, and having been always on friendly terms with the natives of this place, whom I did not consider worse than those of other parts of the coast, and feeling beside some security from the fact that we had already been warned by some of our old friends not to place too much confidence in any of them, we considered the danger but trifling, and therefore concluded a contract with them, and proceeded at once with the ship to Qualah Battoo.

“Strict regulations were then established for the security and protection of the ship. In the absence of the captain, not more than two Malays were to be permitted on board at the same time; and no boats should be allowed to approach her in the night time upon any pretence whatever, without calling an officer. Then mustering all hands upon the quarterdeck, I made a few remarks, acquainting them with my apprehensions, and impressing on their minds the importance of a good look-out, particularly in the night, and expressed my firm conviction, that vigilance alone would prevent the surprise and capture of the ship, and the sacrifice of all our lives. Having thus done all we could to guard against surprise, and put the ship in as good a state of defence as possible, keeping her entire armament in good and efficient order, and firing every night an eight o’clock gun, to apprise the natives that we were not sleeping upon our posts, we commenced taking in pepper, and so continued for three or four days, the Malays appearing very friendly.

“On Monday, February 7, 1831, early in the morning, while we were at breakfast, my old and tried friend, Po Adam, a native well-known to traders on this coast, came on board in a small canoe from his residence at Pulo Kio, in order to proceed on shore in the ship’s boat, which shortly after started with the second officer, four seamen and myself. On our way Po Adam expressed much anxiety for the safety of the ship, and also an entire want of confidence in Mr. Knight, the first officer, remarking in his broken English, ‘*he no look sharp, no understand Malay-man.*’

“On being asked if he *really* believed his countrymen would dare to attack the ship, he replied in the affirmative. I then observed to the second officer that it certainly behooved us, the boat’s crew, who were more exposed than any of the ship’s company, to be on our guard against surprise and proposed when we next came on shore to come prepared to defend ourselves.

“When we reached the landing we were kindly received, as usual. The natives were bringing in pepper very slowly; only now and then a single Malay would make his appearance with a bag upon his head, and it was not until nearly three o’clock in the afternoon that sufficient was collected to commence weighing; and between three and four o’clock the first boat started from the shore. The natives were, however, still bringing in pepper, with a promise of another boat load during the day. This was a mere subterfuge to keep us on shore.

“As the boat was passing out of the river, I noticed her stop off one of the points, and believing it to be the object of her crew to steal pepper, and secrete it among the neighboring high grass, two men were sent down to look after them. They soon returned, remarking that there appeared to be nothing wrong. The ship lay about three-fourths of a mile from the shore, and between the scale-house and the beach there was a piece of rising ground, so that standing at the scales we could just see the ship’s topgallant yards.

“I had observed a vessel in the offing in the course of the day, apparently approaching this place or Soosoo, and, being at leisure, I walked towards the beach to ascertain if she had hoisted any national colours. The instant I had proceeded far enough to see our ship’s hull, I observed that the pepper-boat, which was at this time within two or three hundred feet of her, appeared to contain a large number of men. My suspicions were instantly aroused, and I returned to question the men who were sent down to the mouth of the river.

“I was then informed, for the first time, that as they had approached the boat six or seven Malays jumped up from the high grass and rushed on board her; and as she passed out of the river, they saw her take in from a passing ferry boat about the same number; but as they all appeared to be ‘*youngsters*,’ to use their own expression, they did not think the circumstance

of sufficient importance to mention it. They were reprimanded for such an omission of duty, accompanied with the remark:

“Your youngsters, as you call them, will, I suspect, be found old enough in iniquity, to capture the ship, if once admitted upon her decks.”

“The words of Po Adam, that morning, that ‘*Mr. Knight no look sharp, no understand Malay-man,*’ now struck me with their full force and a fearful foreboding, and I appealed to Mr. Barry, the second officer, for his opinion as to what would be Mr. Knight’s probable course, remarking ‘*he certainly will not disobey his orders.*’ Mr. Barry, however, expressed his fears as to the result, remarking he knew so well the contempt which Mr. Knight entertained for these people, ‘that he will probably conclude your precautions to be altogether unnecessary, and that he can allow them to come on board with impunity, without your ever knowing anything of the circumstances, and no harm will come of it.’

“This view of the case certainly did not allay my anxiety, and I observed, ‘if your predictions prove correct, the ship is taken,’ but concluding it to be altogether too late for us on shore to render any assistance to the ship, and still clinging to the hope that Mr. Knight would, after all, be faithful to his trust, Mr. Barry and two men were directed to walk towards the beach without any apparent concern, and watch the movements on board.

“I should have remarked, that on my own way up the beach, just before I passed near a tree under the shade of which a group of ten or twelve natives were apparently holding a consultation, all conversation ceased. The object of this meeting, as I was afterwards informed, was to consider whether it would be better to kill us *before* attempting to take the ship or *afterwards*; and the conclusion arrived at was to be sure of the ship *first*, the killing of us appearing to them as easy, to use their own simile, as cutting off the heads of so many fowls; the manner

how had already been decided, the time *when* was all there was to be considered—a native having been already appointed, and the price fixed for the assassination of each of the boat's crew. The price set upon my life was one thousand dollars, for the second officer's, five hundred dollars, and for each of the seamen one hundred dollars.

"As soon as Mr. Barry has reached an elevation where he could fairly see the ship's hull, he turned short round, and walked, without hastening his steps, directly towards me—passing me, however, without discovering any emotion, and said, 'there is trouble on board, sir.'"

"To the question 'What did you see?' he replied, 'men jumping overboard.'"

"Convinced at once, of our own perilous situation, and that our escape depended on extremely cautious and judicious management, I answered:

"'We must show no alarm, but muster the men, and order them into the boat.'"

"We deliberately pushed off from the shore, the Malays having no suspicion of our design, thinking it to be our intention, by our apparently unconcerned manner, to cross the river for a stroll in the opposite Bazar as was our frequent custom. The moment the boat's stern had left the bank of the river, Po Adam sprang into her in a great state of excitement, to whom I exclaimed:

"'What! do you come, too, Adam?'"

"He answered: 'You got trouble, Captain, if they kill you, must kill Po Adam first.'"

"He suggested we should steer the boat as far as possible from the western bank of the river, which was here not more than one hundred feet wide, when I remarked to the boat's crew:

"'Now spring to your oars, my lads, for your lives, or we are all dead men.'"

“Adam exhibited the utmost alarm and consternation, encouraging my men to exert themselves, and talking English and Acheenise both in the same breath—now exclaiming in Acheenise, ‘di-yoong di yoong hi!’ And then exhorting them to ‘pull, pull strong!’

“As we doubled one of the points we saw hundreds of natives rushing towards the river’s mouth, brandishing their weapons, and otherwise menacing us. Adam, upon seeing this, was struck with dismay, and exclaimed ‘if got blunderbuss will kill all,’ but luckily they were not provided with that weapon.

“A ferry-boat was next discovered with ten or twelve Malays in her, armed with long spears, evidently waiting to intercept us. I ordered Mr. Barry into the bows of the boat, with Adam’s sword, to make demonstrations, and also to con the boat in such a manner as to run down the ferry boat, which I concluded was our only chance to escape. With headlong impetuosity we were rushing towards our antagonist, nerved with the feeling of desperation. With profound stillness and breathless anxiety we awaited the moment of collision.

“The points of their pikes could be plainly seen. Already I observed Mr. Barry with his sword raised, as if in the act of striking. But when we had approached within some twenty feet, her crew appeared completely panic-struck, and made an effort to get out of our way. It was, however, a close shave—so close that one of their spears was actually over the stern of our boat. The Malays on the bank of the river appeared frantic at our escape, and ran into the water to their armpits in their endeavors to intercept us, waving their swords above their heads, and shouting at the top of their voices.

“We had now time calmly to contemplate the scene through which we had just passed, with hearts, I trust, grateful to God for his kind protection and safe guidance in the midst of its perils. This was the part of their plan, otherwise well con-

ceived, which was defective—they had taken no measures to prevent our escape from the shore, never doubting for a moment that our lives were at their disposal, unprotected and defenceless as they saw us.

“Our doomed ship lay tranquilly in the roads, with sails furled, and a pepper boat alongside, with a multitude of natives in every part of her, and none of her own crew visible, with the exception of a man on the top gallant yard, and some ten or twelve heads just even with the surface of the water.

“The pirates were conspicuous in every corner of the *Friendship's* deck, waving their cloths, and making signals of success to the natives on shore. My first impulse was to propose boarding her but I was very properly reminded that if the ship with her full armament had been taken with so many of her crew on board, we could do nothing in our unarmed state toward her recapture.

“We continued, however, to row towards the ship until we could see the Malays pointing her muskets at us from the quarterdeck, and they appeared also to be clearing away the stern chasers, which we knew to be loaded to their muzzles with grape and langrage. At this moment, three large Malay boats crowded with men were seen coming out of the river, directly towards us. While debating whether it would not be best to proceed at once to Muckie for assistance, which was some twenty-five miles distant, where we knew two or three American vessels were laying, heavy clouds commenced rolling down over the mountains, and the rumbling of distant thunder, and sharp flashes of lightning gave sure indications that the land wind would be accompanied with deluges of rain, rendering the night one of Egyptian darkness, in which it would be almost impossible to grope our way safely along shore towards that place.

“Under these discouraging prospects, Po Adam advised us

to proceed to Pulo Kio, and take shelter in his fort. Submitting ourselves almost wholly to his guidance, we at once pulled away for that place, but before we reached it his heart failed him, and he represented his fort as not sufficiently strong to resist a vigorous assault, and he would not therefore be responsible for our lives, but suggested we should proceed to Soosoo, some two miles further from the scene of the outrage. We accordingly proceeded for Soosoo river, which we had scarcely entered when Po Adam's confidence again forsook him, and he advised us not to land. We therefore only filled a keg with water from the river and came out over the bar, intending to make the best of our way to Muckie.

"The night now came on dark and lowering, and just as we left Soosoo river, the land wind, which had been some time retarded by a strong sea breeze overtook us, accompanied with heavy thunder and torrents of rain, which came pelting down upon our unprotected heads. Sharp flashes of lightning occasionally shot across the gloom, which rendered the scene still more fearful. We double manned two of the oars with Mr. Barry and Po Adam, and I did the best I could to keep the boat's head down the coast, it being impossible to see any object on shore, or even to hear the surf by which we could judge our distance from it. Having proceeded in this way until we began to think ourselves near North Tallapow, off which was a dangerous shoal, it became a matter of concern how we should keep clear of it. We frequently laid upon our oars and listened, to ascertain if we could hear it break. Directly we felt the boat lifted upon a high wave, which we knew must be the roller upon this shoal, which passing, broke with a fearful crash some three or four hundred feet from us.

"Having thus providentially passed this dangerous spot in safety, the weather began to clear a little, and here and there a star appeared. The off shore wind, too, became more steady

and the rain ceased. We ripped up some gunny bags which were left in the boat, and tied them together for a sail, under which we found the boat bounded along quite briskly; we therefore laid in our oars, all hands being quite exhausted, and proceeded in this way the rest of the distance to Muckie, where we arrived at about one o'clock, A. M.

"We found here the ship *James Monroe*, Porter, of New York, brig *Governor Endicott*, Jenks, of Salem, and brig *Palmer*, Powers, of Boston. On approaching the roads, we were first hailed from the *Governor Endicott*, and to the question 'What boat is that?' the response was 'the *Friendship*, from Qualah Battoo,' which answer was immediately followed with the question 'Is that you, Capt. Endicott,' 'Yes,' was the answer, 'with all that are left of us.'

"Having communicated with the other vessels, their commanders repaired on board the *Governor Endicott*, when it was instantly concluded to proceed with their vessels to Qualah Battoo, and endeavor to recover the ship. These vessels were laying with most of their sails unbent, but their decks were quickly all life and animation, and the work of bending sails proceeded so rapidly that before 3 o'clock all the vessels were out of the roads and heading up the coast towards Qualah Battoo. It was our intention to throw as many of the crews of the *Governor Endicott* and *Palmer* on board the *James Monroe*, as could be prudently spared, she being the largest vessel, and proceed with her directly into the roads, and lay her alongside the *Friendship*, and carry her by boarding—the other vessels following at a short distance. But as soon as we had completed all our arrangements, and while we were yet several miles outside the port, the sea breeze began to fail us, with indications that the land wind, like that of the day before, would be accompanied with heavy rain. We, however, stood on towards the place until the off shore wind and rain reached us when all

three vessels were obliged to anchor and suspend further operations until the next morning.

“Before dark I had taken the bearings of the ship by compass, intending, if circumstances favored it, to propose a descent upon her during the night; but the heavy rain continued the most part of it and we were baffled in that design.

“Daylight found us upon the decks of the *Monroe*, watching for the ship, which, in the indistinct light, could not be discovered in the roads. The horizon in the offing was also searched unsuccessfully with our glasses, but we at last discovered her close in shore, far to the westward of her late anchorage, inside a large cluster of dangerous shoals, to which position, as it then appeared, the Malays must have removed her during the night. One thing was certain we could not carry out our design of running her alongside in her present situation; the navigation would be too dangerous for either of the ships. At this moment we saw a prou, or Malay trading craft, approaching the roads from the westward, with which I communicated, hired a canoe, and sent a messenger on shore to inform the Rajahs that if they would give the ship up peaceably to us we would not molest them, otherwise we should fire both upon her and the town.

“After waiting a considerable time for the return of the messenger, during which we could see boats loaded with plunder passing close in shore from the ship, this delay seemed only a subterfuge to gain time, and we fired a gun across the bows of one of them. In a few minutes the canoe which we had sent on shore was seen putting off. The answer received, however, was one of defiance: ‘that they should not give her up so easily, but we might take her *if we could*.’

“All three vessels then opened fire upon the town and ship, which was returned by the forts on shore, the Malays also firing our ship’s guns at us. The first shot from one of the forts passed between the masts of the *Governor Endicott*, not ten



The Glide (See Chapter XXVI)



The Friendship

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feet above the heads of the crew, and the second struck the water just under her counter. This vessel had been kedged in close to the shore within point blank shot of the fort, with springs upon her cable, determined on making every gun tell. The spirited manner in which their fire was returned soon silenced this fort, which mounted six six-pounders and several small brass pieces.

“It appeared afterward, by the testimony of one of my crew, who was confined here, that the firing was so effectual that it dismounted their guns and split the carriages. The other two forts, situated at a greater distance from the beach, continued firing, and no progress was made towards recapturing the ship, which, after all, was our only object. It was now between three and four o’clock, and it was certain that if the Malays were allowed to hold possession of the ship much longer, they would either get her on shore or burn her. We then held a council of war on board the *Monroe*, and concluded to board her with as large a force as we could carry in three boats; and that the command of the expedition should, of course, devolve upon me. At this juncture the ship ceased firing. We observed a column of smoke rise from her decks abreast the mainmast, and there appeared to be great confusion on board. We subsequently ascertained that they had blown themselves up by setting fire to an open keg of powder from which they were loading the guns after having expended all the cartridges.

“The ship lay with her port side towards us, and, with the intention of getting out of the range of her guns, we pulled to the westward at an angle of some 33 deg., until we opened her starboard bow, when we bore up in three divisions for boarding, one at each gangway, and the other over the bows. We were now before the wind, and two oars in each boat were sufficient to propel them; the rest of the crew, armed to the teeth with muskets, cutlasses and pistols, sat quietly in their places, with their muskets pointed at the ship as the boats approached.

“The Malays now, for the first time, seemed to comprehend our design, and as we neared the ship, were struck with consternation, and commenced deserting her with all possible dispatch, and in the greatest confusion. The numerous boats of all descriptions alongside were immediately filled, and the others jumped overboard and swam for the shore. When we reached the ship, there was to all appearances no one on board. Still fearing some treachery, we approached her with the same caution, and boarded her, cutlasses in hand. Having reached her decks and finding them deserted, before we laid aside our arms a strict search was made with instructions to cut down any who should be found and give no quarter. But she was completely forsaken—not a soul on board.

“Her appearance, at the time we boarded her defies description; suffice it to say, every part of her bore ample testimony to the violence and destruction with which she had been visited. That many lives had been sacrificed her blood-stained decks abundantly testified. We found her within pistol shot of the beach, with most of her sails cut loose and flying from the yards. Why they had not succeeded in their attempts to get her on shore, was soon apparent. A riding turn on the chain around the windlass, which they were not sailors enough to clear, had no doubt prevented it. There had been evidently a fruitless attempt to cut it off. While we were clearing the chain, and preparing to kedge the ship off into the roads, the Malays, still bent upon annoying us and unwilling to abandon their prize, were seen drawing a gun over the sandy beach upon a drag directly under our stern, which, being fired, it jumped off the carriage and was abandoned. It was the work of a short time for us to kedge the ship off into deep water and anchor her in comparative security alongside the other ships in the roads.

“The next morning a canoe was seen approaching the *James Monroe* from Pulo Kio, with five or six men in her whom we

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took, as a matter of course, to be natives; but we were soon hailed from that ship, and informed that four of the number were a part of our own crew. Their haggard and squalid appearance bespoke what they had suffered. It would seem impossible that in the space of four days, men could, by any casualty, so entirely lose their identity. It was only by asking their names that I knew any of them. They were without clothing other than loose pieces of cotton cloth thrown over their persons, their hair matted, their bodies crisped and burnt in large, running blisters, besides having been nearly devoured by musquitos, the poison of whose stings had left evident traces of its virulence; their flesh wasted away, and even the very tones of their voices changed. They had been wandering about in the jungle without food ever since the ship was taken. Their account of the capture of the ship was as follows:

“When the pepper-boat came alongside, it was observed by the crew that all on board her were strangers. They were also better dressed than boatmen generally, all of them having on white or yellow jackets, and new ivory-handled kreises. No notice appeared to be taken of these suspicious circumstances by the mate, and all except two men, who were left to pass up pepper, were admitted indiscriminately to come on board. One of the crew, named Wm. Parnell, who was stationed at the gangway to pass along pepper, made some remark, to call the mate’s attention to the number of natives on board, and was answered in a gruff manner, and asked if he was afraid. “No,” replied the man, ‘not afraid, but I know it to be contrary to the regulations of the ship.’

“He was ordered, with an oath, to pass along pepper and mind his own business. The natives were also seen by the crew sharpening their kreises upon the grindstone which stood upon the forecastle, and a man named Chester, who was subsequently killed while starting pepper down the fore hatch, asked

them in pantomime what so many of them wanted on board and was answered in the same way, that they came off to see the ship. He was heard by one of the crew to say, 'we must look out you do not come for anything worse,' at the same time drawing a handspike within his reach.

The Malays had distributed themselves about the decks in the most advantageous manner for an attack, and at some preconcerted signal a simultaneous assault upon the crew was made in every part of the ship. Two Malays were seen by the steward to rush with their kreises upon Mr. Knight, who was very badly stabbed in the back and side, the weapons appearing to be buried in his body up to their very hilts. Chester at the fore hatch, notwithstanding his distrust and precaution, was killed outright and supposed to have fallen into the hold. The steward at the galley was also badly wounded, and was only saved from death by the kreis striking hard against a short rib, which took the force of the blow. Of the two men on the stage over the ship's side, one was killed and the other so badly wounded as to be made a cripple for life.

"The chief officer was seen, after he was stabbed, to rush aft upon the starboard side of the quarterdeck and endeavor to get a boarding pike out of the becketts abreast the mizzen rigging, where he was met by Parnell to whom he exclaimed, '*do your duty.*' At the same instant two or three Malays rushed upon him and he was afterwards seen lying dead near the same spot, with a boarding pike under him.

"On the instant the crew found the ship attacked, they attempted to get aft into the cabin for arms but the Malays had placed a guard on each side of the companion-way which prevented them; they then rushed forward for handspikes and were again intercepted; and being completely bewildered, surprised and defenceless, and knowing that several of their shipmates had already been killed outright before their eyes,

and others wounded, all who could swim plunged overboard, and the others took to the rigging or crept over the bows out of sight. The decks were now cleared and the pirates had full possession of the ship.

“The men in the water then consulted together what they should do, concluding it certain death to return to the ship; and they determined it would be the safest to swim on shore, and secrete themselves in the jungle; but as they approached it they observed the beach about Qualah Battoo lined with natives, and they proceeded more to the westward and landed upon a point called Ouj’ong Lamah Moodah nearly two miles distant from the ship. On their way they had divested themselves of every article of clothing, and they were entirely naked at the time they landed.

“As it was not yet dark, they sought safety and seclusion in the jungle, from whence they emerged as soon as they thought it safe, and walked upon the beach in the direction of Cape Felix and Annalaboo, intending to make the best of their way to the latter place, with the hope of meeting there some American vessel. At daylight they sought a hiding-place again in the bushes, but it afforded them only a partial protection from the scorching rays of the sun from which, being entirely naked, they experienced the most dreadful effects. Hunger and thirst began also to make demands upon them; but no food could anywhere be found. They tried to eat grass, but their stomachs refused it. They found a few husks of the cocoanut, which they chewed, endeavoring to extract some nourishment from them but in vain.

“They staid in their hiding-place the whole of this day, and saw Malays passing along the beach but were afraid to discover themselves. At night they pursued their journey again, during which they passed several small streams, where they slaked their thirst but obtained no food. About midnight they came

to a very broad river, which they did not venture to cross. The current was very rapid, and having been thirty-six hours without food of any kind, they did not dare attempt swimming it. Here, then, they were put completely *hors de combat*; they found for want of food their energies were fast giving way, and still they believed their lives depended on not being discovered.

“Since further progress towards Annalaboo appeared impossible, they resolved to retrace their steps, endeavor to pass Qualah Battoo in the night without being discovered and reach the hospitable residence of Po Adam, at Pulo Kio. They accordingly took up their line of march towards that place, and reached, as they supposed, the neighborhood of Cape Felix by the morning, when they again retreated to the jungle, where they lay concealed another day, being Wednesday, the day of the recapture of the ship, but at too great distance to hear the firing. At night they again resumed their journey, and having reached the spot where the Malays landed in so much haste when they deserted the ship, they found the beach covered with canoes, a circumstance which aroused their suspicions but for which they were at a loss to account.

“They now concluded to take a canoe as the most certain way of passing Qualah Battoo without discovery, and so proceed to Pulo Kio. As they passed the roads, they heard one of the ship’s bells strike the hour, and the well-known cry of ‘*All’s Well*,’ but fearing it was some decoy of the natives, they would not approach her but proceeded on their way, and landed at Pulo Kio, secreting themselves once more in the jungle, near the residence of Po Adam until the morning, when four naked and half-famished white men were seen to emerge from the bushes and approach his fort with feeble steps. As soon as recognized they were welcomed by him with the strongest demonstrations of delight; slapping his hands, shouting at the top of his lungs, and in the exuberance of his joy committing all kinds of extrava-

gances. They now heard of the recapture of the ship, and the escape of the boat's crew on shore, who, it had never occurred to them, were not already numbered with the dead.

"Having refreshed themselves (being the first food they had tasted in seventy-two hours), they were conveyed by Adam and his men on board the *James Monroe* in the pitiful condition of which we have before spoken.

"In the course of the latter part of the same day, another canoe, with a white flag displayed, was observed approaching the fleet from the direction of Qualah Battoo, containing three or four Chinamen who informed us that four of our own men, two of whom were wounded, one very severely, were at their houses on shore, where their wounds had been dressed and they had been otherwise cared for; and that we could ransom them of the Rajahs at ten dollars each. To this I readily agreed, and they were soon brought off to the ship in a sampan, and proved to be Charles Converse and Gregorie Pedechio, seamen, Lorenzo Migell, cook, and William Francis, steward.

"Converse was laid out at full length upon a board, as if dead, evidently very badly wounded. The story of the poor fellow was a sad one. He, with John Davis, being the two tallest men in the ship, were on the stage over the side when she was attacked. Their first impulse was, to gain the ship's decks, but they were defeated in this design by the pirates who stood guard over the gangway and making repeated thrusts at them. They then made a desperate attempt to pass over the pepper-boat, and thus gain the water, in doing which they were both most severely wounded. Having reached the water, Converse swam round to the ship's bows and grasped the chain, to which he clung as well as he was able, being badly crippled in one of his hands, with other severe wounds in various parts of his body. When it became dark, he crawled up over the bows as well as his exhausted strength from the loss of blood

would permit, and crept to the foot of the forecastle stairs, where he supposed he must have fainted, and fell prostrate upon the floor without the power of moving himself one inch further.

“The Malays believing him dead, took no heed of him, but traveled up and down over his body the whole night. Upon attempting to pass over the boat, after being foiled in his endeavor to reach the ship’s decks, a native made a pass at his head with his ‘*parrung*,’ a weapon resembling most a butcher’s cleaver, which he warded off by throwing up his naked arm, and the force of the blow fell upon the outerpart of his hand, severing all the bones and sinews belonging to three of his fingers, and leaving untouched only the fore finger and thumb. Besides this he received a kreis wound in the back which must have penetrated to the stomach, for he bled from his mouth the most part of the night. He was likewise very badly wounded just below the groin, which came so nearly through the leg as to discolor the flesh upon the inside.

“Wonderful, however, to relate, notwithstanding the want of proper medical advice, and with nothing but the unskillful treatment of three or four shipmasters, the thermometer ranging all the time, from 85 to 90 deg., this man recovered from his wounds, but in his crippled hand he carried the marks of Malay perfidy to his watery grave, having been drowned at sea from on board of the brig *Fair America*, in the winter of 1833-4, which was, no doubt, occasioned by this wound which unfitted him for holding on properly while aloft.

“The fate of his companion Davis, was a tragical one. He could not swim, and after reaching the water was seen to struggle hard to gain the boat’s tackle-fall at the stern, to which he clung until the Malays dropped the pepper boat astern, when he was observed apparently imploring mercy at their hands, which the wretches did not heed, but butchered him upon the spot.

“Gregory was the man seen aloft when we had cleared the

river, cutting strange antics which we did not at the time comprehend. By his account, when he reached the fore top-gallant yard, the pirates commenced firing the ship's muskets at him, which he dodged by getting over the front side of the yard and sail and down upon the collar of the stay, and then reversing the movement. John Masury related that after being wounded in the side, he crept over the bows of the ship and down upon an anchor, where he was sometime employed in dodging the thrusts of a boarding pike in the hands of a Malay, until the arrival of a reinforcement from the shore when every one fearing lest he should not get his full share of plunder, ceased further to molest the wounded.

"The ship, the first night after her capture, according to the testimony of these men, was a perfect pandemonium, and a Babel of the most discordant sounds. The ceaseless moaning of the surf upon the adjacent shore, the heavy peals of thunder, and sharp flashings of lightning directly over their heads, the sighing of the wind in wild discords through the rigging, like the wailings of woe from the *manes* of their murdered shipmates; and all this intermingled with the more earthly sounds of the squealing of pigs, the screeching of fowls, the cackling of roosters, the unintelligible jargon of the natives, jangling and vociferating, with horrible laughter, shouts and yells, in every part of her, and in the boats alongside carrying off plunder, their black figures unexpectedly darting forth from every unseen quarter, as if rising up and again disappearing through the decks, and gambolling about in the dark, must have been like a saturnalia of demons.

"It is the general impression that Malays, being Musselmen, have a holy horror of swine, as unclean animals; the very touch of which imposes many ablutions and abstinence from food for several days together, but, according to the testimony of my men, it was perfectly marvellous how they handled those

on board our ship, going in their pens, seizing, struggling, and actually embracing them, until they succeeded in throwing every one overboard.

“The morning succeeding the capture of the *Friendship*, affairs on board appeared to be getting to be a little more settled, when several Chinamen came off and performed the part of good Samaritans, taking the wounded men on shore to their houses, and dressing their wounds with some simple remedies which at least kept down inflammation. In doing this, however, they were obliged to barricade their dwellings, to guard them against the insulting annoyances of the natives.

“Qualah Battoo bazar that day presented a ludicrous spectacle. Almost every Malay was decked out in a white, blue, red, checked, or striped shirt, or some other European article of dress or manufacture stolen from the ship, not even excepting the woolen table cloth belonging to the cabin, which was seen displayed over the shoulders of a native, all seemingly quite proud of their appearance, and strutting about with solemn gravity and oriental self-complacency. Their novel and grotesque appearance could not fail to suggest the idea that a tribe of monkeys had made a descent upon some unfortunate clothing establishment, and each had seized and carried off whatever article of dress was most suited to his taste and fancy.

“The ship was now once more in our possession, with what remained of her cargo and crew. She was rifled of almost every movable article on board, and scarcely anything but her pepper remaining. Of our outward cargo every dollar of specie, and every pound of opium had, of course, become a prey to them. All her spare sails and rigging were gone—not a needle or ball of twine, palm, marling spike, or piece of rope were left! All our charts, chronometers and other nautical instruments—all our clothing and bedding, were also gone; as well as our cabin furniture and small stores of every descrip-

tion. Our ship's provisions, such as beef, pork and most of our bread, had, however, been spared. Of our armament nothing but the large guns remained. Every pistol, musket, cutlass, and boarding pike, with our entire stock of powder, had been taken.

"With assistance from the other vessels we immediately began making the necessary preparations to leave the port with all possible dispatch, but owing to much rainy weather we did not accomplish it for three days after recapturing the ship, when we finally succeeded in leaving the place in company with the fleet bound for South Tallapow, where we arrived on the fourteenth of February. When we landed at this place with the other masters and supercargoes, we were followed through the streets of the bazar by the natives in great crowds, exulting and hooting, with exclamations similar to these:

"'Who great man now, Malay or American?' 'How many man American dead?' 'How many man Malay dead?'

"We now commenced in good earnest to prepare our ship for sea. Our voyage had been broken up, and there was nothing left for us but to return to the United States. We finally left Muckie, whither we had already proceeded, on the twenty-seventh of February, for Pulo Kio (accompanied by the ship *Delphos*, Capt. James D. Gillis, and the *Gov. Endicott*, Capt. Jenks), where I was yet in hopes to recover some of my nautical instruments. With the assistance of Po Adam, I succeeded in obtaining, for a moderate sum, my sextant and one of my chronometers, which enabled me to navigate the ship. We sailed from Pulo Kio on the fourth of March, and arrived at Salem on the sixteenth of July.

"The intense interest and excitement caused by our arrival home may still be remembered. It being nearly calm, as we approached the harbor we were boarded several miles outside by crowds of people, all anxious to learn the most minute par-

ticulars of our sad misfortune, the news of which had preceeded us by the arrival of a China ship at New York which we had met at St. Helena. The curiosity of some of our visitors was so great that they would not be satisfied until they knew the exact spot where every man stood, who was either killed or wounded. Even the casing of the cabin, so much cut up in search of money or other valuables, was an object of the greatest interest.

“But the feeling of presumptuous exultation and proud defiance exhibited by the natives, was of brief duration. The avenger was at hand. In something less than a year after this outrage, the U. S. Frigate, *Potomac*, Com. Downes, appeared off the port of Qualah Battoo, and anchored in the outer roads, disguised as a merchantman. Every boat which visited her from the shore was detained that her character might not be made known to the natives. Several amusing anecdotes were told, of the fear and terror exhibited in the countenances of the natives, when they so unexpectedly found themselves imprisoned within the wooden walls of the *Potomac*, surrounded by such a formidable armament, which bespoke the errand that had attracted her to their shores. They prostrated themselves at full length upon her decks, trembling in the most violent manner, and appearing to think nothing but certain death awaited them.

“A reconnoitering party was first sent on shore, professedly for the purpose of traffic. But when they approached, the natives came down to the beach in such numbers that it excited their suspicions that the frigate’s character and errand had somehow preceded her, and it was considered prudent not to land. Having, therefore, examined the situation of the forts and the means of defence, they returned to the *Potomac*. The same night some 300 men, under the guidance of Mr. Barry, the former second officer of the *Friendship*, who was assistant sailing-master of the frigate, landed to the westward of the place

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with the intention of surprising the forts and the town, but by some unaccountable delay the morning was just breaking when the detachment had effected a landing, and as they were marching along the beach towards the nearest fort, a Malay came out of it, by whom they were discovered and an alarm given.

“They pushed on, however, and captured the forts by storm after some hard fighting, and set fire to the town which was burnt to ashes. The natives, not even excepting the women, fought with great desperation, many of whom would not yield until shot down or sabred on the spot. The next day the frigate was dropped in within gunshot, and bombarded the place, to impress them with the power and ability of the United States to avenge any act of piracy or other indignity offered by them to her flag.

“When I visited the coast again, some five months after this event, I found the deportment of the natives materially changed. There was now no longer exhibited either arrogance or proud defiance. All appeared impressed with the irresistible power of a nation that could send such tremendous engines of war as the *Potomac* frigate upon their shores to avenge any wrongs committed upon its vessels, and that it would be better policy for them to attend to their pepper plantations and cultivate the arts of peace, than subject themselves to such severe retribution as had followed this act of piracy upon the *Friendship*.

“Perhaps, in justice to Po Adam, I ought to remark that the account circulated by his countrymen of his conniving at, if not being actually connected with this piracy (a falsehood with which they found the means of deceiving several American shipmasters soon after the affair), is a base calumny against a worthy man, and has no foundation whatever in truth. The property he had in my possession on board the ship, in gold ornaments of various kinds, besides money, amounting to several thousand dollars, all of which he lost by the capture of the ship and

never recovered, bears ample testimony to the falsity of this charge. His countrymen also worked upon the avarice and cupidity of the king by misrepresentations of his exertions to recover the ship, thereby preventing them from making him a present of her which they pretended was their intention. His sable majesty, in consequence, absolved every one of Po Adam's debtors, all along the coast, from paying him their debts. He also confiscated all his property he could find, such as fishing-boats, nets and lines and other fishing tackle, and appropriated the proceeds to his own use, so that Po Adam was at once reduced to penury. All this was in accordance with commodore Bieu-lieu's account, upwards of two hundred years before, viz: 'If they ever *suspect* that any one bears them an ill will, they endeavor to ruin him by false accusations.'

"The king also sent a small schooner down the coast, soon after, to reap further vengeance upon Po Adam. Arriving at Pulo Kio, while Adam was absent, they rifled his fort of everything valuable and even took the ornaments, such as armlets and anklets, off the person of his wife. Intelligence having been conveyed to Po Adam of this outrage, he arrived home the night before the schooner had left the harbor, and incensed, as it was natural he should be, at such base and cowardly treatment, he immediately opened a fire upon her and sunk her in nine feet of water. She was afterwards fished up by the *Potomac* frigate and converted into fire-wood.

"We do not know if Po Adam is now living, but some sixteen years since, we saw a letter from him to one of our eminent merchants, Joseph Peabody, Esq., of Salem, Mass., asking for assistance from our citizens and stating truthfully all the facts in his case. I endeavored at the time, through our representative to Congress, to bring the matter before that body but from some cause it did not succeed, and the poor fellow has been allowed to *live*, if not *die*, in his penury. We will, however,

The Tragedy of the Friendship

permit him to state his own case, in his own language, which he does in the following letter, written at his own dictation:

“Qualah Battoo, 7th October, 1841. Some years have passed since the capture of the *Friendship*, commanded by my old friend, Capt. Endicott.

“It perhaps is not known to you, that, by saving the life of Capt. Endicott, and the ship itself from destruction, I became, in consequence, a victim to the hatred and vengeance of my misguided countrymen; some time since, the last of my property was set on fire and destroyed, and now, for having been the steadfast friend of Americans, I am not only destitute, but an object of derision to my countrymen.

“You, who are so wealthy and so prosperous, I have thought, that, if acquainted with these distressing circumstances, you would not turn a deaf ear to my present condition.

“I address myself to you, because through my agency many of your ships have obtained cargoes, but I respectfully beg that you will have the kindness to state my case to the rich pepper merchants of Salem and Boston, firmly believing that from their generosity, and your own, I shall not have reason to regret the warm and sincere friendship ever displayed towards your Captains, and all other Americans, trading on this Coast. . . .

“Wishing you, Sir, and your old companions in the Sumatra trade, and their Captains, health and prosperity, and trusting that, before many moons I shall, through your assistance, be released from my present wretched condition, believe me very respectfully,

“Your faithful servant,

“(Signed) ‘PO ADAM’ (in Arabic characters).”

CHAPTER XXVI

EARLY SOUTH SEA VOYAGES

(1832)

FIFTY years ago two English missionaries in the Fijis wrote a book in which they said that the traffic in sandalwood, tortoise-shell and beche-de-mer among those islands "has been, and still is chiefly in the hands of Americans from the port of Salem." No corner of the Seven Seas seems to have been too hostile or remote to be overlooked by the shipmasters of old Salem in their quest for trade. The first vessels of the East India Company to touch at the Fijis made a beginning of that commerce a little more than a hundred years ago. No more than four years after their pioneer voyage, however, Captain William Richardson in the Salem bark *Active* was trading with the natives and continuing his voyage to Canton in 1811. During the next half century the untutored people of the Fijis pictured the map of America as consisting mostly of a place called Salem whose ships and sailors were seldom absent from their palm-fringed beaches.

When Commodore Wilkes sailed on his exploring expedition of the South Seas in 1840, his pilot and interpreter was Captain Benjamin Vandeford of Salem. He died on the way home from this famous cruise and Commodore Wilkes wrote of him: "He had formerly been in command of various vessels sailing from Salem, and had made many voyages to the Fiji Islands. During our stay there he was particularly useful in superintending all trade carried on to supply the ship." It was another Salem skipper of renown, Captain John H. Eagleston, who

carried one of Commodore Wilkes' vessels safely into port in 1840 among the Fijis by reason of his intimate knowledge of those waters.

South Sea trading in that era was a romance of commerce, crowded with perilous adventure. The brig *Charles Doggett* of Salem, commanded by Captain George Batchelder was lying off Kandora in the Fijis in 1833, when her crew was attacked by natives. Five of the seamen and the mate were killed and most of the others wounded. On her way to Manila in the same voyage the brig touched at the Pelew Islands and was again attacked, in which affray a cabin boy was killed. The *Charles Doggett* had previously played a part in one of the most romantic chapters of ocean history, the mutiny of the *Bounty*. In 1831, Captain William Driver took the brig to Tahiti whither, a short time before, the *Bounty* colony had been transported by the British Government from its first home on Pitcairn Island. There were eighty-seven of these descendants of the original mutineers, and they had been taken to Tahiti at their own request to seek a more fertile and habitable island. They were an Utopian colony, virtuous, and intensely pious, and soon disgusted with the voluptuous immoralities of the Tahitians, they became homesick for the isolated peace of Pitcairn Island, and begged to be carried back. When Captain Driver found them they besought him to take them away from Tahiti, and he embarked them for Pitcairn Island, fourteen hundred miles away. They had been gone only nine months and they rejoiced with touching eagerness and affection at seeing their old home again. Captain Driver went on his way in the *Charles Doggett*, with the satisfaction of having done a kindly deed for one of the most singularly attractive and picturesque communities known in modern history. *

*The following letter was sent to Capt. Driver and signed by George H. Nobbs, Teacher, and three of his fellow-voyagers of the company of the *Bounty*:

Another kind of sea-story was woven in the loss of the Salem ship *Glide* which was wrecked at Tackanova in 1832, after her company had been set upon by natives with the loss of two seamen. The South Sea Islands were very primitive in those days, and the narrative of the *Glide* as told by one of her crew portrays customs, conditions and adventures which have long since vanished. The *Glide* was owned by the famous Salem shipping merchant Joseph Peabody, and commanded by Captain Henry Archer. She sailed for the South Pacific in 1829, with a crew of young men hailing from her home port. While at New Zealand a journal kept on board records that "the presence of several English whale ships helped to relieve the most timid of us from any feeling of insecurity because of the treachery of the natives. Among the visitors on board was a chief supposed to have been concerned in the massacre of the ship *Boyd's* crew in the Bay of Islands. Some of the particulars of this tragedy were related to us by foreigners resident at New Zealand. The chief was a man of very powerful frame, and of an exceedingly repulsive appearance, The cook said: 'There, that fellow looks as though he could devour any of us without salt.'"

A little later in the voyage the *Glide* hit a reef and her captain decided that she must be hove down and repaired. How small these old-time vessels were is shown in this process of heaving them down, or careening on some sandy beach when their hulls needed cleaning or repairs. In the Peabody Museum

"Pitcairns Island,
Sept. 3rd., 1830.

This is to certify that Captain Driver of the Brig Chas. Doggett of Salem carried sixty-five of the inhabitants of Pitcairns Island from Tahiti back to their native land during which passage Capt. Driver behaved with the greatest kindness and humanity becoming a man and a Christian, and as we can never remunerate him for the kindness we have received, we sincerely hope that through the blessing of the Almighty he will reap that reward which infallibly attends the Christian."



Captain Driver

Pitcairn, Island Sept 5 1825

This is to certify that Capt. Driver of the Brig Chap. Duggott of Salem carries duty free of the inhabitants of Pitcairn's Island from Tahiti back to their native land during which voyage Capt Driver shows with the greatest benevolence & humanity becoming a Man and a Christian and as we can never remunerate him for the trip which we have received we sincerely hope (that through the blessing of the Almighty) he will reap that reward which infinitely attends the Christian.

Signed } George H Nobbs, Teacher
 Arthur Quintall
 John Buffett
 John Evans

Letter to Captain Driver from the "Bounty" Colonists after he had carried them from Tahiti back to Pitcairn Island. (See foot note on page 538.)

of Salem there is a painting done by one of the crew, of the Salem brig *Eunice* which was hauled ashore on a South Sea island. After stripping, emptying her and caulking her seams, the crew discovered that it was a task beyond their strength to launch her again. What did they do but assemble all the spare timber, cut down trees and hew planks, and after incredible exertion build a huge cask around the brig's dismantled hull. It was more of a cylinder than a cask, however, from which the bow and stern of the craft extended. Lines were passed to her boats and the windlass called into action as she lay at anchor close to the beach.

Then with hawsers rigged around the great cask, every possible purchase was obtained, and slowly the brig began to roll over and over toward the sea, exactly as a barrel is rolled down the skids into a warehouse. In this unique and amazing fashion the stout *Eunice* was trundled into deep water. As soon as she was afloat, the planking which encased her was stripped off and she was found to be uninjured. Then her masts were stepped and rigged, her ballast, stores and cargo put aboard, and she sailed away for Salem. The painting of this ingenious incident tells the story more convincingly than the description.

The account of the heaving down of the *Glide* is not so unusual as this but it throws an interesting light upon the problems of these resourceful mariners of other days. "To heave down the ship was an undertaking requiring great caution and ability," the journal relates. "A large ship to be entirely dismantled; a large part of her cargo to be conveyed ashore; a floating stage of spars and loose timbers constructed alongside; ourselves surrounded by cannibals, scores of which were continually about the vessel and looking as if they meditated mischief. It was well for the *Glide* that her captain not only knew the ropes but had been a ship carpenter and could use an axe.

He had not, like many masters of vessels nowadays, climbed up to the captain's berth through the cabin window. He was fully equal to this emergency."

The ship, having been hove down without mishap, was made ready for opening a trade in beche-de-mer, a species of sea slug, which was dried and carried to China as a delicacy in high repute among the people of that country. A safe anchorage was found, and the king of the nearest tribe "made pliable" by numerous gifts after which a contract was made with him for gathering the cargo. He assembled his people and set them at work erecting on the beach the row of buildings needed for storing and curing the sea slugs.

When this was done the warriors of nearby friendly tribes began to appear in canoes, bringing their wives and children. They built huts along the beach until an uproarious village had sprung up. Its people bartered tortoise shell, hogs and vegetables for iron tools, and whales' teeth, and helped gather beche-de-mer in the shallow water along the reefs. Two of the ship's officers and perhaps a dozen of the crew lived ashore for the purpose of curing the cargo. Their plant was rather imposing, consisting of a "Batter House," a hundred feet long by thirty wide in which the fish was spread and smoked; the "Trade House" in which were stored muskets, pistols, cutlasses, cloth, iron-ware, beads, etc., and the "Pot House" which contained the great kettles used for boiling the unsavory mess. In putting up these buildings the king would make a hundred of his islanders toil a week on end for a musket—and he kept the musket.

"The business aboard, the din of industry ashore, the coming and going of boats and the plying of hundreds of canoes to and from the sea reef, gave much animation to things," writes the chronicler of this voyage of the *Glide*.

"Indeed I could not but regard the scene, among islands so

little known to the world, as highly creditable to the commercial enterprise of the merchants engaged in the trade. Where next, thought I, will Salem vessels sail? North or south, around Good Hope or the Horn, we find them, officered and manned by Salem men. The *Glide's* company were thirty men, most of whom were young, strong and active, a force sufficient with our muskets, pistols, cutlasses, etc., to resist any attack from the natives. Though without a profusion of ornamental work, the *Glide* was a beautiful model, as strong as oak and ship carpenters could make her. At anchor in the harbor of Miambooa, she had a war-like appearance. Heavy cannon loaded with a cannister and grape shot projected from the port holes on each side. In each top was a chest of arms and ammunition. On deck and below, weapons of defense were so arranged as to be available at short notice. Boarding nettings eight or ten feet high were triced up around the ship by tackles, and whipping lines suspended from the ends of the lower yard-arms."

Before the journal deals with the tragedy and loss of the *Glide*, the author jots down such bits of information as this:

"One of the most powerful chiefs on this island (Overlau) at the time of our visiting it, was Mr. David Whepley, an American, and, I believe, a native of New Bedford, whence he had sailed some years before in a whale ship. For some cause, on the arrival of the vessel here, he took sudden leave and ultimately became distinguished among the natives. He was a young man apparently about thirty years of age."

The career of a trader in the South Seas three-quarters of a century ago was enlivened by incidents like the following:

"When passing within a few miles of Pennrhyn's Island, we noticed some canoes filled with savages coming off to the ship. Wishing to procure some grass for our live-stock, we hove to and awaited their approach. Their numbers and strength made it prudent to put ourselves in a defensive position; each

man was armed and our cannon, loaded with grape-shot, were run out at the port holes.

“Presently there were alongside fifty or sixty of the most repulsive monsters that I ever beheld; very tall, of complexion unmixed black, with coarse stiff hair like dog’s bristles, and their language, if such it was, more resembling dogs barking than articulate speech. Their whole aspect was truly terrific. They were not permitted to come on board, but only to clamber up the sides of the vessel. The ship’s channels fore and aft on both sides were filled with them. The *Glide’s* company was armed, yet our situation was very perilous.

“Whilst Captain Archer was selecting some articles of trade, a spear was hurled at him by a savage standing in the larboard mizzen channels. I stood within four or five feet of the captain, and saw the savage, but his movement was so quick that I could not in season give the alarm. The captain was leaning over the larboard hencoop, his back was toward the savage, and but for a providential turning of his head, the spear would have pierced his neck. As it was, it grazed his neck and inflicted a slight wound.

“This seemed to be a signal for attack; the savages became exceedingly clamorous. The captain commanded ‘Fire.’ It was a fearful order and fearfully obeyed. Five or six savages, among them the one who had hurled the spear, were shot and fell back with a death shriek into the sea. Others were severely wounded by our boarding pikes, and cutlasses. Two or three of the crew were slightly injured in keeping the natives from the deck. Had the captain’s orders been a moment delayed, the savages must have gained the better of us. As soon as the captain’s order had been given I let go the weather main-brace. A six knot breeze was blowing and the yards having been quickly rounded, the motion was soon sufficient to embarrass the savages, and we were enabled to drive them from the ship.

"As the *Glide* moved on, we left them astern in the utmost confusion. Their situation was truly pitiable. The sun had set; there was a heavy sea, and the wind was freshening. They were five miles from their island. Some were swimming about hither and thither to recover their canoes which had been upset by the ship's progress; some went soon to the bottom, and others who had gained their canoes sat hideously bemoaning the desolation around them. Their eyes rolled wildly as they hurled their spears toward the ship, and they howled and gnashed their teeth like so many fiends of darkness. We passed within a mile of the island, and observed numerous fires kindled along the shore, probably as beacons to guide back the natives who had attacked us."

Captain Archer's ship filled her hold with beche-de-mer and took it to Manila, returning to the Fijis for a second cargo. Arriving once more at the island of Overlau, the first and third officers with part of the crew were sent in a boat to Lakamba, an island twenty-five miles distant to conduct the traffic in beche-de-mer. Because of shoal water the ship could not follow them and she carried on a trade at her anchorage in tortoise shell and sandal wood. "Knowing that on the completion of our second cargo," reads the journal, "we were to leave the Fijis the party at Lakamba worked with zeal. The men aboard ship were no less industrious. The armorer and his mate manufactured knives, chisels, and other cutlery for exchange. The carpenter was busy at his bench. Above some were repairing the rigging; on deck others were mending sails, and making matting bags to pack beche-de-mer. The sun shone not on a more faithful crew. The captain traded with the natives when they came alongside, and directed all matters aboard. Thus prosperously passed several weeks.

"We were frequently visited by David Whepley, the American chieftain at Overlau; sometimes accompanied by two or three

of his warriors. He was usually dressed as a sailor and had with him a loaded rifle whose good qualities were the main topic of his conversation. He also told us much concerning his singular life, and his adopted people, over whom he seemed to have great influence owing to his superior wisdom, and the good terms existing between him and the powerful king of Bou. The king of Bou sometimes visited us. When this old chief, whose complexion was darkness visible out of which peered two deep-set glaring eyeballs with a grizzly beard tapering to a point a foot below his chin, came alongside in his large double canoe, the spectacle was impressive. This canoe was of curious and imposing structure, able to hold a hundred or more persons, with a triangular matting sail as large as the *Glide's* main-topsail. He was accompanied by forty or fifty vigorous black warriors, huge but symmetrical in build, with elegant white turbans on their heads, and ornaments hanging from their ears. They were girt with some white tapas, and held massive clubs and spears which they use with terrible effect.

"One morning about forty of the savages of Overlau brought some fruit off the ship, ostensibly for trade. Only two or three of them were allowed to come on board at a time. Nine or ten of the crew were variously occupied in different parts of the ship. The armorer and myself were at work together on the forecastle. In a short time our suspicions were excited by seeing our visitors engaged in close conversation among themselves, and counting the men, '*Rua, Tolo, Va, Leema, Ono, Vetu,*' etc. (one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, etc.). The armorer was going aft to inform the captain of the circumstances when our second officer, on looking over the ship's side, saw some savages busily passing up weapons to others standing in the channels. The men aloft, having also perceived this manoeuvre, hurried down on deck and discharged a volley of musketry over the heads of the visitors which dispersed them.

Some leaped into the sea, others into their canoes, and swam or paddled ashore in great consternation."

But the company of the *Glide* were not to escape scot-free from the hostility of the Fijians. A few days after the foregoing incident, the second officer, carpenter, and six of the foremast hands were sent ashore to cut an anchor-stalk of timber. As usual, the boat was well supplied with arms and ammunition. A boy of the party was left in charge of the boat on the beach, and the others went into the nearest woods. Presently a score of natives appeared and tried to trade, but the sailors were too busy to deal with them, whereupon they sauntered off to the beach and began to annoy the lad who had been left behind. Before long they were stealing articles from the boat and the young sentinel raised an alarm.

"The men hearing the cry were making for the boat," relates the diarist of the *Glide*, "when the savages in a body rushed towards them. Our sailors, levelling their loaded muskets, retreated backward to the beach, avoiding with great difficulty the clubs and spears hurled at them. Thus all but two reached the boat. One of these as he came down to the water's edge, imprudently discharged his musket, and was instantly attacked and overpowered. He succeeded in throwing himself into the water, and after swimming a few strokes was seen to lift his head streaming with blood, and with his hand beckon feebly for the boat which, amidst the excitement, had been shoved off into deep water. He was followed by the savages, again attacked, dragged ashore and slain. The other unfortunate man rushed from the woods, hewing his way with the butt of his musket through the crowd of savages and fell dead on the beach.

"Whilst the crew on board was busily engaged in washing decks, the fearful war-cry of the natives fell upon our ears. David Whepley, who was sitting with some members of his

tribe upon the taffrail, cried out, 'There is trouble with your shipmates ashore.' Seeing the flash and hearing the report of the musket, I ran aft to give the alarm to Captain Archer who hastened on deck and after scanning the beach with the glass, ordered a boat away in which Whepley himself went.

"Our feeling may be imagined as we went over the ship's side and watched in silence the first boat making towards us, having on board only six of the eight men who had left the ship. Who had been left behind we knew not, until on a nearer approach one of the crew exclaimed: 'I do not see Derby or Knight.'*

"The lifeless bodies of the two men were found by the second boat's company lying on the beach stripped of their clothing and dreadfully mangled. They were wrapped in garments, brought on board and laid out upon the quarterdeck. About eleven o'clock of the same day they were committed to the care of David Whepley, who carried them to his end of the island and buried them. Although no funeral services were formally held, yet in the hearts of all that looked upon the dead, and walked the deck in sadness, were solemn thoughts of death and earnest hopes that this severe and unexpected stroke might influence for good our after lives."

Not long after this tragedy the *Glide* sailed for the island of Miambooa, which was destined to be the scene of her loss. The story of the wreck and the experience of the survivors among a tribe of singularly friendly Fijis seems worthy a place in the history of Salem seafarers.

"Every boat load of beche-de-mer that came off from the shore (at Miambooa)," runs the story, "was greeted with joy,

* Joshua Derby and Enoch Knight, both of Salem. By a most extraordinary coincidence, this Enoch Knight's brother, who was first officer of the ship *Friendship* of Salem, Captain Endicott, was killed in the same month of the same year by the natives of Qualah Battoo on the coast of Sumatra when the vessel was captured by Malay savages.

for it added something to the cargo which was fast being completed. Friendly relations existed between the natives and ourselves, so that the trade was undisturbed. The ship was in good order and we were almost ready to leave the islands. At evening the officers walked the quarterdeck with lighter step, and the crew, well and happy, assembled upon the forecastle which resounded with their mirth and songs. One of these songs was 'Home Sweet Home,' and under a clear starlit sky, enjoying after hard work the grateful ocean breeze, the inspiring chorus of this song burst forth from our hearts, and recalled to memory long past and distant scenes. Our shipmates ashore also caught our pealing chorus as it floated over the still water to their ears and they sent it back to the ship like an echo.

"On March 31, (1831), the sky began to lower, and sudden gusts of wind blowing violently down the high land which eastward overhangs the town of Bonne Rarah, caused the ship to careen and gave token of a coming storm. The signal guns at their usual hour announced 'all's well,' but in the gloomy light the wind increased to hurricane force and after making a gallant fight of it the *Glide* dragged her anchors and was driven on a reef. The crew got ashore in daylight, but after being twenty-two months absent from port, was wrecked the *Glide*, one of the stateliest ships that ever sailed from Salem."

"Among those who left the ship in the same party with me," wrote our survivor, "was a young man who communicated to me some interesting particulars of his life. His name was William Carey. He had sailed, some years before, from Nantucket in the whale-ship *Oreno*, which was wrecked near Turtle Island, one of the Fijis. The officers and crew escaped from the wreck, but Carey, noticing a disturbance between his shipmates and the natives, concealed himself, fearing the issue. He remained in safe seclusion two or three days, not venturing to go out lest he should suffer what he supposed to be and *what*

was, the fate of his companions, and he stealthily crept from his concealment in search of food. He was seen by a native, and, conscious of being discovered, he seated himself on a rock, and turning his back toward the savage, awaited the result in powerless despair. The native approached him, bade him rise and conducted him to the Boore.* The natives held an animated conference at which it was decided to spare his life, and he was taken by the chief into his family, and ever afterwards well provided for and kindly treated.

“Several years after the loss of the *Oreno*, the Salem ship *Clay*, Captain Vanderford, of Salem, arrived at the same island. Carey’s acquaintance with the language and customs of the natives enabled him to render important services in the way of trade. After the departure of the *Clay* from the islands Carey shipped on board the brig *Quill*, Captain Kinsman of Salem. With this vessel he remained until her cargo was completed when he was induced to take a berth in the *Glide*. Thus was he twice wrecked at the Fijis, and twice subjected to a residence among the savages without meanwhile visiting home.

“In the course of two or three days after the wreck of the *Glide*, the king permitted a part of the crew with several natives to go off to the ship to get the salt provisions and bread. Fifty or sixty savages were ransacking the wreck in every part, stripping the rigging from the spars, unhinging the cabin doors, hacking timber to extract nails and spikes, beating in barrels and hogsheads, dragging up our chests from the forecastle, jabbering all the while like monkeys yet working with the steady gravity of old caulkers. The sight was painful, yet their eagerness to outdo each other in securing booty was amusing.

“In my chest was a small package of letters valuable to me alone, which I was now, in my misfortune, especially desirous to keep. As I went towards the chest to get them I was repulsed

* The council-house and temple.

by a savage who raised his club over my head and bade me begone or he would slay me. '*Sah-lago, sah-senga, ne-lago, sah-moke.*' I desisted from my purpose, and in a few minutes saw my chest with every token of home in it tumbled over the ship's side.

"Our beche-de-mer about half filled the hold and by the bilging of the ship, had become a putrid mass. At the foot of the mainmast was a barrel of cast iron axes whose position the natives had somehow learned. Their desire for this tempting prize overcame their reluctance to use the only means of securing it, and down they dove into the loathsome mass at the risk of suffocation, often plunging in vain several times and crawling back on deck covered with slime. One native in diving came in contact with some mortar formed by a cask of lime that was broken by the motion of the ship. Grasping a handful he returned dripping with beche-de-mer and asked what the strange substance was. 'The white man's bread,' answered one of the crew. The native took a large mouthful which well nigh strangled him and spat it out with many wry faces and ludicrous motions amid the loud laughter of his friends.

"Soon after the complete plundering of the ship, a council respecting us was held in the Boore by the king, priests and warriors. It was told me that on the arrival of the first boat's company at Bonne Rarah, the captain was thus questioned by the king. 'Should Fijians be cast ashore among your people, how would you treat them?' 'Kindly,' was the reply. 'Then,' rejoined the king, 'I will treat you kindly. Go with your men to the Boore, and I will protect you.' Nevertheless the consultation caused us many misgivings. The king urged that our services would be very valuable in showing them the use of muskets and in repairing them, in making bullets, etc. One chief thought that we should eat too much, and hence prudently suggested our being dispatched at once. The high priest arose

to give his judgment, which was awaited with great interest. This man was very black, of monstrous size, and most unpleasant to look at. He recommended that they make hogs of us, alluding to the practice of killing these animals by blows on the head, cooking and eating them. This advice was consistent with the reputation of this priest. It was said that on the morning before the wreck of the ship, he stood outside his hut yelling and writhing. The natives declared that he shouted or bewitched the vessel ashore.

"After much discussion the better counsel of the king prevailed. The decision was made known to us all by natives who ran and embraced us crying '*Samboola boola papalangi.*' (The white men will not be hurt.)

"Soon after the breaking up of the council the king as a reassurance of his favor, returned to us a few of our belongings. His method of distribution showed either his supreme contempt for maritime rank or a great error in valuation, for whilst to the crew generally he gave garments or other things very needful and acceptable, upon Captain Archer he bestowed with the utmost dignity and condescension a wornout chart and a useless fragment of an old flannel shirt. The interest of the king in our welfare constantly showed itself during our three months' residence at Bonne Rarah. Almost daily he looked in upon us to learn our wants, and kept in his house for our sole use quantities of tea, coffee and tobacco, which he distributed to us as need required. If we met him in our walks about the village the salutations '*sah-andra, touronga-lib,*' (welcome king), '*sah-andra papalangi,*' (welcome white man), were amicably exchanged. There was withal about him a dignity which well comported with his kingly character, and showed that any violations of loyalty on the part of the natives or of due respect on ours would not go unpunished.

"On the 28th of March, Captain Archer, Carey and two or

three of our men sailed in our boat by the king's consent, to the island of Bou, the capital of the Fijis. This, our first separation, though on many accounts painful, was prudently planned, as a vessel was rumored to be in the vicinity of Bou. After exchanging farewells and cheers of mutual encouragement they started on their perilous adventure of sailing two hundred miles in a small boat, exposed to many dangers, and, not the least, attacks from savages.

"The singular use made of our clothing by the natives was often ludicrous. Some wore our jackets buttoned down behind, others had on our trousers wrong side before; one little fellow strutted along in a ruffled shirt which had belonged to one of the officers, the ruffles flaring on his back. Amongst the booty from the ship were many casks of powder, of whose explosive nature the natives had little knowledge. In one dwelling which we visited were a large number of kegs of powder promiscuously placed on the floor, in the centre of which a fire was kindled. The family was cooking their usual food, loose powder was scattered about, and the proprietor himself, dressed in a sailor's jacket and with a Scotch cap on his head, sat on a keg of powder before the fire, composedly smoking his pipe. We were somewhat amazed at the sight. Indeed it may be doubted whether Damocles himself (whose famous sword has become much blunted by its frequent use in illustration) had more cause to be ill at ease at his feast than we had while paying our native friend the civilities of the season. Our visit was not protracted and we took leave before the dinner in preparation was ready to be eaten.

"Occasionally we invited the king to share our provisions with us. Whenever he was graciously pleased to accept the invitation he brought with him a chair, plate, knife and fork (which he had obtained from the ship), and after seating himself with becoming dignity, grasped the knife in his left hand at

such an angle that as soon as one piece of food entered his mouth two fell back upon his plate. He also used his fork as a toothpick, thus confirming the notion that this practice comports better with the manners of savage than of civilized life.

"An odd volume of Shakespeare saved from the wreck, moved us to get up a dramatic entertainment, the subject of which was the voyage of the *Glide*. The play began with the captain engaged in shipping a crew at a sailor's boarding house, and holding forth all those eloquent attractions usually set off by this class of men. Following this scene were various mishaps of the voyage. The king and a crowd of natives were seated before us on mats, and paid wondering attention, at a loss to understand most of our sayings and doings until in the course of the play, our arrival at the Fijis was pictured. The trafficking and haggling with the natives was mimicked by an officer, playing the part of a Fijian, and a common sailor as the trading master. Our drift was more clearly comprehended now, and the progress of the action more eagerly watched. And when the efforts of the natives to cheat us were baffled, the sense of the whole matter flashed upon the audience, and the Boore resounded with an uproar of savage delight. Through the remainder of the play, involving the wreck and our hospitable reception by the king, to whom and his people many compliments were paid by the actors, we were followed with intense interest, and at the close by expressions of royal satisfaction."

The life of these islanders, as enjoyed by the crew of the *Glide* was a kind of tropical idyl, and the white trader had not yet blighted them with rum and disease. Our sailor narrator wrote of this Eden into which he was cast by a kindly fate: "One day, I was invited by a chief, whom I had frequently visited, to accompany him on an excursion to the interior of the island. We passed through a defile of the mountains, and then struck into a well-beaten path leading through a rather

uneven region. The beautiful diversity of prospect from the higher portions of our course, the mild air of the delightful day, birds of brilliant plumage singing in the trees about us, the ripe and grateful fruit easily procured, patches of sugar cane here and there pleasant to see and taste, agreeable conversation, and the kind civilities of natives whom we met, made our walk the source of intense and various enjoyment.

“At sunset, we reached our journey’s end, a small village of about thirty rudely constructed huts, and were heartily welcomed by the chief of the tribe, who conducted us to his house, and soon set before us a repast of baked pig, fruit and vegetables. In the evening, about twenty natives, invited by our host, assembled, among whom were several that I had seen on board the ship, and who recognized me with apparent delight. A general conversation was held, relating, beside many other topics, to the lost ship, the white men and their country, throughout which it was gratifying to observe mutual kindness and courtesy prevailed. The social party was highly interesting, occasionally enlivened with good-humored mirth.

“In the morning we visited the Boore, which was similarly constructed, though in every respect inferior, to that at Bonne Rarah. In the centre of the apartment, where we held the religious ceremonies, which were about to commence when we reached the building, was a very large bowl of *angona* or *avaroot*, of which, after being properly prepared, all the natives assembled repeatedly partook, the intervals between the potations being occupied by the priest pronouncing certain forms of speech, to which the audience who were seated around the apartment, now and then responded. Near the door were arranged in open sight, several small, round blocks of wood, singularly ornamented with sennit and carved work, to which the natives, as they came in and retired, made low obeisance. As usual, no females were present. After the conclusion of the service,

which held an hour, we rambled about the village, being kindly welcomed wherever we called; and, at length, returned to the house of the hospitable chief, whence, having partaken of another ample feast, and thanked our host for his kind attention, we departed for Bonne Rarah. My excursion surprised both me and my shipmates, to whom I gave an account of it, for we had previously heard much said of the ferocity of the inland savages.

“In the latter part of April, a festival which we were kindly invited to attend, was held at a village about forty miles from Bonne Rarah. As the place, though on the island of Tacanova, was easiest of access by sailing, my shipmates, it was determined, should accompany the king in his double canoe; and I went with the chief with whom I had made the inland excursion, in his single canoe. My patron I found to be very loquacious, for, instead of our holding a pleasant conversation together, he took upon himself to give me a lecture of what was to be expected at the coming festival, diversifying his discourse with ‘*solib*,’ grand feast; ‘*leebo, leebo*,’ great, great; ‘*benacka, benacka*,’ good, good; ‘*mungety-leelo*,’ plenty of provisions; ‘*pookah*,’ pigs; ‘*ouvie*,’ yams; ‘*aoto*,’ bread-fruit; ‘*boondy*,’ plantains, all which expressions, of course, deeply impressed my imagination. Now and then he asked, whether I comprehended what he said. Whatever was my response, he was none the less talkative, for when he questioned me, ‘*sah gala guego*,’ do you understand? if I answered ‘*sah- senga*,’ no, he labored long and hard to make his meaning clear to my mind; and, if my reply was ‘*sah gala qu ow*,’ ‘I do understand,’ he took courage from the honest confession, and at once proceeded to give me more information.

“Soon after sunset, having landed at a small island midway between Bonne Rarah and the place to which we were bound, we were well received by the natives, who conducted us to

their Boore, near the top of a high hill, and presently furnished us with a generous repast. Here, in less than an hour, the report of our arrival drew together many savages, from whose evident astonishment, as they gazed upon me, I conjectured that most of them had never seen a white man. Though we were kindly invited to spend the night here, yet the curiosity of the natives made them reluctant to retire from the Boore, and leave us to sleep. Our singular situation, exposure to attacks from savages, over whom kindness and ferocity hold rule by turns, and a consciousness of our almost complete helplessness in such a case, occasioned in me unquiet feelings, which, in truth, were not allayed by my dear friend, the cannibal-chief, who frequently started up from his mat in great excitement, and paced rapidly to and fro, with his war-club at his side. The chief, at length, explained his singular conduct by telling me that the savages designed to detain me on their island, and that he had been anxiously devising some way to defeat their purpose. At his suggestion, early in the morning, before the natives were stirring, we silently left the Boore. I placed myself on the chief's broad shoulders, and held in one hand his war-club, and in the other his canoe-paddle. Thus we stole softly down the steep hill, and when we came to the beach, to our amazement, our canoe was no where to be seen. The chief in the height of his vexation, brandished his club towards the Boore, and poured forth a torrent of imprecation. Fearful that his wild anger would soon arouse the natives, I looked about for the canoe, and after careful search, found it secreted in a thicket near the shore. We dragged it with difficulty to the water, hoisted our three-cornered sail, and unmolested sailed away from the island.

“The sun had just risen, when we reached the landing-place, about a mile from the spot chosen for the festival. We were among the first comers. On the glittering waves at some

distance, we saw hundreds of canoes, some boldly advancing on the open sea, others more wary keeping nearer the shore, and others now and then emerging into sight from behind points of land and small islands, all bound, with their shouting crews, for the general feast. They soon drew nearer and companies of natives from neighboring islands and remote villages of Tacanova, landed, in quick succession, at the beach, and made the hills echo with their loud rejoicing.

"The plain selected for the feast was of many acres, covered with liveliest verdure, surrounded by groves in which were many fruit trees, and through it coursed brooks of pure water from adjacent highlands. In its centre was a pyramid, apparently eight feet square at the base, and tapering fifteen feet to a point of yams; and near it was a smaller one, of *angona* root. Hanging from gnarled branches of ironwood trees, in another part of the field, were large quantities of plantains, cocoanuts and bread-fruit. At one end were several pens, filled with swine, of which there were at least a hundred, while the men, profusely annointed with cocoanut oil, decorated with garlands of beads and flowers, having on their heads very large white turbans and around their waists elegant *maros*, were proudly strutting about the place, displaying their fashionable attire; and the women were meekly and laboriously cooking food.

"After the completed preparation, the different tribes of the numerous assemblage arranged themselves on the grass in semicircles, about ten paces in front of which were seated their respective king, chiefs and priests, and between these dignitaries and the people were placed their appointed provisions. The tribes all first drank *angona*, and then, four or five natives, who attended each tribe as waiters, began dividing the food, and another taking on a plantain leaf a parcel of it, advanced to the master of the feast for the division, and asked 'quotha,' (for whom), when the name of some one being spoken aloud, the

person thus designated clapped his hands to make known his position, and, being at once supplied with his portion, began eating it with strips of bamboo sharpened on one edge and pointed. This ceremony was repeated until all received their shares, reference being made to rank in the order of distribution.

"In the afternoon two or three hundred young females, wearing girdles of variegated grass and leaves, and necklaces of colored beads and flowers, danced with liveliest and modest mien across the plain, loudly singing and waving beautiful fans over their heads with easy uniformity and grace; and then adroitly wheeling about, retraced their way, with fans flourishing in the air, echoing song and sprightly dance.

"Next came forward a party of men, with hair frizzled in the highest style of Fijian art, tapering beards, long *tapas* of snowy native cloth, contrasting with their own swarthy color and trailing on the grass, their arms and faces shining with cocoanut oil, carrying their stout and polished war-clubs; and, having arranged themselves in two divisions, a pace apart, in open distance, they raised with united voices a piercing war song, in time with which all made the same impressive gestures. Now they bent back their bodies, elevating their war-clubs in the air, in seeming preparation for attack; then, with faces of determined courage, lifting higher their shrill, fierce chorus, all leaped as one man onward, as if about to meet a furious foe; and, at last, as if they had achieved a noble victory changing to triumphal notes their yell of onset, with fiend-like grimaces they danced wildly about in a thousand intricate and changeful steps.

"Our company, being requested by several chiefs, on the second day of the festival, to amuse in our turn the assembled crowds, concluded to perform a few military manoeuvres. We chose one of us captain, recalled what we knew of soldiers' tactics, and keeping time by a whistled tune, in lack of better

accompaniment, advanced in open order, and charged bayonets; marched with muskets shouldered in lock-step and solid column; formed a hollow square, and, finally wheeled into line. All our movements were watched with eager eyes by the natives who expressed their pleasure by loud plaudits, to which, of course, like true soldiers, we gave slight heed, but with face unmoved, proceeded through the manual exercise. When the order came 'make ready—aim—fire,' one of our muskets happening to be loaded, discharged its contents over the heads of scores of seated savages, whose dismay now equalled their previous approbation. Their earnest inquiries were hardly evaded by assuring them that the piece was overcharged with powder.

"Towards evening the festival was concluded and the company began to disperse. Those who had sailed to the place, started to the shore where the canoes were secured and embarked in their little fleets in various directions. Our party sailed in pleasant company with others bound for Bonne Rarah. When we came within a few miles of this town, a burning object was discovered on the water, which, on a nearer approach, we found to be our beautiful ship to which fire had been set by the savages who had remained behind for the sake of her iron work. This was a sad conclusion to the enjoyment experienced at the festival. The satisfaction that we had felt in looking out from our lonely abode upon the hull of the *Glide* was now taken away, and we felt more than ever deprived of remembrances of home.

"A few weeks after the departure for Bou of Captain Archer, a large double canoe arrived at Bonne Rarah, from which we learned that the captain and his party were safe; that the brig *Niagara*, Capt. Brown, of Salem, had been wrecked on a reef midway between Overlau and Bou and that her crew were now staying at this latter island. Thus, the two only vessels

at the Fijis at this time were wrecked on the same day, and in the same storm; and, very remarkably, no member of either crew was afterwards slain by the natives.

“A part of the crew, with our second officer and Mr. Carey, left us on the return of this canoe to Bou, thus reducing our number to sixteen men. The separation seemed like bidding a mutual farewell for life, narrowed the circle in which our spirits were chiefly sustained by common sympathies and hopes, and deepened that feeling of loneliness which previously parting with others had occasioned. To miss a single face which we were wont to see, was deeply felt. The officers and crew of the *Glide*, once held together by duties on shipboard, and, afterwards by the still stronger community of suffering, were dispersing in various directions whilst the lot of those who went away, and of those who staid behind was enshrouded by the same cloud of dark uncertainty. Some were about to suffer many more trials before reaching home; and of the return of others to their native land there has yet been no account.”

Strangely enough the journal of the wreck of the *Glide* ends in this abrupt fashion as if it were “to be continued in our next.” Curious to learn in what manner the crew was rescued from its long exile in the Fijis a search was begun among the log-books of other Salem ships trading with those islands in the thirties. It was like hunting a needle in a haystack, but the mystery was uncovered by the log of the bark *Peru* of Salem, Captain John H. Eagleston. Under date of June 7th, 1831, he wrote while among the Fiji Islands:

“Visited by a double canoe with about 50 natives, and a boat from a town called Lebouka. Got 9 turtle out of the canoe, 3 for a musket. Was informed by the chiefs in the canoe of Captain Archer of ship *Glide* being cast away at Muddyvater and Captain Brown in the *Niagara* at Bou, and that they had lost everything belonging to them. Which I had every

reason to believe as the canoe had several trunks and chests in it. Got up the boarding netting. At 3 A. M. sent the whale boat up to Bou, with the interpreter and 5 Lebouka men with a large present to the king and a letter to Captain Brown which was from his wife. People employed in putting arms in order.

“June 8—at 9 A. M. our boat returned from Bou with 2 boats in company which belonged to the Brig. Took on board Captain Brown, Captain Vandeford, officers and crew of the Brig (*Niagara*) and 2 officers and 2 men belonging to the *Glide*. Most of them belonging to Salem and in all 15. Many of them without shirts to their backs or shoes to their feet and some with a small part of a pair of trousers. On learning that Captain Archer had left Bou a few days before for Goro, he being in distress and suffering, I thought it my duty to send word to him that I was here.

“June 10th. Archer with 2 of his men came from Bou.”

- The whereabouts of the other men of the *Glide* being discovered in this way, they were later picked up and brought home, and their story ended happily, as it should, for they deserved fairer prospects after the ill-fortune which laid them by the heels in the Fijis as those islands were in those far away years when the white man had first found them out.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE LOG OF THE "EMERALD"

(1834-5)

SALEM ships had first shown the American flag in a harbor of Japan in the years 1799-1801, and it so happened that after Commodore Perry and his squadron had sailed in 1853 to open the ports of that hermit nation to the commerce of the world, the first vessel to clear from any port in the United States direct for Japan and the market secured by Perry's treaty, was the Salem bark *Edward Koppisch*, Captain John H. Eagleston. This Captain Eagleston, although he flourished in the latter days of Salem commerce, was a splendid specimen of the navigator, trader and pioneer of the earlier era, and he did more than any other man to win for his country's flag the commerce of the South Sea Islands. His sea journals deal with primitive conditions of life which have vanished from the Fijis and the other tropical beaches where he sought his cargoes of beche-de-mer and pearl shells.

In 1834-5 he was in command of the Salem ship *Emerald* on a voyage which carried him around the globe, by way of the South Seas, Manila, Singapore and St. Helena. His clerk, George N. Chever, was wisely intrusted with the task of writing the ship's journal, which undertaking he considered worth doing as thoroughly as possible. So well did he perform the task that the stout manuscript volume contains impressions, descriptions, and stories of every port and island visited, and, standing by itself, is a valuable contribution to the literature

of American sea life and activities of three-quarters of a century ago.

Outward bound from Salem the *Emerald* rounded Cape Horn and made her first port at the Bay of Islands, New Zealand, an unlovely settlement which was one of the early outposts of missionary zeal in that clime. The journal has to say of conditions on shore:

“The natives in general are a miserable set, rendered perhaps more so by the residence of a few whites among them, whose only occupation is selling grog. These whites, I believe, are chiefly runaways from Sydney. I do not include the merchants in this class of white faces. On the contrary they are very respectable gentlemen and reside by themselves in different parts of the Bay. On the second day after our arrival Warren and myself visited the principal missionary settlement under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Williams. He received us very politely, introduced us to one of the brother missionaries and walked round with us an hour or two and gave us a description of the establishment as it now is. There is also a settlement of natives here, who are not so licentious as those on the opposite side of the Bay. I believe on the whole the missionaries are not very desirous of the visits of strangers, particularly from the shipping, for they believe the sailors to be evil disposed.”

While trading among the Fiji Islands on this voyage, the ship's clerk was a witness of the following barbaric eruption:

“During my short stay at Rava, I had the satisfaction of seeing their ceremonies over an enemy slain in battle. The dead man was a great chief and had the fight been in the daytime he would not have been killed. But the scrape happening in the night, they could not tell ‘t’other from which.’ He was brought into town this morning. He was lashed to a pole and carried in the centre of the fighting men thro’ the town as a show. After ‘trampoosing’ him round in this manner for about

five hours, they finally made their appearance in the open space in front of the King's house where His Majesty awaited their arrival. About sixty fighting men variously armed (mostly with clubs), singing their war song, advanced very slow and regular toward the King with their victim in the centre ornamented with a white flag. I had not then had a fair view of the dead man, but at last two of the men brought him forward and offered him as a present to the King, which was accepted. The fighting men then retired a short space and squatted. The King went forward to them, presented them with two handsome spears and to the one that killed the poor fellow a whale's tusk was awarded. The King also reeled off himself about a hundred fathoms of tappa, a native cloth, which he presented to the assembled military. After receiving their presents the fighting men arose and struck their clubs on the ground which Mr. King told me was much as to say, '*I will be true to my country.*'

"The dead man was knocked in the head with a club and had the appearance of being literally *beaten to a jelly*. After a short speech, the amount of which was destruction to the enemies of Rava, a proposition was started: 'shall we eat him or not?' His sister who was married to a Rava man came forward and began a lamentation over him. One chap spoke up: 'Give him to me. I will eat him. Never mind his sister.' The dead man being a chief, however, the King with the concurrence of the majority of his council, gave up the body to his relations and he was buried. At night the fighting men again assembled, also the wives of the chiefs, in numbers altogether about one hundred. They commenced singing and kept it up till daylight, the most part of the time during a heavy rain. I slept but little that night owing to their noise. They fight like bushwhackers and receive most of their wounds in the back; consequently they rejoice like cowards."

The *Emerald* sought Tahiti for trade and ship's clerk George

Chever, was stationed on shore for some time. This was during the reign of Queen Pomare, before the native sovereignty had been taken away from these islanders and their rulers, and the *Emerald* found the old romantic regime in full sway. The impressions of Tahiti as recorded in this journal are therefore of a vanished kingdom.

"These natives are extremely hard to deal with," wrote Chever. "It requires a large stock of patience to combat their numerous whims and caprices. When Captain Eagleston left, the cocoanut oil measures had been decided upon by both natives and others interested. The measure I now use was regulated in this manner—another measure which had previously fixed was filled with water and turned into mine, and where the surface came a small peg was driven thro' the side and this settled it. But I have had more than a dozen disputes since, occasioned by the natives refusing at first to give more than half the peg, and at last more than to the under side of the peg. I held out for the measure and came to a full stop at one time for more than an hour till at last it was settled by Mr. Pritchard and they were to cover *half* the peg. This circumstance of itself appears very trivial but seems to show their nature. Some persons having told them that cocoanut oil shrinks when cold, they will very seldom sell it in that state, but will go to the trouble of making a fire to warm their bamboo cups, and spend perhaps the best part of a day. If the ground on which the measure stands should happen to be not exactly level they would turn the measure till the peg came to the lowest side.

"In measuring their cloth many that have long arms will hold out for an hour to fix their own measure rather than take the regular allowance for a fathom. I always make them decide upon the cloth before measuring their oil, as it saves considerable trouble and if I show them more than three different pieces they are completely upset in their opinions.

“Every one that happens to pass by is called in to pass judgment on the cloth. They have so little idea of arithmetic, despite the efforts of the missionaries, that four men have been shockingly puzzled to divide ten fathoms of cloth among themselves. But it being chalked out to them in a diagram they were satisfied. Some few know the multiplication table and can write a good hand, but hardly one would realize that 5×2 were 10 without laying out five parcels of stones, with two in each, and counting them.

“On the 8th of this month (September) the British sloop-of-war *Challenger* arrived from the Sandwich Islands bringing the British Consul, his intention being to settle some affairs with the natives concerning outrageous depredations committed on the persons of British subjects and plundering them of their property. An instance of this kind happened two or three years ago at the Pomuta Islands. The *Truro*, a small vessel under the British flag was taken and robbed and two white men killed. This affair being represented to the Queen of Tahiti by the whites then residing here, measures were taken for bringing the aggressors to punishment, to which the Queen was obliged to consent, as she claimed the Pomutas as subject to her. The culprits were taken, brought here, tried and condemned to cut some timber for a vessel then about to be built for the Government. This affair with others which have happened both here and at the Sandwich Islands having been represented to the British Government, this vessel was sent out on purpose to redress these wrongs. Two natives were hung at Woahoo for murder and six more were demanded to be delivered up when the war vessel returned.

“A meeting of the Queen and Government officers was called together here by the Consul and satisfaction demanded for the loss of the *Truro* and the murder of the white men, to which the Queen consented, promising to deliver the murderers and

pay damages to the amount of \$2,800. This sum was to be paid in shells and other property provided she cannot raise the money, and delivered up for the benefit of the owners of the lost vessel. To the above she signified her assent by signing papers to that effect. The Consul also informed Her Majesty that it was the advice of the British Government that she should relinquish her claim to the above named islands, as for all like offenses committed in the future she would be made answerable.

“This piece of information required talk amongst themselves, for the Queen had (about the time of the *Truro* affair) with the advice of a certain white man then and now acting as her counsellor, tabooed all the pearl shells on those Islands for her own use and benefit, *i.e.*, prohibited all vessels except those in her employ from going there for shells without a permit signed by her, and \$50 as permission money. This white man counsellor had the privilege, however, of shelling for himself, which of course gave him the advantage over other shellers who were obliged to go to the Gambies, etc. The Queen also reaped great benefit from the shells before they decreased in value and saw, of course, that it was to her advantage to maintain her authority over them. But after a long conference the Queen at last gave up the Islands to themselves and relinquished her claims altogether, so that now any vessel can go there for shells.

“It was the law before the arrival of the war vessel that no white man could own a piece of land or remain on it longer than the pleasure of the native owner permitted. This was overturned as follows: Captain Henry, a white man born on the Island, received from a former sovereign (the present Queen’s father, I believe) a grant of a certain lot of land and to said grant affixed his name, etc. On the strength of this, Captain Henry had built houses, etc., laid out sugar plantations

from which he derived considerable profit and owned a great number of cattle. These natives, seeing his improvements and growing jealous, probably of his riches, saw fit to set aside his claim on the land, declaring the Island was their own and no white man should own the land. But Captain Henry represented this to the Consul and he in turn declared to the natives that as Captain Henry had a substantial claim the land was his own. If they took it from him or attempted to do anything to his property, such offenses should be severely revenged by the British Government. He also asked them if they respected their signatures or if they would own their own names, to which having affirmed, they finally acknowledged the justice of Captain Henry's claim.

"This vessel brings information that a British armed schooner is to be sent out to cruise among these Islands for further protection of vessels and property. Such a proceeding is allowed by all to be very necessary, as the natives are getting rather insolent and require to be held in check occasionally. I do not mean to say that the natives on this Island would injure a white man personally, but they take every advantage of him in their power. Formerly they encouraged the visits of shipping and were pleased to have the whites reside among them, but owing to their recent laws and behaviour the foreigners have been gradually leaving so that now scarcely a dozen remain, exclusive of the missionaries. They have been told that vessels will go elsewhere for provisions, but no, they must see this exemplified before they will believe it.

"Either this Island was once a perfect paradise, or it has been grossly misrepresented, but true it is now that the natives without one exception are a set of thieves and beggars and the Royal family are the greatest beggars, thinking no one wants to refuse a request from them. Soon after my arrival I was visited by the *Nobs*, male and female, who came with the

pretence of looking at cloth, etc. But the gentleman I board with on shore requested me to be on the lookout or they would steal from me. During their various visitations, I have detected them (the blood royal), in various little thefts, hardly worth noticing, but which I thought proper to inform them I knew about, that they might not think me devoid of eye sight. They have begged till they find it is no longer any use.

"The Queen's emissaries have come several times for little things, saying: 'It's for the Queen.' My answer is 'where's the money?' Which sends them off sometimes in a pet.

"It might be proper in some cases to make presents, but in refusing them I am not without advice from others who are well acquainted with them. The gentleman I live with has frequently given them little things of small value and in return for his generosity they have stolen many articles from him of ten times the value and never presented him with one thing of the least importance.

"Some natives were at one time looking at some cloth (for oil I was about buying) and they called in a chief of some note, who happened to pass, to express his opinion. During the time he was in the room he stole a knife from me. I detected him and requested him to return it. He said he had taken it and would bring me the money bye and bye. 'No, I don't trust,' said I, and he gave it up.

"The Queen's mother came to me one morning and asked for a bar of soap. I gave it to her and asked for the money.

"'It's for Pomare (the Queen),' said she.

"'I can't help it. I must have the money,' and off she went without it. I am advised that it is the better way, neither to give nor to receive favors at their hands, for neither party is then under obligations."

This hard-headed young Yankee trader, George Chever, who could refuse credit to the Queen of Tahiti for a bar of soap,

was not a sentimental person, nor could he perceive that Queen Pomare, last of her line, was a woman who strove to protect her people against the greedy, demoralizing invasion of the whites. The *Emerald's* journal has already shown that she was endeavoring to save her islands and her islanders: "Owing to their recent laws and behavior the foreigners have been gradually leaving so that now scarcely a dozen remain, exclusive of the missionaries." Furthermore, Pomare was trying to check the ravages of New England rum and other poisonous liquors which were landed on her beaches by the trading vessels. George Chever, even though he was lamentably ungallant in the matter of the bar of soap, pays the following tribute to the high-minded endeavors of the ruling race of Tahiti in the last days of its sea-girt independence before France annexed the islands and ended the sovereignty of Pomare and her kindred in 1836.*.

"I am informed that things were quite different when rum and liquors of all kinds were allowed on the Island. Then provisions could be bought for liquor and such was their love for it that one bottle of rum would go further than five dollars now. But the beach, it is said, exhibited a shocking spectacle of drunkards, men, women and children to the number of fifty having been seen drunk at once, the blood royal not excluded.

* Queen Pomare was a half-sister of King Pomare II, who died of drink in 1824. In 1836, French Catholic missionaries attempted to establish a mission in Tahiti, and Queen Pomare, advised by the English missionaries and the British Consul, Pritchard, refused her consent, and banished by force a French priest, who had made a secret landing. In 1838, a French frigate appeared at Tahiti and extorted from Pomare permission for any and all Frenchmen to settle on her islands. Other acts of French interference followed and in 1842, Admiral du Petit-Thours procured the Queen's signature to a treaty placing the islands under French protection, but reserving to the Queen and her chiefs full authority of government. In 1843, Admiral Petit-Thours reappeared, summarily deposed Queen Pomare, and took possession of the islands for France. His high-handed action was not formally sanctioned by his government, but it did not undo the wrong committed. The Tahitians fought to preserve their liberty and were in arms two years before the island of Tahiti was subdued, while the western islands of the kingdom were never conquered. Later Tahiti was proclaimed a French Colony.

I am told they took the lead in all substantial liquor riots. Enormous quantities were consumed by the natives in general. Thus all their money and other resources passed into the hands of the whites and money was made by a few. Since the month of May last, at which time they abolished this drinking, their laws against it have been enforced with vigor against people of both colors and sexes. A good road, called the Broom Road, has been constructed by the criminals, and is kept in order by them. It is built in the vicinity of the beach and extends nearly round the island, affording a fine accommodation for travelers, either on foot or on horseback."

From the South Seas the *Emerald* sailed to Manila to sell her cargo of beche-de-mer, pearl shell, and cocoanut oil. In this great Spanish port of the Orient, now held by the Yankee school teacher and Uncle Sam's troopers in khaki, George Chever found much to interest him and to fill many pages of his journal. While at anchor in Manila Bay, he picked up a chapter of South Sea history, brought by a small schooner which had been trading in the Fijis under the direction of Captain Eagleston. The journal tells the story as follows:

"This morning saw a small schooner in the Bay outside the shipping showing American colours which we soon made out to be the *Coral* at anchor. She got under way during the forenoon with a light breeze and having distinguished the *Emerald* from the rest of the shipping Captain Clark came to anchor at 3 P. M. under our stern. We did not expect to see her quite so soon, but it appeared she left the islands about twenty days before the time specified by Captain Eagleston had expired, in consequence of difficulties with the natives and the shell being about all gone for the season. Mr. Clark had a row with the natives of Raa at which place he went ashore to trade, in the course of which he lost two of the schooner's hands and narrowly escaped himself. He received a wound from a

spear and had his own musket taken from him by the natives. The two hands were John T. Berry and a John Russell, white, residing on the Island, and commonly called Jack.

“The affair happened at a place called Betterowrous, somewhere about the northwest extremity of the Beta Lib land. Mr. Clark had been told by the natives that there was plenty of shell to be got there, and accordingly he went and anchored there. The natives not coming off as is usual, he went ashore in the boat to see what they had. They brought him one shell and having nothing but a little small trade, he returned on board the schooner for a musket, leaving Jack and Berry on shore and taking a native with him as hostage. He returned on shore with the musket, leaving the hostage on board. Some altercation took place in the course of trading which finally was settled. Meanwhile Mr. Clark fired his piece at some birds which were nearby which the natives seeing discharged, and not fearing him then, one of them immediately seized him. But being too strong for him he beat him off and kept the others at bay as well as he could, retreating all the time towards the boat which he finally succeeded in reaching and returned on board the schooner. The natives, however, detained Jack and Berry. The hostage also attempted to make his escape by jumping overboard and pulling for shore, but was overtaken by the boat and brought on board again with a good beating for his pains.

“Shortly after the affair ashore, Mr. Young, mate of the schooner (from whom I had the account), went back in the boat with muskets and other trade to ransom the two prisoners, taking at the same time the hostage who was chained to one of the boat’s thwarts. The natives would not part with either of the prisoners at any price and at the earnest solicitations of Jack, who was brought down to interpret, the hostage was set at liberty, the natives threatening death to the two if he was not.

Mr. Young also stated that he could have liberated Jack by shooting the chief in whose charge he then was and who was considerably in advance of the rest. By so doing Jack would have saved himself by running for the boat, but at the same time it would have been attended with dangerous consequences to the other (Berry). Mr. Clark at last was obliged to leave them, no art or persuasion being sufficient to induce the natives to deliver them up. The reason assigned for this is that never having had a white man amongst them and seldom or never seeing one, they were anxious to get one in their possession. At any rate, it is probable that the two regret their situation but little, for Jack intends remaining among the Islands his lifetime and consequently it matters but little to him where he resides. As for the other, he is rendered notorious for previous misdemeanors on board the ship and he has reason to rejoice that he has got clear of both ship and schooner. The natives, no doubt, will treat them well."

While ashore in Manila, young Chever let no opportunity slip to "see the sights," and his account of a legal execution under Spanish rule in 1833, is given considerable space in his narrative of this voyage around the globe.

"In this place I witnessed the execution of two criminals convicted of murder," he writes. "They were natives of the Island and their crime was committed at the massacre which happened about ten years since. They had lain in prison during this long interval. I happened to be on shore the day of execution and having ascertained where it would take place, in company with two others proceeded to the spot. It was the first time we had visited the city, but we were at no loss in finding our way, having only to follow the crowd, conjecturing they were bound the same way with us."

"We arrived on the ground an hour before the execution. A great number had assembled and crowds were continually

arriving. The executioners apparatus was a large square platform raised about ten feet from the ground and ascended by steps. Two square posts projected six or eight feet above the platform and were each furnished with a small bench from which we concluded they were to be put to death in a sitting posture. On each post at a suitable distance from the bench was an iron ring composed of two parts, of dimensions just sufficient to admit the neck. A screw and wrench affixed to this ring completed the apparatus of death. Before the arrival of the criminal a party of native Horse commanded by a Spanish officer arrived and surrounded the platform. Shortly after, a party of native foot soldiers made their appearance escorting one of the criminals. He was blindfolded, seated on a buffalo which was guided by two attendant priests and to the neck of of the animal was suspended a convent bell or some other jingler about as sacred. On one side of him walked a fat, rosy-faced, barnacle-nosed, haughty padre, bawling to the Virgin Mary in the ear of the prisoner who, grasping a crucifix in both hands, as loudly repeated it. Another priest was the bearer of a sacred brass kettle containing about a pint of holy water, and another a painting of the Crucifixion.

“The prisoner was clothed in a long white robe and his head and face enveloped in a cap or cowl of the same colour. Arriving at the foot of the platform he was assisted to dismount and after some other religious exercises he ascended, accompanied by the Padre, sheriff and executioners. He was first seated on the bench attached to the post, then his neck was inserted in the iron band which was closed, fastened, and the screw apparatus put in readiness. After this his arms, legs and body were firmly lashed to the post which finished the preparations. Upon a signal being given by the sheriff a few turns of the wrench by the executioner closed his earthly career. The Padre continued loudly to implore Sancta Maria and the

prisoner as loudly to repeat as long as breath lasted in his body, the attendant priest meanwhile profusely showering holy water. He was so firmly fixed in his position that he died without any apparent struggle and the only sign that life was extinct was the dropping of the crucifix he held in his hands.

"After this one was dispatched, the other arrived guarded and attended in like manner. The same preparations having been made and the same ceremonies gone thro', the signal was given and he was likewise screwed up, receiving such a shower of holy water that would effectually quench any fire that Purgatory might be on the point of kindling about him.

"If anything bordering on the ridiculous formed part of the ceremonies of so solemn an occasion, it certainly was the performance of the clergy, at least so it appeared to me, but without doubt it was all right in the eyes of the multitude who are taught to look up to those men with the most profound reverence and respect and the haughty overbearing demeanor with which they receive these customary attentions has certainly but little to do with the meek, unassuming manner ascribed elsewhere to true disciples. Unless appearances greatly belied them these priests actually scorned the religion, the consolation of which they were administering to the dying, but good fat livings are the price of their labours and what will not man do for money?

"As the holy procession moved to and from the scene of action it was hats off as they passed the crowd, and those that were so negligent as not to comply with this customary mark of respect to the heads of the church generally had their hats knocked off by others.

"Another annoyance to foreigners, if anything connected with religion can be called such, is the custom here prevalent of suspending all outdoor occupations, whether of business or pleasure, during the time of Vespers. If riding or walking, all stop in either case and off hats till service is over, the beginning

and end of which is announced by the tolling of a bell and lasts but a few minutes.

“But an annoyance still greater is when the Host is carried in procession thro’ the streets. This sacred object is well attended by the holy in office and guarded by a file of soldiers. When this heaves in sight you not only have to off hats, but down on your knees till it passes. If you are well in the offing, however, you have some chance of making good your retreat, thereby very often saving two or three pieces to the washer-woman. It is some consolation, however, to know that the *Nobs* of the land comply with all those customary forms, but still were it not for the natives (to whom religion is law) I hardly think the great ones would be so strict in their observances. This falls heavily on the poor natives on whose part anything like refusal to comply is followed with severe punishments, and who believe they are obliged to kneel when so sacred a thing as a *Bishop’s* Robe passes, never mind who wears it. Our South Sea missionary friends might well call this ‘a deluded multitude.’

“We had on board a contraband article in the shape of Spanish Protestant Bibles which were given Captain Eagleston for distribution by the Quakers at Tahiti. Some gentlemen ashore in Manila hearing of it, and anxious to possess themselves of one of these, requested Captain Eagleston to bring some ashore, which he accordingly did, taking two or three in a bundle. Stopping at the Custom House wharf the burden attracted the eye of the chap on duty, who wished to examine it. Captain Eagleston was constrained to offer him a dollar or two which he took and asked no further questions. A heavy fine and all the vengeance of the Padre to boot is levied on any one found guilty of bringing books of this description into the city, for the religion being exclusively Catholic, books of other persuasions of course are not tolerated.”

This consignment of "Spanish Protestant Bibles" finds further mention after the *Emerald* had left Manila, homeward bound. While passing through the Straits of Bernadino among the Malaysian Islands, the ship was boarded by a sociable flock of natives, and Mr. George Chever unblushingly confesses that the Bibles were traded for fresh provisions, although he tries to put a good face on the transaction.

"While lying at Tahiti," he goes on to explain, "Captain Eagleston became acquainted with an elderly gentleman and his son (Quakers), owners of a small cutter, who were out visiting the various mission stations in the South Seas. These gentlemen, understanding we were bound to Manila, requested Captain Eagleston to oblige them by distributing a few Spanish Protestant Bibles and some other little books amongst the natives when convenient, to which Captain Eagleston consented. Accordingly the good old gentleman sent his books, to the number of about one hundred, on board accompanied with his thanks for the favor we should render him. The thought struck us when the natives came off from St. Jacinta that these books would take with them. Accordingly we had them brought to light, when no sooner had these poor, ignorant people set their eyes on the books, than they were seized with a sudden thirst after knowledge. They offered all the trade they had for some books. I will not say we *traded*, but distributed a few amongst them, and such was the gratitude of the poor people that they immediately made suitable returns of such as they had, consisting of cocoanuts, bananas, sweet potatoes, and molasses, fighting cocks, toggery and even the hats off their heads. We were constrained to take what they offered in return, lest they should consider their knowledge as too cheaply purchased and consequently undervalue it."

The *Emerald* encountered a typhoon soon after this incident, and the description of the ship's clerk makes it appear remark-

able that the ship should have survived the ordeal. "The weather had been thick and hazy during the afternoon, with rain occasionally," he writes. "The typhoon came on so suddenly that we had not time to shorten sail. The fore-tack first parted; the clew garnet was manned immediately but it blew so heavy that sail could not be hauled up, and it soon split in pieces. Next went the fore-topmast stay-sail which blew clear from the bolt-ropes. By this time topsail halliards were let go and the sail clewed down. Attempted to clew up main and mizzen-topsails in order to get her before the wind, but immediately upon starting the sheets the sails became unmanageable and blew to pieces. About the same time went the main royal mast and mizzen top-gallant mast by the board. To get her off, we cut away the larboard quarter boat, mizzen topmast back-stays and topmast rigging, but of no avail. She would not pay off, neither would the mizzen topmast go over the side. A heavy puff shortly after carried away the main-topmast, about half way down and throwing her down the sea carried away the starboard quarter-boat. The wind was now blowing with that violence it was impossible to go aloft. The fore-topsail yet stood, and at about half-past seven, during a momentary lull, she paid off but almost immediately broached to, on the other (starboard tack) which brought the fore topsail aback, and it was impossible to work the head yards on account of the wreck of the fore topmast having fouled the fore braces. At half-past eight she went off before the wind, up to which time from the commencement of the gale, she had been under no command, but lay close to the wind with the helm hard up and nearly on her beam ends. After getting her before the wind there were four of us at the wheel with relieving tackles. All the sails with the exception of the fore topsail were blown to pieces."

The *Emerald* made the best of her way to Singapore for

repairs, but before she could make port, lightning struck her during a squall. The bolt "descended the main mast and John McCannon who was standing on the lee side close to the mast was struck and instantly killed. Mr. Young and John Wallace, who were standing on the weather side, were knocked down and much injured. McCannon was taken into the cabin and means tried to recover him, but of no avail. The vital spark had fled. Mr. Young was taken below senseless and Wallace nearly so. Both recovered, however, in a short time. A large hole was perforated in McCannon's hat, about the size of a dollar. He turned black in the face almost immediately."

Refitting at Singapore, the *Emerald* pursued her voyage around the Cape of Good Hope and to break the long Atlantic journey touched at St. Helena for water and fresh provisions. The ship's clerk, of course, visited the grave of Napoleon whose ashes had not then been carried to France. He wrote in his journal:

"I visited the tomb with Captain Eagleston and the captain and supercargo of the brig *Ann*. With any other object in view our ride would have been entirely devoid of interest, the island being little more than a constant succession of steep hills and deep, narrow valleys, with but scanty patches of vegetation to enliven the uniform barren aspect. It will not be supposed that our excursion in point of scenery presented much to interest us who had so recently left the beautiful, fertile islands of the South Seas. But we were going to visit the tomb of Napoleon!

"The road is constructed in a zigzag direction, in other words we had to tack ship and beat up hill. On the brow of a tremendous precipice we came to another track descending the mountain-side, and here our horses came to a full stop. Alighting from the carriages we descended by the footpath to a little fertile valley which, surrounded as it is by stupendous moun-

tains, appears shut out from the rest of the world. Here in this sequestered little spot, in the centre of a simple enclosure, over-shadowed by a few willows, we saw the tomb of Napoleon. The old Corporal, as he is called, had seen us approaching at a distance, and was already in waiting, and although we were not furnished with a permit from the Governor, as is customary, he let us into the enclosure.

“Three plain stone slabs laid level with the earth and surrounded by an iron railing mark the spot where repose his ashes. Not a letter or figure by way of inscription is imprinted on the slabs. The French have frequently petitioned, but the titles of Emperor, etc., which they wished to inscribe, the English would not allow. Two willows on either side were pointed out to us as the ones from the limbs of which he was lowered into the grave. One of these limbs has been sawed off and sent to England and deposited among the relics in the Royal Museum. One of these trees, either from the effects of age or wind, has fallen over and rests on the iron railing, and the tops of two or three of the rails have become firmly imbedded in the body of the tree.

“A sprig of laurel has lately been planted at the head and a sprig of geranium at the foot of the grave, but neither is in a very flourishing condition. We were furnished with sprigs of willow from the trees that overhang the grave and some slips from the same which the old Corporal keeps constantly on hand for visitors who may wish such to transplant in their own country. A small fountain, clear and still, is hard by, just on the outside of the enclosure, from which we all took a draught. This fountain, we were told, is the one from which Napoleon always had his water brought. A house servant used to come here every day with two silver tankards which were filled for Napoleon’s own drinking.

“The Corporal was here during his residence and at the time

of his death. He says that an immense concourse of spectators assembled to witness his interment and when the body was lowered into the grave, three companies of artillery stationed in the road on the hillside adjoining, paid the only military honors of the occasion. He says that Frenchmen, who revere the memory of Napoleon, when they visit his tomb, always take off their hats when they enter the enclosure and kneel at his tomb."

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE LAST PIRATES OF THE SPANISH MAIN

(1832)

IN December of 1906 died Captain Thomas Fuller, the oldest shipmaster of Salem, in his ninety-fourth year. He was the survivor of an era on the sea that seems to belong with ancient history. Before 1830 he was a cabin boy in a brig of less than a hundred tons in the Cuban trade. At eighteen he was sailing to South America and Europe, and his shipmates, then in the prime of life, were veterans of the fighting privateers of the War of 1812. He lived well into the twentieth century to tell the tale of the last piracy of the Spanish Main, for he was one of the crew of the brig *Mexican*. Captured by a swarthy band of cut-throats in their "rakish, black schooner," while on a voyage to Rio Janeiro, the *Mexican* carried the period of organized piracy down to the year 1832. Six of the pirates were hanged in Boston three years later, and their punishment finished for good and all, a peril to American shipping which had preyed along the coast for two full centuries.

The *Mexican* sailed from Salem on the 29th of August, 1832, commanded by Captain John G. Butman and owned by Joseph Peabody. She was a brig of two hundred and twenty-seven tons register, with a crew of thirteen men, including able seaman Thomas Fuller, nineteen years old. There was also on board as a seaman, John Battis of Salem, who before his death many years after, wrote down his memories of the voyage at the request of his son. His story is the most complete account of

the famous piracy that has come down to us, and in part it runs as follows:

“I was at Peabody’s store house on the morning of the day of sailing and others of the crew came soon after. After waiting quite a while, it was suggested that we go after the cook, Ridgely, who then boarded with a Mrs. Ranson, a colored woman living on Becket street, so we set out to find him. He was at home but disinclined to go, as he wished to pass one more Sunday home. However, after some persuading he got ready, and we all started out of the gate together. A black hen was in the yard and as we came out the bird flew upon the fence, and flapping her wings, gave a loud crow. The cook was wild with terror, and insisted that something was going to happen; that such a sign meant harm, and he ran about in search of a stone to knock out the brains of the offending biped. The poor darkey did not succeed in his murderous design, but followed us grumbling.

“At about ten o’clock we mustered all present and accounted for, and commenced to carry the specie, with which we were to purchase our return cargo, on board the brig. We carried aboard twenty thousand dollars in silver, in ten boxes of two thousand dollars each; we also had about one hundred bags of saltpetre and one hundred chests of tea. The silver was stored in the ‘run’ under the cabin floor, and there was not a man aboard but knew where the money was stored.

“At last everything being ready we hove anchor and stood out to sea in the face of a southeast wind. As soon as we got outside and stowed anchor we cleared ship and the captain called all hands and divided the crew into watches. I was in the first mate’s watch and young Thomas Fuller was in the captain’s watch. On account of the several acts of piracy previously committed on Salem ships, Captain Butman undoubtedly feared, or perhaps had a premonition of a like hap-

pening to his vessel, for the next day while he was aft at work on the main rigging, I heard the captain and first mate talking about pirates. The captain said he would fight a long while before he'd give his money up. They had a long talk together, and he seemed to be very much worried. I think it was the next day after this conversation between Captain Butman and Mr. Reed that I was at the wheel steering when the captain came and spoke to me. He asked me how I felt about leaving home, and I replied that I felt the same as ever, 'all right.' I learned afterwards that he put this question to the rest of the crew.

"We sailed along without anything occurring worthy of note until the night of the nineteenth of September. After supper we were all sitting together during the dog-watch (this being between six and eight o'clock P. M.) when all seemed bent on telling pirate yarns, and of course got more or less excited. I went below at twelve o'clock and at four next morning my watch was called. Upon coming on deck the first mate came forward and said that we must keep a sharp look-out, as there was a vessel 'round, and that she had crossed our stern and gone to the leeward. I took a seat between the knight-heads, and had been sitting there but a few minutes when a vessel crossed our bows, and went to the windward of us.

"We were going at a pretty good rate at the time. I sang out and the mate came forward with a glass, but said he could not make her out. I told him he would see her to the windward at daylight. At dawn we discovered a top-sail schooner about five miles off our weather quarter, standing on the wind on the same tack we were. The wind was light, at south southwest, and we were standing about southeast. At seven o'clock the captain came on deck and this was the first he knew of the schooner being about us.

"I was at the wheel when the captain came out of the cabin;

he looked toward the schooner, and as soon as he perceived her, he reached and took his glass and went into the main-top. He came down and closing his glass, said: 'That is the very man I've been looking for. I can count thirty men on his deck.' He also said that he saw one man on her fore-top-gallant yard, looking out, and that he was very suspicious of her. He then ordered us to set all sail (as the schooner didn't seem to sail very fast), thinking we might get away from her.

"While I was up loosing the main-royal I sat on the yard, and let them hoist me up to the truck so that I could have a good look around. I saw another vessel, a brig, to the eastward of us, way ahead and reported it. The schooner had in the meanwhile sailed very fast, for when I started in to come down she was off our beam. From all appearances and her manner of sailing we concluded afterwards that she had a drag out. We then went to breakfast, the schooner kept ahead of us, and appeared to be after the other vessel. Then the captain altered the brig's course, tacking to the westward, keeping a little off from the wind to make good way through the water to get clear of her if possible. After breakfast when we came on deck the schooner was coming down on us under a full press of sail. I noticed two kegs of powder alongside our two short carronades, the only guns we had. Our means of defense, however, proved utterly worthless, as the shot was a number of sizes too large for the gun.

"A few moments before this, the schooner had fired a shot at us to heave to, which Captain Butman was on the point of doing as I came on deck. The schooner then hoisted patriotic colors (Columbian flag), backed her main top-sail, and laid to about half a mile to the windward. She was a long, low, straight top-sail schooner of about one hundred and fifty tons burthen, painted black with a narrow white streak, a large figure-head with a horn of plenty painted white; masts raked



Captain Thomas Fuller, last survivor of the crew of the brig *Mexican*
(Died Dec., 1906)



The brig *Mexican* attacked by pirates, 1832

aft, and a large main-top-mast, a regular Baltimore clipper. We could not see any name. She carried thirty or more men, with a long thirty-two pound swivel amidships, with four brass guns, two on each side.

"A hail came in English from the schooner, asking us where we were from and where bound and what our cargo was. Captain Butman replied 'tea and salt-petre.' The same voice from the schooner then hailed us for the captain to lower a boat and come alongside and bring him his papers. The boat was got ready and Captain Butman and four men—Jack Ardissonne, Thomas Fuller, Benjamin Larcom and Fred Trask—got in and pulled to the schooner. When they started Captain Butman shook hands with the mate, Mr. Reed, and told him to do the best he could if he never saw him again.

"The *Mexican's* boat pulled up to the gangway of the schooner but they ordered it to go to the forechains where five of the pirates jumped into our boat, not permitting any of our men to go on board the schooner and pushed off, ordering the captain back to the brig. They were armed with pistols in their belts and long knives up their sleeves. While at the schooner's side, after getting into our boat, one of the pirates asked their captain in Spanish what they should do with us, and his answer was: 'Dead cats don't mew—have her thoroughly searched, and bring aboard all you can—you know what to do with them.' The orders of the captain of the schooner being in Spanish, were understood by only one of the *Mexican's* crew then in the boat, namely Ardissonne, who burst into tears, and in broken English declared that all was over with them.

"It was related by one of our crew that while the *Mexican's* boat was at the forechains of the schooner, the brig before mentioned was plainly seen to the eastward, and the remark was made to Thomas Fuller that it would be a good thing to shove off and pull for the other vessel in sight, to which proposi-

tion Fuller scornfully answered 'I will do no such things. I will stay and take my chances with the boys.'

"Our boat returned to the brig and Captain Butman and the five pirates came on board; two of them went down in the cabin with us, and the other three loafed around on deck. Our first mate came up from the cabin and told us to muster aft and get the money up. Luscomb and I, being near the companion-way, started to go down into the cabin when we met the boat-swain of the pirate coming up, who gave the signal for attack. The three pirates on deck sprang on Luscomb and myself, striking at us with the long knives across our heads. A Scotch hat I happened to have on with a large cotton handkerchief inside, saved me from a severe wounding as both were cut through and through. Our mate, Mr. Reed, here interfered and attempted to stop them from assaulting us whereupon they turned on him.

"We then went down into the cabin and into the run; there were eight of us in all; six of our men then went back into the cabin, and the steward and myself were ordered to pass the money up which we did, to the cabin floor, and our crew then took it and carried it on deck. In the meantime, the pirate officer in charge (the third mate) had hailed the schooner and told them they had found what they were looking for. The schooner then sent a launch containing sixteen men, which came alongside and they boarded us. They made the crew pass the boxes of money down into the boat, and it was then conveyed on board the pirate.

"The launch came back with about a dozen more men, and the search began in earnest. Nine of them rushed down into the cabin where the captain, Jack Ardisson, and myself were standing. They beat the captain with their long knives, and battered a speaking trumpet to pieces over his head and shoulders. Seeing we could do nothing, I made a break to reach the

deck by jumping out of the cabin window, thinking I could get there by grasping hold of the boat's davits and pulling myself on deck. Jack Ardissonne, divining my movement, caught my foot as I was jumping and saved me, as I should probably have missed my calculation and gone overboard. Jack and I then ran and the pirates after both of us, leaving the captain whom they continued to beat and abuse, demanding more money. We ran into the steerage. Jack, not calculating the break of the deck, soon went over into the hold and I on top of him. For some reason the pirates gave up the chase before they reached the break between the decks, or they would have gone down with us. By the fall Jack broke two of his ribs. Under deck we had a clean sweep, there being no cargo, so we could go from one end of the vessel to the other.

"The crew then got together in the forecastle and stayed there. We hadn't been there long before the mate, Mr. Reed, came rushing down, chased by the boatswain of the pirate, demanding his money. The mate then told Luscomb to go and get his money, which he had previously given Luscomb to stow away for him in some safe place; there were two hundred dollars in specie, and Luscomb had put it under the wood in the hold. Luscomb went and got it, brought it up and gave it to the pirate, who untied the bag, took a handful out, retied the bag, and went up on deck and threw the handful of money overboard so that those on the schooner could see that they had found more money.

"Then the pirates went to Captain Butman and told him that if they found any more money which we hadn't surrendered, they would cut all our throats. I must have followed them into the cabin, for I heard them tell the captain this. Previous to this, we of the crew found that we had about fifty dollars, which we secured by putting into the pickle keg, and this was secretly placed in the breast-hook forward. On hearing this

threat made to the captain I ran back and informed the crew what I had heard, and we took the money out of my keg and dropped it down the air-streak, which is the space between the inside and outside planking. It went way down into the keelson. Our carpenter afterwards located its exact position and recovered every cent of it. Strange to say the first thing they searched on coming below was the pickle keg. The search of our effects by the pirates was pretty thorough, and they took all new clothes, tobacco, etc. In the cabin they searched the captain's chest, but failed to get at seven hundred dollars which he had concealed in the false bottom; they had previously taken from him several dollars which he had in his pocket, and his gold watch, and had also relieved the mate of his watch.

"About noon it appeared to be very quiet on deck, we having been between decks ever since the real searching party came on board. We all agreed not to go on deck again and to make resistance with sticks of wood if they attempted to come down, determined to sell our lives as dearly as possible. Being somewhat curious, I thought I'd peep up and see what they were doing; as I did so, a cocked pistol was pressed to my head, and I was ordered to come on deck and went, expecting to be thrown overboard. One took me by the collar and held me out at arm's length to plunge a knife into me. I looked him right in the eye and he dropped his knife and ordered me to get the doors of the forecastle which were below. I went down and got them, but they did not seem to understand how they were to be used, and they made me come up and ship them. There were three of them and as I was letting the last one in I caught the gleam of a cutlass being drawn, so taking the top of the door on my stomach, I turned a quick somersault and went down head first into the forecastle. The cutlass came down, but did not find me; it went into the companionway quite a depth.

Then they hauled the slide over and fastened it, and we were all locked below.

"They fastened the aft companionway leading down into the cabin, locking our officers below as well. From noises that came from overhead, we were convinced that the pirates had begun a work of destruction. All running rigging, including tiller ropes, was cut, sails slashed into ribbons, spars cut loose, ship's instruments and all movable articles on which they could lay their hands were demolished, the yards were tumbled down and we could hear the main-boom swinging from side to side. They then, as appears by later developments, filled the caboose or cook's galley, with combustibles, consisting of tar, tarred rope-yarn, oakum, etc., setting fire to the same, and lowered the dismantled mainsail so that it rested on top of the caboose.

"In this horrible suspense we waited for an hour or more when all became quiet save the wash of the sea against the brig. All this time the crew had been cooped up in the darkness of the forecabin, of course unable to speculate as to what would be the next move of the enemy, or how soon death would come to each and all of us.

"Finally at about three o'clock in the afternoon, Thomas Fuller came running forward and informed us that the pirates were leaving the ship. One after another of the crew made their way to the cabin and on peering out of the two small stern windows saw the pirates pulling for the schooner. Captain Butman was at this time standing on the cabin table, looking out from a small skylight, the one means of egress the pirates had neglected to fasten. We told him that from the odor of smoke, we believed they had fired the brig. He said he knew it and ordered us to remain quiet. He then stepped down from the table and for several moments knelt in prayer, after which he calmly told us to go forward and he would call us when he wanted us.

"We had not been in the forecastle long before he called us back, and directed that we get all buckets under deck and fill them with water from casks in the hold. On our return he again opened the skylight and drew himself up on deck. We then handed him a small bucket of water, and he crept along the rail in the direction of the caboose, keeping well under the rail in order to escape observation from the schooner. The fire was just breaking through the top of the caboose when he arrived in time to throw several handfuls of water on top so as to keep it under. This he continued to do for a long time, not daring to extinguish it immediately lest the pirates should notice the absence of smoke and know that their plan for our destruction had been frustrated.

"When the fire had been reduced to a reasonable degree of safety, he came and opened the aft companionway and let us all up. The schooner, being a fast sailer, was in the distance about hull down. The fire in the caboose was allowed to burn in a smouldering condition for perhaps a half-hour or more, keeping up a dense smoke. By this time the pirate schooner was well nigh out of sight, or nearly topsails under, to the eastward. On looking about us, we found the *Mexican* in a bad plight, all sails, halyards and running gear were cut, headsails dragging in the water, and on account of the tiller ropes being cut loose, the brig was rolling about in the trough of the sea. We at once set to work repairing damages as speedily as possible and before dark had bent new sails and repaired our running gear to a great extent.

"Fortunately through the shrewdness and foresight of Captain Butman, our most valuable ship instruments, compass, quadrant, sextant, etc., had escaped destruction. It seems that immediately on discovering the true character of the stranger, he had placed them in the steerage and covered them with a quantity of oakum. This the pirates somehow overlooked in

their search, although they passed and repassed it continually during their visit.

"The brig was then put before the wind, steering north, and as by the intervention of Divine Providence, a strong wind came up, which before dark developed into a heavy squall with thunder and lightning, so we let the brig go before the fury of the wind, not taking in a stitch of canvas. We steered north until next morning, when the brig's course was altered, and we stood due west, tacking off and on several courses for a day or two, when finally a homeward course was taken which was kept up until we reached Salem, October 12, 1832."

Thus ends the narrative of able seaman, John Battis. If the valor of Captain Butman and his crew be questioned, in that they made no resistance, it must be remembered that they were under the guns of the pirate which could have sunk the *Mexican* at the slightest sign of trouble aboard the brig. And although the decks of the *Mexican* were not stained with the slaughter of her crew, it is certain that her captors expected to burn them alive. These nineteenth century pirates were not a gentle brood, even though they did not always make their victims walk a plank. In 1829, only three years before the capture of the *Mexican*, the brig *New Priscilla* of Salem was found apparently abandoned within a day's sail of Havana. The boarding party from the ship that sighted her found a boy of Salem, a lad in his teens, spiked to the deck, an act of wanton torture committed after every other soul on board had been thrown overboard.

The capture of the pirates of the *Mexican* was an extraordinary manifestation of the long arm of Justice. A short time after the return of the brig to Salem, the ship *Gleaner* sailed for the African coast. Her commander, Captain Hunt happened to carry with him a copy of the *Essex Register* which under a date of October, 1832, contained the statement of

Captain Butman in which he described in detail the model, rig and appearance of the pirate schooner. Captain Hunt perused the statement with lively interest and without doubt kept a weather eye out for a rakish black schooner with a white streak, as he laid his course to the southward. He touched at the island of St. Thomas and while at anchor in the harbor saw a topsail schooner come in from seaward. The stranger anchored near-by, and Captain Hunt sat on his quarter-deck with a copy of the *Essex Register* in his fist. The more he studied, first the journal and then the schooner, the stronger grew his suspicions that this was the sea robber which had gutted the *Mexican*. There was her "large main-top-mast, but with no yards or sail on it," "her mainsail very square at the head, sails made with split cloth and all new," and "the large gun on a pivot amidships," the brass twelve-pounders gleaming from her side, and "about seventy men who appeared to be chiefly Spaniards and mulattos."

Having digested these facts, Captain Hunt went ashore and confided in an old friend. These two invented an excuse for boarding the schooner, and there on the deck they spied two spars painted black which had been stolen from the *Mexican*. Captain Butman had told Captain Hunt about these black spars before they parted in Salem. The latter at once decided to slip his cable that night, take the *Gleaner* to sea and run down to the nearest station where he might find English war vessels. There was a leak somewhere, for just before dark, the suspicious schooner made sail and under a heavy press of canvas fled for the open sea. As she passed within hailing distance of the *Gleaner* a hoarse voice shouted in broken English that if he ventured to take his brig to sea that night, he and his crew would have their throats slit before daylight.

Captain Hunt stayed in harbor, but his chagrin was lightened when he saw a British frigate come in almost before the schooner

had sailed beyond sight. Manning a boat he hurried aboard the frigate, and told her commander what he knew about the *Mexican* and what he more than guessed about the rakish schooner. The frigate put about and made sail in chase but the pirate eluded her in the night and laid a course for the African coast.

Shortly after this, the British war brig *Curlew*, Captain Henry D. Trotter, was cruising on the west coast of Africa, and through the officers of the frigate which had chased the pirate out off St. Thomas, she received the story of the *Mexican* and a description of the schooner. Captain Trotter cogitated and recalled the appearance of a schooner he had recently noticed at anchor in the River Nazareth on the African coast where slavers were wont to hover. The description seemed to fit so closely that the *Curlew* sailed at once to investigate. When she reached the mouth of the river, Captain Trotter with a force of forty men in boats went upstream, and pulled alongside the schooner at daybreak, ready to take her by storm. The pirates, however, scrambled into their own boats, after setting fire to their schooner and escaped to the shore where they took refuge in the swamps and could not be found. A few days after a prize crew had been put aboard the schooner she was accidentally blown up, killing two officers and two men of the *Curlew*. The mysterious rakish schooner therefore vanishes from the story with a melodramatic finale.

The stranded pirates meantime had sought the protection of a native king, who promised to surrender them when the demand came from Captain Trotter. After much difficulty, four of the pirates were taken in this region. Five more were captured after they had fled to Fernando Po, and the vigilance of the British navy swelled the list with seven more of the ruffians who were run down at St. Thomas. The pirates were first taken to England, and surrendered to the United States

Government for trial in 1834. On August twenty-seventh of that year the British brig of war *Savage* entered Salem harbor with a consignment of sixteen full-fledged pirates to be delivered to the local authorities.

There was not a British flag in Salem, and the informal reception committee was compelled to ask the British commander for an ensign which might be raised on shore in honor of the visit. The pirates were landed at Crowninshield's Wharf and taken in carriages to the Town Hall. Twelve of them, all handcuffed together, were arraigned at the bar for examination, and "their plea of not guilty was reiterated with great vociferation and much gesticulation and heat." One of them, Perez, had confessed soon after capture, and his statement was read. The *Pinda*, for so the schooner was named, had sailed from Havana with the intention of making a slaving voyage to Africa. When twenty days out they fell in with an American brig (the *Mexican*), which they boarded with pistols and knives. After robbing her, they scuttled and burned an English brig, and then sailed for Africa.

"The hall was crowded to suffocation," says the *Salem Gazette* of that date, "with persons eager to behold the visages of a gang of pirates, that terror and bugbear of the inhabitants of a navigating community. It is a case, so far as we recollect, altogether without precedent to have a band of sixteen pirates placed at the bar at one time and charged with the commission of the same crime."

The sixteen pirates of the *Pinda* were taken to Boston to await trial in the United States Court. While in prison they seem to have inspired as much sympathy as hostility. In fact, from all accounts they were as mild-mannered a band of cut-throats as ever scuttled a ship. A writer in the *Boston Post*, September 2, 1834, has left these touches of personal description:

"Having heard a terrific description of the Spaniards now

confined in Leverett Street jail on a charge of piracy, we availed ourselves of our right of *entree* and took a birdseye glance at the monsters of the deep but were somewhat surprised to find them small and ordinary looking men, extremely civil and good-natured, with a free dash of humor in their conversation and easy indifference to their situation. The first in importance as well as in appearance is the Captain, Pedro Gibert, a Castilian 38 years old, and the son of a merchant. In appearance he did not come quite up to our standard for the leader of a brave band of buccaneers, although a pleasant and rather a handsome mariner."

Captain Pedro Gibert is further described as having "a round face, ample and straight nose, and a full but not fierce black eye." Francisco Ruiz the carpenter, was "only five feet three inches high, and though not very ferocious of aspect will never be hung for his good looks." Antonio Farrer, a native African had several seams on his face resembling sabre gashes. These were tattoo marks, on each cheek a chain of diamond-shaped links, and branded on the forehead to resemble an ornamental band or coronet." With a red handkerchief bound about his head Antonio must have been ferocious in action.

In October, November, 1835, the trial was begun before Justice Joseph Story and District Judge John Davis. The prisoners at the bar were Captain Gibert, Bernado de Soto, first mate; Francisco Ruiz, Nicola Costa, Antonio Ferrer, Manuel Boyga, Domingo de Guzman, Juan Antonio Portana, Manuel Castillo, Angel Garcia, Jose Velasquez, and Juan Montenegro. Manuel Delgado was not present. He had committed suicide in the Boston jail some time before.

The pirates conducted themselves with a dignity and courage that showed them to be no mongrel breed of outlaw, and their finish was worthy of better careers. The trial lasted two weeks and the evidence, both direct and circumstantial was of the

strongest kind against seven of the pirates. Five were acquitted after proving to the satisfaction of the jury that they had not been on board the *Pinda* at the time of the *Mexican* affair. Thomas Fuller of Salem was a witness, and he upset the decorum of the court in a scandalous manner. When asked to identify the prisoners he stepped up to one of them and shouted:

"You're the scoundrel that was first over the rail and you knocked me endwise with the flat of a cutlass. Take that."

The impetuous young witness caught the prisoner on the jaw with a fist like an oaken billet and drove him spinning across the room by way of emphatic identification.

Before sentence was pronounced Captain Gibert rose and said in Spanish:

"I am innocent of the crime—I am innocent." With that he presented a statement drawn up by himself in a "remarkably well written hand" which he desired might be read. After denouncing the traitor Perez, who had turned State's evidence, the captain stated that Delgado, before he had cut his throat in jail, had avowed his determination to commit suicide because his extorted and false confession had involved the lives of his companions. He alleged that his boatswain had been poisoned by Captain Trotter on Fernando Po for denying the robbery, and had exclaimed just before his death:

"'The knaves have given me poison. My entrails are burning,' after which he expired foaming at the mouth."

The first mate, de Soto, presented a paper addressed to the presiding "Senor," in which he protested his innocence, "before the tribunal, before the whole universe, and before the Omnipotent Being." He went on to say that he was born at Corunna where his father was an administrator of the ecclesiastical rank; that he had devoted himself to the study of navigation from the age of fourteen, and at twenty-two had "by dint of assiduity

passed successfully through his examinations and reached the grade of captain, or first pilot, in the India course. He had shortly after espoused the daughter of an old and respectable family."

(At this point the clerk, Mr. Childs became much affected, shed tears and was obliged for a time to resign the reading of the document to Mr. Bodlam.)

The memorial of Bernado de Soto closed in this wise:

"Nevertheless I say no more than that they (the witnesses) have acted on vain presumption and I forgive them. But let them not think it will be so with my parents and my friends who will cry to God continually for vengeance on those who have sacrificed my life while innocent."

Manuel Castillo, the Peruvian, "who had a noble Rolla countenance," exclaimed with upraised hands:

"I am innocent in the presence of the Supreme Being of this Assembly, and of the Universe. I swear it and I desire the court will receive my memorial."

The mate de Soto obtained a respite after telling the following story which investigation proved to be true:

He had been master of a vessel which made a voyage from Havana to Philadelphia in 1831, and was consigned to a "respectable house there." During the return voyage to Havana he discovered the ship *Minerva* ashore on one of the Bahama reefs, and on fire. The passengers and crew were clinging to the masts and yards. He approached the wreck at great danger to himself and vessel and took off seventy-two persons, whom he carried safely to Havana. He was presented with a silver cup by the insurance office at Philadelphia as token of their appreciation of his bravery and self-sacrifice. The ship *Minerva* belonged in Salem, and the records showed that the rescue performed by de Soto had been even more gallant than he pictured it to the Court. For this service to humanity he

escaped the death penalty for his later act of piracy and was subsequently pardoned by President Andrew Jackson.

When his comrades were called for sentence by Judge Story they showed the same firmness, self-possession and demeanor of innocence which had marked their conduct throughout the trial. The death sentence for the crime of piracy on the high seas was announced in these words:

“The sentence is that you and each of you, for the crime whereof you severally stand convicted, be severally decreed, taken and adjudged to be pirates and felons, and that each of you be severally hung by the neck until you be severally dead. And that the marshal of this District of Massachusetts or his Deputy, do on peril of what may fall thereon, cause execution to be done upon you and each of you severally on the 11th day of March next ensuing, between the hours of 9 and 12 of the same day; that you be now taken from hence to the jail in Boston in the District aforesaid, from whence you came; there or in some other safe and convenient jail within the District to be closely kept until the day of execution; and from thence to be taken on the day appointed for the execution as aforesaid to the place aforesaid; there to be hanged until you are severally dead. I earnestly recommend to each of you to employ the intermediate period in sober reflection upon your past life, and conduct, and by prayers and penitence and religious exercises to seek the favor of Almighty God for any sins and crimes which you may have committed. And for this purpose I earnestly recommend to you to seek the aid and assistance of the Ministers of our holy religion of the denominations of Christians to which you severally belong. And in bidding you, so far as I can presume to know, an eternal farewell, I offer up my earnest prayer that Almighty God may in his infinite goodness, have mercy on your souls.”

The *Salem Gazette* records that “after the sentence was read

in English by the Judge, it was translated into Spanish. Captain Gibert did not waver a particle from his most extraordinary firmness of manner, and the commanding dignity of all his movements. The muscles of de Soto's face quivered, and he seemed subdued. Castillo looked the same high scorn with which he appears to have regarded the whole proceeding. The rest gave no particular indication of their feelings. The Judge ordered the prisoners to be remanded and they were ironed and carried out of court, the crowd assembled being much excited by this moving scene. Immediately after pronouncing the sentence Judge Story left the court, appearing deeply affected by the painful duty which he has evidently most reluctantly performed under the highest sense of responsibility."

The local chronicle thus closes the story of the piracy of the *Mexican*, six months after the trial:

"Five of the pirates, the captain and four of the crew were executed this morning at half past ten. We have already mentioned the temporary reprieve of the mate de Soto on account of rescuing the crew of an American vessel, and of Ruiz, the carpenter, on the score of insanity. They were accompanied to the gallows by a Spanish priest, but none of them made any confession or expressed any contrition. They all protested their innocence to the last. Last night Captain Gibert was discovered with a piece of glass with which he intended to commit suicide. And one of the men (Boyga) cut his throat with a piece of tin, and was so much weakened by loss of blood that he was supported to the gallows, and seated in a chair on the drop when it fell. It would seem from their conduct that they retained hopes of pardon to the last moment."

De Soto, the mate, who escaped the noose, returned to Cuba and was for many years in the merchant marine in those waters. More than a generation after the *Mexican* affair, a Salem shipmaster, Captain Nicholas Snell, had occasion to take

a steamer that traded between Havana and Matanzas. He had attended the trial of the pirates in Boston and he recognized the captain of the steamer as de Soto. The former buccaneer and the Salem captain became friends and before they parted de Soto related the story of the *Pinda's* voyage. He said that he had shipped aboard her at Havana where she was represented as a slaver. Once at sea, however, he discovered that the *Pinda* was a pirate, and that he must share her fortune. He frankly discussed the capture of the *Mexican*, and threw an unholy light upon the character of Captain Gibert. The night after the capture the officers of the *Pinda* were drinking recklessly in the cabin, and one of the mates held up his glass of rum and shouted: "Here's to the squirming Yankees."

The captain had taken it for granted that the crew of the *Mexican* had been killed to a man before the brig was set on fire, and when the truth came out, he was fairly beside himself. With black oaths he sprang on deck, put his vessel about, and for two days cruised in search of the *Mexican*, swearing to slay every man on board if he could overhaul her in order to insure the safety of his own precious neck. In truth, that gale with thunder and lightning before which the *Mexican* drove all that thick night was seaman John Battis' "intervention of Divine Providence."

When the word was brought to Salem that de Soto was to be found on the Cuban coast, more than one Salem skipper, when voyaging to Havana or Matanzas, took the trouble to find the former pirate and spin a yarn or two with him over a cool glass and a long, black cigar.

CHAPTER XXIX

GENERAL FREDERICK TOWNSEND WARD *

(Leader of the Chinese "Ever Victorious Army")

THE career of Frederick Townsend Ward flashes across the later day history of Salem like a meteor. After a youth crowded with astonishing adventure this merchant sailor and soldier of fortune became the organizer and first leader of the "Ever Victorious Army" of the Chinese Imperial forces in the Tai-ping Rebellion and was killed while storming a walled city at the head of his troops in his thirtieth year. So memorable were his services in this, the most disastrous armed conflict of modern times, that to this day his ashes which rest at Sung Kiang, are yearly honored by offerings of incense and solemn rites. A temple and a shrine mark his burial place and by an edict of their Emperor the Chinese people are commanded forever to worship and do reverence to the spirit of this foreign soldier who died ten thousand miles away from the New England seaport in which he was born and where his forefathers sleep.

* This sketch of the life of Frederick Townsend Ward is taken for the most part, from the Essex Institute Historical Collections, Vol. XLIV, Jan. 1908, to which Hon. Robert S. Rantoul contributed a most complete and authoritative account of General Ward's family history and achievements. Mr. Rantoul included also the Chinese decrees, and other documentary material which are made use of as Chapter XXX of this book, and the author desires to make clear his obligations, both to the researches and literary labor of Mr. Rantoul and to the Essex Institute for permission to make use of this material as properly belonging in a record of the deeds of the Salem men of seafaring stock and training.

In this extraordinary man were focused at white heat the spirit of high adventure and the compelling desire to seek far distant seas and play the game of life for high stakes which had made Salem famous in her golden age. Frederick Townsend Ward came of old seafaring stock which had fought and sailed through one generation after another for more than two centuries of Salem history. As far away as 1639 his ancestor, Miles Ward, had been a commissioned officer at the siege of Louisburg and had served with Wolfe at the storming of Quebec. His paternal grandfather, Gamaliel Hodges Ward, of a family of fifteen children, had one brother who served as a lieutenant in the American navy during the War of 1812 and another who was naval officer of the Port of Salem. This grandfather married Priscilla Lambert Townsend, thus uniting three strains of militant seafaring blood. Captain Moses Townsend had died in England as a prisoner of war during the Revolution, his son of fifteen sharing his captivity as a patriotic seaman. On the records of the Salem Marine Society, founded in 1766, are the names of nine Wards and three Lamberts, and among the members of the Salem East India Marine Society are to be found six Wards, six Hodges and a Townsend all of whom must have doubled Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope as shipmasters or supercargoes in order to qualify for admission to the Society.

The father of Frederick Townsend Ward was a shipmaster and the son born in 1831 passed his boyhood in Salem at a time when, although the world-wide commerce had begun to ebb, the old town still had its schools of navigation, its nautical instrument dealers, its shipyards and ropewalks, its East India warehouses, its sailors' lodging houses, dance halls and slop shops crowded along the water front. The wharves were still thronged with the activities of voyagers inbound from and outbound to the uttermost parts of the earth. Although the railroads had begun to build up the larger deep water ports and

to sap the life of such lesser ports as Salem, yet even in those days to be born in Salem was to be born a sailor. The harbor still knew the fleets which kept it in touch with scores of remote and romantic ports and the marvelous tales of sea-tanned sailors tempted boyhood to dream of exploring regions little known in books.

"The stick the schoolboy whittled shaped itself into a hull, a rudder, a bowsprit or a boom. When in school he drew lines on his slate to relieve the tedium of the rule of three, his sketches took form in yards and shrouds and bob-stays. Give him a box of water colors and the private signals of the East India merchants were its earliest products. If he were too little to pull a pair of oars, he sculled a dory with one, and he was no more than in breeches when he knew every ring-bolt, block and gasket from cut-water to stern-post of the East Indiamen discharging at Derby Wharf. If he could muster a few shillings, some kindly mariner took charge of them as a venture and brought him home in a twelve month or so their value trebled in nutmegs or pepper-corns or gum copal. If, on leaving school, he did not ship before the mast he tried to sail as cabin boy or ship's clerk, or supercargo.

"When he had won his fight on the sea and came at last to live in comfort on shore, if he built himself a den in which to doze and smoke and read and chat, it was apt to be shaped like a ship's cabin, to have a swinging light overhead, transoms for bunks, and spyglass, compass and barometer handy. The dust and cobwebs under the eaves of his attic concealed camphor and cedar trunks stuffed with camel's hair shawls, pongee silks and seersucker suits. A log or two of sandalwood, brought home for dunnage, might sizzle on the andirons and fill his house with the spicy breath of Arabia.

"When a family returned from residence in foreign lands it was not unusual for them to bring Chinese cooks, nurse maids

and house servants. The high-bred Parsee merchant with his lofty head-dress of figured taffeta and buckram was no stranger in Salem, nor was the turbanned Indian or Arab unknown."

Such was the atmosphere in which young Frederick Townsend Ward was reared and the spirit of the place lured his daring and romantic fancy to dream of enterprises on blue water. He sailed in all kinds of small craft about Salem harbor before he was in his teens and was noted as the boldest lad and best seaman of the company of ardent friends whom he chose as his companions. He sought and found employment at sea when he was no more than fifteen years old and it sounds extraordinary in these times to learn that at this age he went out on his first voyage as second mate of the clipper ship *Hamilton* bound from New York to China. This stripling mate of fifteen years was placed in a position of authority over his watch of rugged fore-castle hands, some of whom had been going to sea before he was born. Young Ward's father was known as a stern disciplinarian of the quarterdeck, and the son won a reputation for the same quality of resourceful manhood. His captain found him to be a smart, efficient and capable officer and so reported him to the owners of the ship. At eighteen years of age he was first mate of the ship *Russell Glover* commanded by his father, on a voyage from New York to San Francisco. In the latter port the ship was laid up for a long time and young Ward was kept on board as ship-keeper. His impetuous temperament could not long endure such monotony as this and it was at San Francisco that he forsook the sea for a time to lose himself in a haze of stormy adventures as a soldier of fortune in Spanish American countries. It is known that during this period he gained the friendship of Garibaldi, who for eleven years previous to 1848 had been fighting in behalf of the revolutionary cause of Brazil.

In 1851, at the age of twenty, the family records show that Ward was sailing as first mate of a bark from San Francisco to



Frederick J. Ward,

Shanghai where he left the ship and took a berth for a short time, on board one of the vessels moored in the river to prevent opium smuggling. In the following year he appears in the American merchant service once more as first mate of the ship *Gold Hunter* from Shanghai to Tehuantepec.

Upon reaching Nicaragua his restless temperament must have impelled him to leave the quarter-deck, for somewhat later than this he joined a filibustering expedition of William Walker. The tragic history of this attempt to found an empire in Central America need not be told in detail. If Walker had succeeded he would have been called a man of military genius and a farsighted maker of destinies. He was shot by order of a drum-head court martial at daybreak on September 3, 1860, and the shattered remnants of his force were brought home to New York in the United States ship *Wabash*.

Frederick Townsend Ward could not have remained long with Walker, however, for from Central America he made his way into Mexico and is said to have been offered a command in the Mexican army. His plans seem to have gone all wrong, for he set out penniless and alone to cross the country to lower California. Back in San Francisco once more he took a berth as first officer of the clipper ship *Westward Ho* of New York. It is claimed that between 1854 and 1856 Ward was on the *Crimea* as lieutenant in the French army, fighting against the Russians. His sister has related that she was at boarding school during that period and that Frederick called on her there to take his leave, as he told her, "on his way to the Crimean War," but the dates are conflicting.

This page of his life, like those immediately preceding it, is more or less vague so far as details are concerned. It is certain, however, that Frederick Townsend Ward was picking up here and there as a soldier of fortune a knowledge of men and of military matters which were to stand him in service when the

grand chance offered. He landed at Shanghai in the autumn of 1859, probably as first mate of an American sailing ship. He was without money, without influence and without prospects, but he was determined to carve a place for himself among the Chinese people. The Tai-ping Rebellion had begun in 1851 and had raged for eight years when Ward landed at Shanghai. This tremendous upheaval which was to continue six more years, and to cost the lives of twenty millions of Chinese, was threatening Shanghai and repeated attempts had been made to invest and capture this great port of foreign commerce and shipping.

The Imperial Government had been unable to make effective headway against the vast hordes of rebels who had flocked to the standards of the Rebel leader, who called himself the "Heavenly King of the Great Dynasty of the Heavenly Kingdom." By 1860 the Tai-pings had swept across the populous and fertile regions of two of the three watercourses of China and their chief end now was to regain the mastery of the Yang-tsze Kiang. The destruction of property and population within the three months since their sally from the captured metropolis of Nanking, revived the stories told of the devastation caused by Attila and Tamerlane. In August of this year Shanghai was threatened by a force of somewhat less than twenty thousand rebels and would have been captured if it had not been protected by British and French troops landed to protect the foreign interests of the port.

Ward was twenty-seven years old at this time and found his first employment as an officer on one of the river steamers which plied up and down the Yang-tsze. He showed his mettle while engaged in this traffic, for a merchant of Shanghai who took passage on Ward's steamer, relates that she grounded and was in danger of capture by Chinese pirates. The captain believed that destruction was so certain that he

talked of suicide. Ward took his place, put heart into the crew, stood the pirates off and got the steamer afloat.

Meanwhile the foreign merchants and bankers of Shanghai were working hand in hand with the natives to strengthen the defense of the city. Large amounts of money were raised to equip gunboats and artillery and a foreign contingent was drilling as a volunteer infantry force. Ward obtained a commission as first officer of the American-built gunboat *Confucius*, which was one of a flotilla organized to fight the rebels on the water. His commander, Captain Gough, made young Ward acquainted with an influential Chinese banker, Taki, who co-operated in behalf of the Chinese Imperial Government with the foreign residents of Shanghai who were furnishing arms and gunboats and money to attack the rebels. Ward made a brilliant record as a fighting officer in this gunboat service and won the admiration and confidence of this Taki, who was the confidential adviser of Li Hung Chang, then fast coming into prominence as the strong man of the demoralized Manchu Government at Peking.

Douglas, the British biographer of Li Hung Chang, has placed it to the credit of the great Viceroy that he should have been astute enough to recognize the ability of this young American wanderer who appeared upon the scene from nowhere in particular. This writer states that Ward was given employment as a military officer by the Association of Patriotic Merchants of Shanghai "at Li's instigation." It is certain that Ward did not let the grass grow under his feet. The Imperialists were in desperate straits and were seeking foreign aid. Wasting no words, Ward submitted a proposition to the Government through Taki, that he would, for a large cash price, undertake the capture of Sung Kiang, the capital city of the Shanghai district, and a great rebel stronghold, a few miles up the Yangtze. Once in possession of Sung Kiang he would make it his

headquarters for operations by land and water, as a diversion to draw the Tai-pings away from Shanghai.

This audacious proposition was accepted and funds were granted to make a beginning. A company of one hundred foreigners was enlisted by Ward, his recruits being picked from among the deserters and discharged seamen and other desperate riffraff of the naval and merchant fleets. With this handful of men hammered into some kind of discipline and well armed, Ward led the way to the walls of Sung Kiang beyond which the rebels were mustered in thousands. A desperate assault was made, but Ward had no artillery and could not batter a breach in the great walls. His men tried to take the place by a straight assault, but were beaten back, the motley legion badly cut up, and compelled to straggle back to Shanghai.

Ward paid off and discharged this company and recruited his next force largely from among the native sailors of Manila who were always to be found in Shanghai. With only two white officers and less than one hundred men the American adventurer made a second attack on the rebel stronghold and surprising the garrison at night managed to open one of the gates and charge into the city. The Tai-pings were unable to withstand the headlong assault of this small column and surrendered the place, which was looted and the plunder given to the men who had captured it.

Ward had carried out his contract and the Chinese Imperial Treasurer paid him his price. He had established a base and a fortress to hold and there were funds in his war chest. His success attracted many capable foreign fighting men and his force grew until General Frederick Townsend Ward was able to organize a formidable body of drilled soldiers to which the name of Chang-Shing Kiun, or "Ever Victorious Force," was given by the Chinese. Its composition was heterogeneous, but the energy, tact and discipline of the leader soon molded it into

something like a martial corps, able to serve as a nucleus for training a native army.

"Foreigners generally looked down upon the undertaking and many of the allied naval and military officers regarded it with doubt and dislike. It had to prove its character by works, but the successive defeats of the insurgents during the year 1862 at Kiangsu and Chehkiang clearly demonstrated the might of those drilled men over ten times their number of undisciplined braves.

"Soon after his first success General Ward decided to move against Tsing-pu, a Rebel stronghold thirty miles from his base. The flower of his fighting force for this expedition consisted of five drill-masters and twenty-five deserters, mostly English, whom he had secretly enlisted at Shanghai. Added to these was his small command of Manila-men, now two hundred in number and a body of five thousand Chinese from the highly paid, picked troops of the foremost Chinese general, Li Ai Tang, a corps distinguished by the title of "Imperial Braves."*

In September of 1861 Ward launched this force against Tsing-pu, which was garrisoned by two thousand rebels, who were commanded by a brilliant English officer named Savage. The defense conducted by this opposing soldier of fortune was so successful that Ward's little army was crumpled up by volleys of musketry poured from the walls and totally defeated in an engagement which lasted not more than a quarter of an hour. Half of the attacking force was killed or wounded and Ward himself was five times hit by bullets. While he was under the surgeon's care in Shanghai he gave it out that his force had been disbanded because the foreign allies set up the claim that he had been guilty of a breach of neutrality. His enlistments and drills went on in secret, however, and his chief supporter, Taki, put him in possession of several batteries of artillery.

* The Middle Kingdom, by S. Wells Williams.

When Ward was allowed to leave the hospital he mustered all the men he could find of his old corps and made ready to take the field. Again he sallied out against Tsing-pu, but the second attack was even more disastrous than the first. He lost his guns and his gunboats and many of his men and returned to his headquarters at Sung Kiang beaten and discredited. Taki, representing the Imperial Government, had lost confidence in Ward as a soldier, but Li Hung Chang still had faith in him and was ready to support him in further movements.

Ward's funds were at a low ebb at this time, for Admiral Sir James Hope, of the British Navy, put him under arrest and held him a close prisoner on the flagship *Chesapeake*. The Admiral made an effort to bring Ward to trial on the charge of recruiting deserters from the British Navy, but the American soldier proved that he was a naturalized subject of China and the Admiral had no other resource than to keep this troublesome interloper a prisoner on board the flagship. He made his escape by jumping overboard and swimming ashore. After a series of thrilling adventures he once more returned to the task of recruiting British deserters for his garrison at Sung Kiang.

The jealousy and animosities of the British and other foreign naval men soon led Ward to change his tactics and he bent his efforts to recruit a native force to be commanded by European officers and drilled in the European school of arms. Neither the Imperial Government of China, nor its European allies could take exceptions to these methods and Sung Kiang became a military school for the training of the first modern Chinese Army.

"On a personal inspection of the Camp of Instruction at Sung Kiang to which he had been invited, Sir James Hope was well received by the troops and reported favorably. He saw, for the first time in his life, a large force of native Chinamen paraded in European uniforms and showing themselves expert

in European drill. In view of such results and of the possibilities which they disclosed, he found it best to wink at the harboring of a few deserters from his fleet, and Ward was promised every facility in his new attempt.

"In the opening months of 1862 the time had come when the Allies were ready to throw off the mask of nominal neutrality, and to take open ground against the Rebellion. Humanity and civilization itself seemed to demand it. The Tai-ping movement was a little past its zenith, but still most disastrous to commerce and to the general interests of China as most foreigners saw them. The compact between the Imperialists and the Rebels had provided that the latter should not come within thirty miles of Shanghai and that the Allies should not interfere within that radius. It was limited to a year and the limit had expired. Ward at this time commanded a force of ten thousand men. He seems at last to have come to terms of perfect understanding with the authorities, both native and foreign.

"On February 21, 1862, General Ward took the offensive with a thousand men, supported by Admiral Hope and the French Admiral Protet, in a movement to enforce the observances of the thirty-mile limit. This movement involved many encounters and was a brilliant success. From it Ward won great credit for his courage and strategic sense, together with the high appreciation of both his naval supporters. Of the six thousand Rebels who were expected to make of the fortified town they were defending an impregnable fortress, a large part were captured and turned over to the mercies of the Shanghai Imperialists, who proceeded to decapitate them, with every circumstance of barbarity, in the public square of the city. Ward succeeded in arresting the slaughter as soon as it was brought to his knowledge.

"This victory was hailed with great enthusiasm, and earned for Ward's corps the compliments of an Imperial decree. Its

numbers were doubled, and Admiral Hope found it in his great heart to forgive his quondam prisoner and to praise him warmly. In March, 1862, a memorial to the British Consul-General from representative citizens of Shanghai, shows that progress was making, though slowly, for the relief of the port.

"At this time Ward discovered that the Rebel leaders were contracting for gunboats in the United States. On learning from him this fact, Li Hung Chang made an effective protest to the American Minister, and applauded the loyalty which prompted Ward's information and which defeated the Rebel plan. But gunboats and implements of war were a necessity to both parties and Ward, through his brother who had joined him in China, and through his father, now a ship broker in New York, was in a position to supply the Imperialists with muskets, artillery and river steamers, and this he did.

"On April 26th, an attack was planned on a strong walled town twenty miles from Shanghai. A half-dozen armed steamers and transports furnished by the Allies, together with thirty little Chinese gunboats, moved up the river in support of Ward's force, which consisted of three battalions with howitzers, and of a body of three thousand Chinese troops. The city fell and was looted, mainly, it was charged, by French sailors.

"On May 6th, the English and French Admirals took their turn at the work and the French Admiral Protet, universally esteemed, was killed. A bronze statue commemorates the distinguished Frenchman at Shanghai, and Imperial honors were accorded him in an edict commanding gifts "to comfort the departed soul of the faithful," and sacrifices to be arranged by Li Hung Chang, "to the *manes* of the French Admiral." A detachment of the "Ever Conquering Legion" was present at the military mass celebrated in his honor at the Cathedral of Shanghai.

"On May 13th, Ward made his fourth attempt to capture

Tsing-pu and this time with complete success. No looting was permitted. Ward received in hand the stipulated thirty thousand taels as the price of this important capture, returning at the head of his victorious troops to the Sung Kiang headquarters. He had now equipped his men with arms bought from the English Army in India and with Prussian rifles. He had been supported in this attack by English and French troops and by a French gunboat carrying a heavy rifled gun which, after a three hours' bombardment, effected a breach and let in his force. But his men were later dislodged by an overwhelming Rebel horde, after a most creditable defense.

"General Ward and his troops earned great distinction in an action on May 19th. Ward's ambition at this time seems to have been to lead a corps of twenty-five thousand men of all arms, and to be empowered by the Emperor to operate with a free hand, independently of English and French Allies, and to be responsible directly to him. The *London Times*, in a notice of his death, intimates that he had achieved this object.

"At last, in August, 1862, he started out without support for a fifth attack upon the stronghold of Tsing-pu. A reward was offered for the first man to enter the city and a Manila-man, Macanaya, General Ward's devoted aid-de-camp, secured it. The 'Legion' succeeded at last in taking and holding the town. Probably this was the action so feelingly described by the one great captain among all the hosts enlisted under the Rebel flag. He complains that Li Hung Chang was employing "devil soldiers" against him, and found it necessary to march in person against these "Foreign Devils" at the head of ten thousand picked men. "Imagine it," he says, "a thousand devils keeping in check my ten thousand men! Who could put up with such a thing!"

"Ward's relations with Taki were at this time most cordial, and they were now joint owners of two American-built gunboats.

With other gunboats chartered by them, the banker and General Ward—he was now a Chinese Admiral as well—fitted out an expedition against the river pirates. Bombarding failed to dislodge them from their stockades, but Ward disembarked a force and they fled before him.

“Ward’s success in disciplining the Chinese was beginning to stimulate the Allies. The French in turn raised a native legion and put a French officer at the head of it, and when an expedition was organized against a force of Rebels threatening Ning Po, with the support of Captain Rhoderick Dhu commanding the *Encounter* whose draught of water forbade a near approach, a French lieutenant leading a corps of the new Franco-Chinese contingent was taken into action on board the river boat *Confucius*, while Ward’s men, in equal numbers, were towed in launches up the river by the British gunboat *Hardy*. At the end of a six hours’ struggle Ward fell back with the loss of eight officers and a hundred and fifty men. Next day the attack was renewed with success and the Rebels fled to Tsz Ki.”

The story now approaches the closing scene of Ward’s career. He was now ordered to Ning Po to take command. The order reached him at dusk. Late as the hour was, he at once paraded his troops, reviewed them, and expressed the highest satisfaction with accouterments and drill. He was never to marshal them again. More devoted following no captain ever had. It was their pride to be known as “Ward’s disciplined Chinese.” He reached Ning Po with only the life-guard of Manila-men who were always near him, and at once made his dispositions for driving the Rebels out of Tsz Ki.

On the morning of September 20th he took five or six hundred men up the river and opened an attack on the fort at Tsz Ki with howitzers. A storming party passed him on its approach to the wall it was to scale, and he said to Captain Cook who led it: “You must do it with a rush, or we shall fail, for they

are very numerous.” He was shot and carried to the rear before the scaling ladders could be placed. His command was largely made up of troops which were strangers to him, and it has been hinted that he may have been shot by his own men. The assault prevailed. Tsz Ki fell, and the Legion held the town.

Ward’s comrade in arms, Forrester, has thus described the closing scene:

““We now turned our attention to Tsz Ki. Ward being anxious to capture the city with the least possible delay, we started out together to reconnoitre the field. We had become so accustomed to the enemy’s fire that we had grown somewhat careless. While we were standing together inspecting the position Ward put his hand suddenly to his side and exclaimed: ‘I have been hit.’ A brief investigation showed that the wound was a serious one, and I had him carried on board the *Hardy* where surgical attendance was promptly given. I then held a consultation with the officers of the expedition. It was decided to carry out Ward’s plan and attack the city at once. Ladders were quickly thrown across the moat which were then drawn over and placed against the walls, and, before the garrison fully recognized what we were about, our troops were in possession of the city.

““As soon as I had my troops properly housed and posted, I set out with General Ward for Ning Po. Arrived there, the General was removed to the house of Doctor Parker, a resident physician, and every precaution taken. But he had been gradually sinking, and he died that night.

““Early the next morning I ordered his body conveyed on board the *Confucius*, that we might reach Shanghai at the earliest possible moment. The captain of the boat (Lynch by name, afterwards with Semmes in the *Alabama*) proved insubordinate. At nine o’clock we were ten miles out at sea and short of coal. I had the captain put in irons and turned over

the command to the lieutenant. We were then in such a strong current that I gave up hope of getting the steamer back to Ning Po, determined rather to work our way to a port near Shanghai. By the middle of the afternoon we ran alongside a British ship flying Dent and Company's flag. I knew this firm to be warm supporters of the Imperial Government, and so had no hesitance in boarding the vessel and obtaining a supply of coal. The funeral of General Ward at Shanghai was a most impressive one. A great number of civil and military officers accompanied his body to Sung Kiang, where it was interred with great pomp, and enjoyed the extraordinary honor of a resting place in the Confucian Temple."

Captain Rhoderick Dhu, of the flagship *Encounter*, in transmitting Lieutenant Bogle's report of Ward's death to Sir James Hope, wrote: "It is now my painful duty to inform you that General Ward, while directing the assault, fell, mortally wounded. The *Hardy* brought him down the same evening to Ning Po, and he died the next morning in Doctor Parker's house. During a short acquaintance with General Ward I have learned to appreciate him much, and I fear his death will cast a gloom over the Imperial cause in China, of which he was the stay and prop."

How cordially Sir James responded to these generous sentiments from a gallant British sailor appears from his dispatch to Minister Burlingame, transmitting the announcement of Ward's death, which the American Minister embodied in his dispatch to Washington:

"I am sure you will be much grieved to hear of poor Ward's death. The Chinese Government have lost a very able and gallant servant, who has rendered them much faithful service, and whom it will not be easy for them to replace."

Of the events immediately following the death of Frederick Townsend Ward and the appointment of Colonel Peter Gordon

("Chinese" Gordon) to the command of the "Ever Victorious Legion," Dr. S. Wells Williams in his monumental work, *The Middle Kingdom*, writes as follows:

"The death of General Ward deprived the Imperialists of an able leader. The career of this man had been a strange one, but his success in training his men was endorsed by honorable dealings with the mandarins who had reported well of him at Peking. He was buried at Sung Kiang, where a shrine was erected to his memory and incense is burned before him to this day."

It was difficult to find a successor, and the command was entrusted to his second, an American named Burgevine, who was accepted by the Chinese, but proved to be incapable. He was superseded by Holland and Cooke, Englishmen, and in April, 1863, the entire command was placed under Colonel Peter Gordon of the British army.

"During the interval between May, 1860, when Ward took Sung Kiang, and April 6, 1863, when Gordon took Fushan, the best manner of combining native and foreign troops was gradually developed as they became more and more acquainted with each other and learned to respect discipline as an earnest of success. Such a motley force has seldom if ever been seen, and the enormous preponderance of Chinese troops would have perhaps been an element of danger had they been left idle for a long time. The bravery of the "Ever Victorious" force in the presence of the enemy had gradually won the confidence of the Allies, as well as the Chinese officials in whose pay it was; and when it operated in connection with the French and British contingent in driving the Tai-pings out of Ning Po prefecture, the real worth of Ward's drill was made manifest."

General Gordon won a far greater fame in China than Frederick Townsend Ward, but the Salem soldier of fortune might have done much bigger things than the inscrutable fates

permitted if he had been suffered to live his allotted years. He was cut off in the flower of his youth, in the flush and glory of romantic success against the most desperate odds, and he had played the game of life astonishingly well. Until death overtook Ward at thirty his career singularly paralleled that of "Chinese" Gordon. Gordon served as a lieutenant in the Crimean War before he was twenty; next acquitted himself most ably on the Russo-Turkish frontier in Asia; began his career in China at the age of twenty-seven and had won his fame in the Tai-ping Rebellion at thirty, when it was said of him in a letter presented to him by the foreign merchants of Shanghai:

"In a position of unequalled difficulty, and surrounded by complications of every possible nature, you have succeeded in offering to the eyes of the Chinese nation, no less by your loyal and disinterested line of action, than by your conspicuous gallantry and talent for organization and command, the example of a foreign officer serving the government of this country with honorable fidelity and undeviating self-respect."

CHAPTER XXX

CHINA'S TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF WARD

THAT the young American soldier, Frederick Townsend Ward, won the respect and admiration of the Chinese officials with whom he dealt and with their Government at Peking, is grateful proof to his countrymen that he was more than a swashbuckling, "soldier of fortune" or mere adventurer. The Chinese tributes to his memory were both eloquent and sincere, and as presented in official decrees make a unique tribute from an alien people, such as has been bestowed by China upon no other American. The death of Ward was conveyed to the notice of the Emperor of China by Li Hung Chang whose memorial read:

"Li Hung Chang, Governor of Kiangse, on the 6th day of the intercalary 8th moon, in the first year of the reign Tungche, memorializes the Throne. . . . It appears that Brigadier Ward is a citizen of New York, in the United States, who, in the tenth year of the reign Hienfung came to China. Afterwards he was employed by Wuhyu, Taotai of Shanghai, to take command of a contingent of men from India to follow the regular army in the attack on Kiating and Taet'sang, and twice to the capture of Sung Kiang, as well as to the repeated attack on Tsingpu, where, leading his officers and men, he was several times seriously wounded. Later, after the contingent of Indians had, by an Imperial decree been dismissed, Ward petitioned the Tautai, stating that he was willing to become a Chinese subject; whereupon Wuhyu retained him and gave him command of the Ever Victorious Army, to support the Imperial troops in the defence of Sung Kiang.

“In the first moon of the present year Ward defeated, with 500 troops, above 100,000 rebels at Yin-hai-pang, Tienmashan, and other places in the Prefecture of Sung Kiang. Thus with few he overcame the many; a meritorious deed that is very rare. Again he arranged for the destruction of the rebel fortifications of Kau Keaou, Sian t'ang, Chow-pu, Nanking, Cheling, Wang-keasze, and Lung-chuan, having the coöperation of British and French troops. From a petition of Wuhyu it appears that in the early part of spring of the present year, Sung Kiang and Shanghai were threatened by the rebels, and that the turning away of the danger and the maintenance of tranquillity in those places was chiefly due to the exertions of Ward.

“By Imperial favor he was repeatedly promoted—from the fourth rank with the peacock's feather to the decorations of the third rank, again to the rank of titular Futsiang, Brigadier, and again to Futsiang gazetted for employment in office; and praise was repeatedly bestowed on him by your Majesty's decree. From the time of the arrival of Your Majesty's Minister, Li Hung Chang, at Shanghai, to take charge of affairs, this Futsiang Ward was in all respects obedient to the orders he received, and whether he received orders to harass the city of Kinshwanei or to force back the rebels at Linho, he was everywhere successful. Still further, he bent all his energy on the recapture of Tsing-pu, and was absorbed in a plan for sweeping away the rebels from Soochan. Such loyalty and valor, issuing from his natural disposition, is extraordinary when compared with these virtues of the best officers of China; and among foreign officers it is not easy to find one worthy of equal honor.

“Your Majesty's Minister, Li Hung Chang, has already ordered Wuhyu and others to deck Ward's body with a Chinese uniform, to provide good sepulture, and to bury him at Sung Kiang, in order to complete the recompense for his valiant defence of the dynasty. Brigadier Ward's military services at

Sung Kiang and Ning Po are conspicuous. At this time he lost his life by a wound from a musket ball. We owe him our respect, and our deep regret. It is appropriate, therefore, to entreat that your Gracious Majesty do order the Board of Rites to take into consideration suitable posthumous rewards to be bestowed on him, Ward; and that both at Ning Po and at Sung Kiang sacrificial altars be erected to appease the manes of this loyal man.

"In addition to the communication made to the Tsungli Yamen, your memorialist, Li Hung Chang, consulted Tseng Kwo Fan, Governor General of the Two Kiang, and Tso-Tsung-Lang, Governor of Chehkiang, with regard to the recapture of Tsze Kee by the rebels, and their spying out the approaches to the city of Ning Po; also with regard to the newly appointed acting Taotai of Ning Po, She Chengeh, putting this city in a state of defence, and the levying of contributions at Shanghai, to be forwarded to Ning Po; and further, with regard to Brigadier Ward's recapture from the rebels of Tsz Ki, where he perished from a wound by a musket ball, and for which reason Your Majesty is entreated to bestow on him posthumous honours; and finally, with regard to dispatching with all haste this memorial, and laying it before Your Majesty's Sacred Glance for approval and further instruction."

With a promptness unusual in Oriental procedure, this memorial was followed in twelve days by the issue of an Imperial Edict, of which the record obtained for the Essex Institute at the Tsung-li-Yamen in Peking by the late Minister Conger, is as follows:

"The following Imperial Rescript was received on the 18th day of the Intercalary Eighth Moon of the First Year of the Reign of Tung Chih.

"Li Hung Chang in a memorial has acquainted Us of the death of Brigadier Ward, who perished from the effects of a

bullet-wound received at the capture of Tsz-Ki, and has asked Our sanction for the building of a temple to him as a sincere expression of Our sorrow at his death. Ward was a native of the United States of America. Having desired to become a Chinese subject, and offered his services to Us, he joined the Imperial Troops at Shanghai, and took Kading, Tai-Tsan, and Sung Kiang, and later defeated the rebels at Yin-hai-pang, Tien-ma-shan, and other parts, in the district of Sung Kiang. He also, in company with other foreign officers, destroyed the rebel fortifications at Kaou-Keaou and elsewhere. We, admiring his repeated victories, had been pleased to confer upon him special marks of Our favor, and to promote him to the rank of Futsiang gazetted for service.

“According to the present memorial of Li Hung Chang, Ward having learned of the designs upon Ning Po of the Chi-Kiang rebels who were in possession of Tsz-Ki, at once advanced with the Ever Victorious Army to destroy them. While in person conducting the movements he was fatally wounded in the chest by a rebel bullet fired from the top of the city wall. The bullet came out through his back. It grew dark to the General instantly, and he fell. The City of Tsz-Ki was already taken by his Ever Victorious Army. Ward returned to Ning-Po, where he died of his wound the next day.

“We have read the memorial, and feel that Brigadier Ward, a man of heroic disposition, a soldier without dishonor, deserves Our commendation and compassion. Li Hung Chang has already ordered Wu-Shi and others to attend to the proper rites of sepulture, and We now direct the two Prefects that special temples to his memory be built at Ning Po and Sung Kiang. Let this case still be submitted to the Board of Rites, who will propose to Us further honors so as to show our extraordinary consideration towards him, and also that his loyal spirit may rest in peace. This from the Emperor! Respect it!”

On October 27, 1862, Minister Burlingame forwarded to Washington his official communication announcing Ward's death, which read as follows:

“Legation of the United States,

“Peking, Oct. 27, 1862.

“Sir: It is my painful duty to inform you of the death of General Ward, an American, who had risen by his capacity and courage to the highest rank in the Chinese service. He was shot and mortally wounded while reconnoitering, before its capture, Tsz-Ki, a place near Ning-Po. The incidents attending his wound and death please find in the edict of the Emperor.

“General Ward was originally from Salem, Massachusetts, where he has relatives still living, and had seen service in Mexico, the Crimea, and, he was sorry to say, with the notorious Walker.

“He fought countless battles, at the head of a Chinese force called into existence and trained by himself, and always with success.

“Indeed, he taught the Chinese their strength, and laid the foundations of the only force with which their government can hope to defeat the rebellion.

“Before General Ward died, when on board of her Majesty's steamer *Hardy*, he made his will, and named Admiral Sir James Hope and myself his executors.

“In a letter communicating the fact to me, Sir James writes:

““I am sure you will be much grieved to hear of poor Ward's death.

““The Chinese government have lost a very able and gallant servant, who has rendered them much faithful service, and whom it will not be easy for them to replace.”

“On account of my absence from Shanghai, I shall authorize our consul, George F. Seward, Esq., to act for me.

“General Ward was a man of great wealth, and in a letter to me the last probably he ever wrote, he proposed through me to contribute ten thousand taels to the government of the United States, to aid in maintaining the Union, but before I could respond to his patriotic letter he died.

“Let this wish, though unexecuted, find worthy record in the archives of his native land, to show that neither self-exile nor foreign service, nor the incidents of a stormy life, could extinguish from the breast of this wandering child of the republic the fires of a truly loyal heart.

“After Ward’s death, fearing that his force might dissolve and be lost to the cause of order, I hastened by express to inform the Chinese government of my desire that an American might be selected to fill his place, and was so fortunate, against considerable opposition, as to secure the appointment of Colonel Burgevine.

“He had taken part, with Ward, in all the conflicts, and common fame spoke well of him.

“Mr. Bruce, the British minister, as far as I know, did not antagonize me, and the gallant Sir James Hope favored the selection of Burgevine. Others did not.

“I felt that it was no more than fair that an American should command the foreign-trained Chinese on land, as the English through Osborne, would command the same quality of force on sea. Do not understand by the above that in this, or in any case, I have pushed the American interests to the extent of any disagreement. On the contrary, by the avowal of an open and friendly policy, and proceeding on the declaration that the interests of the Western nations are identical, I have been met by the representatives of the other treaty powers in a corresponding spirit, and we are now working together in a sincere effort to strengthen the cause of civilization in the East.

"I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

"ANSON BURLINGAME.

"Hon. William H. Seward,

"Secretary of State, Washington."

The Imperial edict called forth from Secretary of State Seward this feeling response:

"You will express to Prince Kung the President's sincere satisfaction with the honors which the Emperor of China has decreed to be paid to the memory of our distinguished fellow citizen. He fell while illustrating the fame of his country in an untried, distant, and perilous field. His too early death will, therefore, be deeply mourned by the American people."

The whole correspondence was called for by the United States Senate, upon motion of Senator Sumner, and was duly transmitted under cover of a message from President Lincoln.

Of the proposed memorial temples, one has been erected and was dedicated with impressive ceremonies on March 10, 1877. It is still guarded with religious care and is the scene of elaborate rites on each New Year's Day in February.

The consecration of this temple was described in the *North China Mail* as follows:

"The dedication of the Tsze t'ang, or Memorial Hall, recently erected by Feng, Taotai of Shanghai, at Sung Kiang in commemoration of the late General Ward, of the "Ever Victorious Army," was performed on Saturday, with religious rites, in accordance with Chinese custom in such cases. The Taotai had, through the United States Consul-General, expressed his intention of conducting the ceremony himself, and requested that a limited number of invitations should be given to persons interested, to accomnany him. The Customs' cruiser 'Kwa-shing,' Captain Anderson, was prepared to convey His Excellency and his guests, and seven a. m. was the hour fixed to

commence the trip up the river Hwangpoo. Precisely at that time there were assembled at the Custom House jetty Consul General Myers, Dr. Yates, Dr. Macgowan, Dr. Kreyer; Mr. P. G. von Mollendorff of the German Consulate, the Hon. H. N. Shore, of H. M. S. *Lapwing*, Captain Ditmar, of the German corvette *Louise*, Mr. C. Deighton-Braysher and a few others, but the start was not made until about 8.10 in consequence of the non-arrival of the Taotai before that hour. By the time breakfast was over, the vessel had sped considerably beyond the well-known Seven-mile Reach; and presently Ming-hong was sighted, nearly opposite to which is the creek leading to Nai-jow, the scene of the fight in which the French Admiral Protet, to whose memory a statue stands in the compound of the French Municipal Hall, received his death wound. The reaches of the river beyond this place were new to all on board except Mr. Deighton-Braysher, who kindly undertook to pilot the vessel from Ming-hong to the mouth of the Sung Kiang Creek; and he also lightened the tedium of the voyage by pointing out and describing the scenes of greatest interest in connection with the Taiping rebellion, this part of the country having been overrun by the rebels. Feck-shung was next reached, opposite to which is the creek up which H. B. M.'s gunboat *Stirling* was navigated to attack the stronghold known as Yeh-sieh, which she quickly demolished.

"There not being sufficient depth of water in the Sung Kiang creek to float the *Kwashing*, she was anchored off its mouth, and some Chinese houseboats and a couple of steam launches, provided by the Taotai's directions, were brought alongside. The passengers being trans-shipped to the houseboats, were soon spinning up the creek, towed by one of the steam launches, the distance to the city of Sung Kiang, from the river, being about four miles. The creek becomes very narrow as the city is neared, and is spanned not far from the walls by one of those

light-looking, picturesque stone bridges for the construction of which the Chinese are famous. Here, on both banks, the people had assembled in large numbers, and it soon became evident that the sight of so many foreigners together was a novelty to them, and the Taotai's bodyguard were useful in clearing a way along the bank to where some dozen or so of sedans with bearers were in waiting for the guests. The Taotai and others having taken their seats, the procession moved off amid the banging of crackers and bombs, and the animated gesticulations of the people, numbers of whom kept up with it to the scene of the day's ceremony. The way led along a narrow road through the suburbs, skirting the wall of the city, until the gate was reached through which the city was entered. A wide expanse of unoccupied ground had first to be crossed, which before the rebellion was covered with houses. Here and there ruins of houses are still to be seen, but the greater part of the waste is scattered over with grass-grown mounds and heaps of refuse, presenting a dreary aspect. The way next led along the bank of a small creek and past the yamen of some military mandarin, a large and peculiar building, or rather series of buildings, having all the appearance of huge cages, each being enclosed with very lofty rail fencing, and differing in several respects from the architecture of any official residence in the vicinity of Shanghai. Several unpretentious-looking pilaus were also passed enroute, and in the distance, to the right, a lofty pagoda was visible. The Memorial Hall was at length reached, surrounded by a low wall of considerable extent, and entered by a gateway in the usual joss-house style.

"Turning sharply to the right after leaving the gateway, the main building is at once seen to be very similar in construction to the open hall facing the entrance to the Mixed Court in the Maloo. Immediately opposite the open front stands the shrine containing the memorial tablet of the deceased General; blue

in colour with the inscription in gold. Facing this are two small square tower-like structures, on which are other inscriptions testifying to the merits of the deceased and stating that the Memorial Hall was erected by Feng Taotai, by Imperial command. Passing round the back of the shrine, a large square space is reached, in the centre of which is the grave-mound beneath which are the deceased's remains and also the stone that used to mark the site of the grave. The surrounding space is thickly planted with young trees and shrubs.

"At the Hall the Taotai, on alighting from his chair, was met and greeted by the magistrate of the district of Sung Kiang. A number of other officials of lesser grade were present; and numerous soldiers, in addition to the Taotai's bodyguard thronged the compound. The greetings over, the Taotai led the way to the shrine, and both he and the other dignitaries then donned their official robes. Although it was broad daylight, twelve lighted lamps were suspended from the roof, eight in one row and one at each of the four corners of the shrine. Besides these, there were four large red wax candles burning, and incense sticks smouldering. The ceremony being one of sacrifice there were offered to the manes of the deceased the entire carcass of a goat, a large pig, a small roasted pig, a ham, seven pairs of ducks, pairs of fowls, etc., and about twenty dishes of fruits, confectionery, and vegetables, these being also in pairs.

"The Taotai and the two district magistrates being fully attired, they advanced to the front of the shrine, and in obedience to the direction of a sort of master of the ceremonies the Taotai commenced the oblation by offering several small cups of wine, which were deposited on a shelf in front of the tablet. Then, all three kneeling, the Taotai stretched forth his hand towards the tablet, and offered the food, the mandarins subsequently bowing their heads nine times to the ground. A little music was also played, and the ceremony, which scarcely occupied

twenty minutes, was concluded by loud discharges of fireworks and the crash of gongs. It cannot be said to have been impressive, though its novelty and picturesqueness were beyond dispute; but it was interesting from the fact of its being intended to honour the memory of a foreigner, and including precisely the same observance awarded in the case of high Chinese officials.

“At the conclusion of the ceremony, the whole of the food offerings were packed away in boxes, slung on poles, and taken back to the ship, thence to be re-conveyed to the Taotai's yamen.

“There was no speaking either at the grave or in the Temple, except by Dr. Macgowan, who as a private citizen said a few words to the Taotai in Chinese, apropos of the occasion, and, after three photographic negatives of the scene in and around the Temple had been taken, haste was made for the return trip in order to reach home before dark.

“On the return passage down the creek, the Taotai read from a paper he held in his hand, the following statement, which was translated as he proceeded by Dr. Kreyer: ‘I remember reading the rescript in the *Peking Gazette* of how the late Emperor regretted General Ward's death. At that time I was only a Chuyen (recipient of a second-class literary degree), and did not know I should ever be Taotai of Shanghai and live to take part in the dedication of a temple to Ward's memory. When Ward came to China it was thought in this district that the whole country had been lost to the rebels—that, in fact, it could not be recovered. But owing to the exertions of Ward, the rebels were defeated and the country saved. The cities and places that were captured were Kading, Tai-Tsan, Sung Kiang, Ming-liu-ping, Tien-mashan, Kau Shan, Sian T'ang, Chow-pu, Che-ling, Wang Keasze, Lung-chau—all these being retaken by Ward before Li Hung Chang came on the scene.

After Li came into these districts Ward re-took Kinshan-wei, Liu Ho, Tsing-pu, and Tsz' Kzi. The greatest credit was therefore due to General Ward, as nearly all those places were re-captured by him long before Li Hung Chang came here. The name of General Ward was such a terror that whenever the rebels heard that he was coming they ran away without fighting. General Ward's idea was to go straight on to Soo-chow, and re-take that city; but before going there he marched to Ning Po, and at Tsz Ki, a little town about fifteen miles distant from Ning Po, he was shot by the enemy. His Chinese clothes were changed for foreign ones at Ning Po, where he died, his body being brought to Sung Kiang for burial. The Imperial intention is to build two large temples to his memory—one at Sung Kiang and the other at Tsz Ki, where he received his death wound, and in each of which his statue will be placed. All this is intended to be in accordance with Li Hung Chang's petition to the Throne, and with the Imperial rescript, issued in the first year of Tsung-chi, 8th moon, 18th day.' In conclusion, the Taotai said, in answer to a question by Mr. Consul-General Myers, that the sole credit of Shanghai not having been taken by the rebels was due to General Ward. It was also explained that the present small temple at Sung Kiang was only a temporary structure, and would be replaced as soon as possible by a large and permanent one."

"The two inscriptions on columns at the right and left of the entrance to the shrine have been thus rendered into English:

"A wonderful hero from beyond the seas, the fame of whose deserving loyalty reaches round the world, has sprinkled China with his azure blood."

"A happy seat among the clouds," (the ancient name of Sung Kiang means 'among the clouds') "and Temples standing for a thousand Springs, make known to all his faithful heart."

Arthur D. Coulter, an American mining engineer, recently

visited the temple and shrine of Frederick Townsend Ward and described the scene as follows:

“Toward the eastern end of the walled city stands one of the most beautiful pagodas to be found anywhere in the Orient. It is perfectly preserved, and overlooks the country for many miles. Passing toward the eastern gate and crossing the mouth of the canal which follows the city wall by an arched bridge—one of those typical stone bridges, finely cut and very old, which span the canal—the way leads toward the military grounds, at the present time occupied by a considerable force of Chinese soldiers, and it is in the vicinity of this fort that Ward's resting-place is located and where his shrine is built. The place seems to have been fittingly selected by the Chinese to give a military setting to this memorial of their military saviour. A wide path along the bank of the canal leads by the beautiful bamboo groves a distance of about three hundred yards from the walled city to the soldiers' compound. The temple proper is situated within a hundred feet of the outer walls of the fort. It is built on a plot of ground which has been maintained as an open park. In accordance with the Chinese idea of filial piety a grave must be maintained above ground. In almost all instances among the better classes the receiving vaults are built of brick or stone and covered with tiling, and these are maintained for many years, the obligation being handed down from father to son.

“The temple compound which has been dedicated to Ward stands within four walls built of brick. These walls are about ten feet in height and well preserved. The area is about one hundred feet square. At the main entrance of the compound is built the caretaker's house. He, with his wife and family, are maintained by the Chinese Government as they have been since the building of the shrine. Immediately after passing through the caretaker's rooms, one comes into an open courtyard facing the temple proper, which is built across the middle

of the hollow square formed by the enclosure walls. Entrance to the temple proper is through three doors, which, when open, leave the shrine or altar exposed to view from the outside. This is in accordance with the prevailing arrangement of temples throughout the Empire.

"The altar stands about ten feet removed from the door which it faces, and is about six feet wide by ten feet high. Across from this altar is a space paved with brick throughout, in a very good state of preservation and well kept. The most important decorations are the tablet and the writing in Chinese which adorn the sides and top of the altar. On the top of the altar may be seen the braziers for the burning of joss and incense by the Taos priests. The attendance upon the temple by the Mandarins and Officials of Mandatories from the Chinese Government has been maintained since the building of the shrine. They are commanded to appear there during each month for worship. Immediately behind is a door leading out to what may be correctly termed the graveyard. This is an open space surrounded on the one side by the walls of the temple and on the other three sides by the walls of the compound already described. In the central background, away from the temple, is located the mound where Ward's remains were placed. Behind this mound, and on both sides, extending out to the side walls, the ground is covered with a thick growth of young bamboo trees, making a very beautiful setting for the grave.

"The memory of Ward is held sacred to this day by those with whom or with whose fathers he was closely associated. He had endeared himself to the Taotai and the Chinese people principally through his military career and his more personal relations with Shanghai. The full significance of Ward's martyrdom for the Chinese people has not been forgotten to this day by this class of Chinese."

While traveling in Italy in February, 1897, Mr. Francis H.

Lee, of Salem, chanced to meet Rear-Admiral Bogle, retired, of the English navy. The interview is thus described by Mr. Lee:

"I am going to send an interesting account of the doings of Gen. Ward in the Chinese Rebellion. It was a strange coincidence my stumbling on this information. I was coming out of the dining-room at Hotel Eden in Rome at lunch time and saw Rear-Admiral Bogle, now on the retired list, but for over forty years in the English Navy, in the act of showing two bullets to a gentleman. I had become acquainted with the Admiral, and I said: 'What are these?' He said: 'There is the bullet that killed General Ward.' I pricked up my ears and thought at once of General Ward of Salem, who bore a part in suppressing the Chinese Rebellion. I found it was our Ward, and that he was in the fight with him and knew him very well, as you will discover if you read the recollections I got him to jot down for me.

"I received them since I reached Florence and have written him that I shall send this account to the Essex Institute."

Rear-Admiral Bogle's letter to Mr. Lee reads as follows:

"General Ward was known at Shanghai when the Tai Ping rebels first appeared near the coast line and threatened the rich Treaty Ports. Ward told me he first lived by doing 'pilot' for small steamers—then as chief of a small band he was paid to watch for the approach of Tai Pings at night.

"A perfect panic took possession of the Chinese authorities of Shanghai in the autumn of 1861. Ward saw his chance, and volunteered to enlist a force of fighting men to keep the Tai Pings out of the neighborhood. The Taotai or Provincial Governor accepted his offer—made terms as to pay—and Ward easily enlisted a few hundred of the scum of all nations then in Shanghai River. Later on Ward got together a bodyguard of Manila-men, all armed with rifles. The Provincial Govern-

ment paid regularly for all this small army, and also for the small river steamer, on board which Ward generally lived—stationed some thirty to forty miles above Shanghai.

“In January and February, 1862, being in command of a gunboat in that part of the river, I frequently met Ward and at times coöperated with him. He was most loyal to his employers and ever zealous in his work. Ward must have assisted in capturing eight or ten small walled towns, or fortified places, in the spring of 1862.

“Early in the Spring, the Tai Ping main army approached Shanghai, and the British Admiral, for the protection of commerce and of the foreign residents, undertook to drive this force back fifty miles and to clear all the neighborhood. In the late spring, H. M. S. *Hardy* was detached with others to operate in Ning Po River, under Captain Roderick Dhu, C.B., in the *Encounter*, when Ning Po was first taken and then Yu-You. Numbers of the rebels, driven from the North, swarmed down on the upper part of Ning Po River. About August General Ward appeared with some three hundred or four hundred troops, and Captain Dhu arranged to attack and storm Tsz Ki, up a narrow but deep canal off the river. The *Hardy*, with an extra ‘small company’ of fifty men was to steam up the Canal, pass under the old bridge (masts out, funnel and boats down), clear approaches, and wait the arrival of General Ward and his men, who marched across country. A delay occurred as the expected extra company never came aboard, being detained by a threatened attack on Ning Po itself; but, after waiting an hour, and fearing to miss the rendezvous with Ward’s force, we entered the canal and steamed up in a downpour of rain. On nearing the bridge, we saw it thickly occupied by men in all manner of bright colors, such as the Tai Pings usually show. We nearly opened fire. But fortunately in time we recognized Ward’s men in new and bright blankets on account of the rain.

Ward came on board the *Hardy*, and we had a pleasant evening and arranged a plan of attack for daylight.

"I never saw Ward with a sword or any arm; he wore ordinary clothes—a thick, short cape, and a hood, and carried a stick in his hand, and generally a Manila cheroot in his mouth.

"At daylight the *Hardy* opened fire with shell on the West gate and part of Ward's force made a sham move to the South face. Later on, Ward himself led in direct attack on the West gate, our guns still firing shot over the heads of the storming party.

The gate was taken and the walls stormed, but General Ward was wounded at close quarters and carried back and placed aboard the *Hardy* in a cot swung to the mizzen-boom. We had no regular medical officer, for he was with the missing company, but as soon as the town was completely occupied and the rebels driven by our shell over the near hills, I at once started under full steam for Ning Po—Ward suffering from the trembling of the vessel. On our run down, Ward asked me to make out his will, which I did. He left all pay, etc., due him to his Chinese wife, and he appointed the British Admiral, Sir James Hope, K.C.B., as his executor and trustee.

"On arriving late at Ning Po, the General was immediately attended to by our senior surgeon, Irwin, of the *Encounter*, and placed in bed at the British Mission House where he had every comfort. The bullet had entered in front, about the second or third lower button of the waistcoat, and had nearly passed out behind; it was easily extracted.

"General Ward was alive and conscious when he was landed from the *Hardy* in the evening. The bullet (which I still have) was most surely fired from a rebel firearm of some sort; it is very small and quite unlike any ammunition used by Ward's men, who all had good rifles. Ward was hit in front in leading his men, a special company of Manila-men, his own bodyguard,

all devoted to him. These fifty men always went with Ward, quite apart from any Chinese Troops; Ward was always 'well to the front' in leading and directing. He was certainly shot by the Rebel Tai Pings.

"General Ward's will made by me on board the *Hardy*, was forwarded at once to our Commander-in-chief, Admiral Sir James Hope (since dead), as Ward mentioned Sir James Hope, K.C.B., and the United States Minister to China as his trustees. Two years later I was serving in the *Duncan*, under the Admiral at Halifax and in the West Indies, and we spoke about this will of Ward's, and I then understood that the Chinese Government had done justice to Ward's wishes—namely, to 'pay all arrears and provide for Ward's wife.' He had married a Chinese lady whom I have myself seen."

CHAPTER XXXI

THE EBBING OF THE TIDE

WHEN the Embargo of 1807 was proclaimed as a counter-blow to England's "unofficial war on American commerce and her wholesale impressment of American seamen," the house-flags of Salem merchants flew over one hundred and fifty-two vessels engaged in foreign trade. The Embargo fell with blighting effects upon this imposing fleet and the allied activities interwoven throughout the life and business of the town, and the square-riggers lay empty and idle at the wharves. In 1808 the foreign commerce of the United States decreased from \$246,000,000 to \$79,000,000, and a British visitor, writing of New York, described what might have been seen in Salem:

"The port indeed was full of ships, but they were dismantled and laid up; their decks were cleared, their hatches fastened down, and scarcely a sailor was to be found on board. Not a box, bale, cask, barrel, or package was to be seen upon the wharves. Many of the counting houses were shut up or advertised to be let, and the few solitary merchants, clerks and porters, and laborers that were to be seen, were walking about with their hands in their pockets. The coffee houses were almost empty; the streets near the waterside were almost deserted; the grass had begun to grow upon the wharves."

The Embargo was removed in the spring of 1809 and Yankee ships hastened to spread their white wings on every sea. Salem merchants loaded their vessels with merchandise and dispatched

them to skim the cream of the European market. It was out of the frying-pan into the fire, however, for Napoleon had set a wicked trap for these argosies and so ordered it that all American shipping found in the ports of France, Spain, Italy, Denmark, Prussia and Norway was confiscated and plundered under flimsy pretext of violations of paper blockades, and what not, of which these unsuspecting American shipmasters were wholly unaware. Thiers states that Napoleon wrote to the Prussian Government:

“Let the American ships enter your ports. Sieze them afterwards. You shall deliver the cargoes to me, and I will take them in part payment of the Prussian war debt.”

John Quincy Adams declared that fifty American vessels were thus taken in Norway and Denmark. In 1809-10, fifty-one of our ships were seized in the ports of France, forty-four in the ports of Spain, twenty-eight in Naples, and eleven in Holland, with a total loss to helpless American owners of at least ten million dollars. Felt's *Annals of Salem* states that “on the 19th of August (1809), the ship *Francis*, Capt. William Haskell, arrives. She was purchased of the Neapolitan government by our consul there, to bring home the crews of American vessels confiscated by their order. Two hundred and fourteen persons came in her, many of whom belonged to this town. Their treatment is said to have been very cruel. The amount of Salem vessels and their cargoes condemned at Naples was 783,000 dollars.”

The stout-hearted merchants of Salem rallied bravely and when the War of 1812 began, they owned one hundred and twenty-six ships, fifty-eight of them East Indiamen. The war played havoc with this fleet, notwithstanding the activity of Salem privateers, and in 1815, there were left only fifty-seven of these ships in foreign commerce, a loss of a hundred sail in seven years. The tide had begun to ebb, the golden age was waning,

and yet in 1816 the Salem Custom House cleared forty-two square-riggers for the East Indies and other ports of the Orient. But the pioneering, path-finding era was almost over, except for ventures to the South Seas, Madagascar, and some of the ports of Africa and South America. The trade with the Orient in which Salem ships had blazed the way was now shared with the ships of other American ports.

The richest decade in this picturesque and adventurous traffic with the coasts and islands of strange, far-distant climes had been from 1800 to 1810, during which the duties paid on foreign cargoes amounted to \$7,272,633, and the entries numbered 1,758, or an average of almost three ships a day signalling their home-coming from beyond seas.

During the years from 1820 to 1840 Salem continued to hold fast to her foreign trade, although overshadowed by Boston, and the old warehouses on the wharves were filled with the products of Zanzibar, Sumatra, Calcutta, Manila, Leghorn, the Rio Grande, Cayenne, Siam, Ceylon, and the Gold Coast. In 1850 the beginning of the end was in sight, and the "foreign entries" from Nova Scotia far outnumbered those from all the other ports in which the natives had once believed the map of America to consist chiefly of a vast commercial metropolis called Salem. The end of the history of the port, except for coastwise trade may be read in the Custom House records, as follows:

"In 1860 the foreign entries were: from Nova Scotia 215, Java, 7, Africa 25, Cayenne 10, Montevideo 2, Zanzibar 4, Surinam 2, Rio Grande 2, Buenos Ayres 2, and one each from Mozambique, Shields, Sunderland, Port Praya, Newcastle and Trapani.

"In 1870 the foreign entries were: from the British provinces 117, Cayenne, 3, Newcastle 2, and one each from Zanzibar, Rio Grande, Cape Verde Islands, and Sunderland.

“In 1878 the foreign entries were: from the British Provinces 53, and none from any other ports.”

Although in these latter days the romances of shipping had somewhat departed, yet now and then a Salem square-rigger brought home a tale to remind the old salts of the thrilling days of yore. There was the *Sumatra*, for example, Captain Peter Silver, which came from Batavia in 1842. While at sea she fell in with a bark which flew signals of distress yet appeared to be in good order below and aloft. There was no crew on deck, however, no living soul to be seen except a woman who implored help with frantic gestures. Running down close, Captain Silver made out the vessel to be the *Kilmars* of Glasgow, and he sent a boat aboard to pick off the lone woman. She proved to be a girl, only eighteen years old, wife of the master of the bark, almost out of her wits with hysteria and exhaustion. She said that the *Kilmars* had sailed from Batavia two months previously with a cargo of sugar for Europe. The crew, shipped in the Dutch East Indies, were a desperate and unruly lot of beach-combers, several of them released convicts.

A few days before the *Sumatra* came in sight, the captain of the Scotch bark had discovered that his crew was planning mutiny and were about to make their attack and gain possession of the vessel after ridding themselves of the officers. This captain was a man of the right mettle, for he promptly picked out the ringleader, charged him with the conspiracy, and after a brisk encounter shot him with a pistol, and removed him from the scene for the time. The mates were suspected of disaffection and the captain succeeded in locking them in the after cabin, after which he sailed into his crew, drove all hands below and fastened the hatches over them. The decks being cleared in this most gallant fashion, the captain, with the help of two boys undertook to navigate the bark back to Batavia.

This proved to be a bigger undertaking than he could handle,

and while passing in sight of land, the captain decided to go ashore in a boat with the two boys and find help, the weather being calm and the mutineers securely bottled up below. He expected to be gone no more than a few hours, but the day passed, night came down, and his boat was missing. The young wife was alone, distraught and helpless, and she took her stand by the rail, determined to throw herself overboard if the mutineers should regain the deck. Next morning she sighted the *Sumatra* and was saved. But while the crew of the *Sumatra* was making sail to resume the voyage, no more than a few minutes after the boat had fetched the girl on board, the ruffians confined on the bark broke out from their prison, swarmed on deck, and took possession of their bark.

Captain Peter Silver of the *Sumatra* was not disposed to give them a battle, and they got the *Kilmars* under way and steered off on a course of their own. Upon reaching Batavia Captain Silver landed the young wife and gave her in charge of the Dutch officials who took care of her with sympathetic hospitality and sent her home to her kinfolk in Scotland. Sometime later the *Kilmars* entered the port of Angier where the mutineers were promptly captured and tried, and the bark was returned to her owners.

The captain of the *Kilmars* and the two boys were picked up adrift in the Straits of Sunda, and it was discovered that he had become insane from overwork and anxiety which explained why he had abandoned his wife and set off to find help on a strange coast. He was later restored to health and it is presumed that this plucky shipmaster, his girl wife and his bark were safely reunited after being parted from one another under these very extraordinary circumstances.

It is a coincidence worth noting that the first commanding figure in the maritime history of Salem, Philip English, was born in the Isle of Jersey, and that John Bertram, the last of

the race of great shipping merchants of the port hailed from the same island. Two centuries intervened between their careers, John Bertram living until 1882, and witnessing the passing of the foreign commerce of Salem and the coming of the age of steam upon the high seas. As a young man he saw an average of a hundred square-rigged ships a year come home to Salem from the Orient, Africa, South America, Europe and the South Sea Islands. In his latter years he saw this noble commerce dwindle and American seamen vanish until in 1870 the bark *Glide* from Zanzibar recorded the last entry in the Salem Custom House of a vessel from beyond the Cape of Good Hope, and, in 1877, the Schooner *Mattie F.* crept in from South America as the last vessel to fetch home a cargo from anywhere overseas. The Manila trade had become a memory in 1858, the farewell voyage to Sumatra was made in 1860. Until the end of the century Salem shipowners were interested in the trade with the Philippines and other distant ports, but their vessels departed from and came back to Boston.* The Salem firm of Silsbee, Pickman and Allen built a fleet of fast and noble ships for the hemp trade, among them the *Sooloo*, *Panay* and *Mindoro*, but they never knew their own port, and in 1896 the last of this fleet, the *Mindoro*, was towed to Derby Wharf in Salem harbor to rot in idleness until she was cut down to a coal barge.

John Bertram deserved to be classed with the older generation of Elias Hasket Derby and Joseph Peabody, because he possessed the same high qualities of foresight, daring and sagacity, a type of the militant leader of commerce on the firing line of

*"July 1, 1833. Nearly half our commercial capital is employed in other ports. During the past year there sailed from Salem 14 ships, 10 of them for India, 2 on whaling voyages to the Pacific; 5 barks, 4 of which for India; 94 brigs, 14 of them for India; and 23 schooners. Fourteen ships, 6 barks, 27 brigs and 6 schooners belonging to this place sailed from other ports on foreign voyages." (Felt's Annals of Salem.)



From the oil painting by Edgar Parker

Captain John Bertram

The Ebbing of the Tide

civilization. Like theirs, his was a splendid American spirit which created, builded, and won its rewards by virtue of native ability inspired and impelled by the genius of its time and place. He was in a privateer in the War of 1812, and lived to see his country's flag almost vanish from blue water, its superb merchant marine dwindle to almost nothing, but while it was in its glory he played well his part in carrying the stars and stripes, over his own ships, wherever the mariners of other nations went to seek commerce. This John Bertram came to Salem in his boyhood and in 1813 was sailing out of Boston as a cabin boy in the schooner *Monkey*. A little later shipping out of Charleston in a privateer, he was taken prisoner and confined in British prison ships at Bermuda and Barbadoes. Having learned to speak French in his early years on the Isle of Jersey he persuaded his captors that he was a French subject and was released but was again captured and carried off to England while homeward bound to Salem. His was the usual story of lads with brains and ambition in that era, at first a sailor and shipmaster, then an owner of vessels and a merchant on shore.

John Bertram served a long apprenticeship before he forsook the quarterdeck. In 1824 he sailed for St. Helena in the chartered schooner *General Brewer*, and when a few days at sea overhauled the Salem brig *Elizabeth*, Captain Story, also headed for St. Helena. Commerce was a picturesque speculation then, and each of these skippers was eager to make port first with his cargo and snatch the market away from his rival.

The weather was calm, the wind was light, and Captain Bertram invited Captain Story to come on board and have a cup of tea, or something stronger. The skippers twain sat on deck and eyed each other while they yarned, each assuring the other that he was bound to Pernambuco. St. Helena? Nonsense! Captain Story was rowed back to his brig, the two

vessels made sail and jogged on their course. When nightfall came, however, John Bertram threw his whole deck load of lumber overboard in order to lighten his schooner and put her in her best trim for sailing, cracked on all the canvas he could carry, and let her drive for St. Helena as if the devil were after him. He beat the *Elizabeth* to port so handsomely that his cargo had been sold at fancy prices and he was standing out of the harbor, homeward bound when the brig came creeping in with a very long-faced Captain Story striding her poop.

Soon after this Captain Bertram determined to go after a share of the South American trade, and after a voyage to the Cape of Good Hope in the *Velocity*, he carried her to the Rio Grande and the Coast of Patagonia to trade in hides. He went ashore, leaving Captain W. B. Smith to pick up hides during short coastwise voyages, and finding the adventures prosperous, bought a Salem brig at Pernambuco and kept both vessels busy. For three years Captain Bertram lived on the coast of Patagonia directing the operations of his little fleet and taking this exile as a routine part of the education of an American shipping merchant.

After his return to Salem his activities were shifted to Zanzibar where the American flag was almost unknown. Madagascar had been opened to American trade in 1821 by the Salem brig *Beulah* on her way home from Mocha. Zanzibar was a small settlement with no foreign trade, gum-copal, the principal staple product, being carried to India in the Sultan's vessels. In 1826 the Salem brig *Ann* called at Zanzibar and showed the natives the first American flag they had ever seen, but no attempt was made to establish commerce with the port until John Bertram set sail in the *Black Warrior* in 1830. He scented a pioneering voyage with gum-copal as the prize, an import in great demand by makers of varnish and up to that time imported by way of India at great cost. When the *Black Warrior* arrived at Zanzi-

bar the Sultan was on the point of dispatching a vessel loaded with the coveted gum-copal to India, but this typical Salem navigator would not let such a chance slip through his fingers. He boarded the Sultan and made him an offer in shining silver dollars for the cargo, and the dazzled potentate set his slaves at work to transfer the cargo to the hold of the *Black Warrior*.

Thence John Bertram sailed home, and sold his gum-copal for a handsome profit. Other ships followed in his wake and for many years the Zanzibar trade in gum-copal was chiefly carried on in ships out of Salem which controlled the supply of this commodity as it had won and held the pepper trade with Sumatra and the coffee trade with Mocha during an earlier generation.

When the news of the California gold discoveries swept the East like wildfire in 1848, John Bertram was one of the first shipowners to grasp the possibilities of the trade around Cape Horn to San Francisco. Before the end of 1848 he had sent out a ship to carry the advance guards of the argonauts. This bark *Eliza* cleared from Derby Wharf in December with assorted cargo and passengers, and was cheered by an excited crowd which swarmed among the East India warehouses and listened to the departing gold-seekers sing in lusty chorus the "California Song" which later became the favorite ditty of many a ship's company bound round the Horn. It ran to the tune of "Oh! Susannah" and carried such sentiments as these:

"I come from Salem City
With my wash-bowl on my knee;
I'm going to California
The gold dust for to see.
It rained all day the day I left,
The weather it was dry;
The sun so hot I froze to death,
Oh, brother, don't you cry.

CHORUS

Oh, California;
That's the land for me,
I'm going to California
With my wash-bowl on my knee.*

For this roaring California trade John Bertram and his partners built a famous American clipper, the *John Bertram*, of eleven hundred tons, at East Boston. The remarkable feature of this undertaking was that the ship was launched sixty days after the laying of her keel and *ninety days* from the time the workmen first laid tools to the timbers she was sailing out of Boston harbor with a full cargo, bound to San Francisco. The *John Bertram* was a staunch, able, and splendidly built ship, notwithstanding this feat of record-breaking construction. Thirty years after her maiden voyage she was still afloat in the deep-water trade, although under a foreign flag, a fine memorial of the skill and honesty of New England shipbuilders.

After winning a handsome fortune in his shipping enterprises John Bertram had foresight and wisdom to perceive that American ships in foreign trade were doomed to make a losing fight. Their day was past. He turned his energies into other and more profitable channels, and keeping pace with the march of the times, engaged in railroad development and manufacturing enterprises, a shipping merchant of the old school who adapted himself to new conditions with a large measure of success.

* Captain John H. Eagleston took the brigantine *Mary and Ellen* out to California two months ahead of the *Eliza*, in October, 1848, loading with a general cargo to sell to the gold-seekers. While at San Francisco in June, 1849, he met the *Eliza*, and later wrote, in an account of the voyage:

"On board the *Eliza* there were quite a number of passengers. Several of these remaining in San Francisco, pitched their tent in Happy Valley where Mr. Jonathan Nichols, stored as he was with fun and song, assisted by his social and free-hearted companions, made their quarters at all times inviting and pleasant. I was often with them, and under the beautiful evening sky, the echoes of good singing pleased the squatters that composed the little beehive villages which dotted the valley, especially 'The Washbowl on my Knee,' which was the usual wind-up."

Much of his fortune he gave to benefit his town of Salem in which his extensive philanthropies keep his memory green.

In 1869, Robert S. Rantoul of Salem, while writing of the town's maritime history made this brave attempt to convince himself that her glory had not yet departed:

"While our packets ply to New York and our steam tug puffs and screams about the harbor; while marine railways are busy and shipyards launch bigger merchantmen than ever; while coal comes in upwards of four hundred colliers yearly, and our boarding officers report more than fifteen hundred arrivals, * while our fishing fleets go forth, and our whalers still cruise the waters of the Indian Ocean and the North Pacific, while we turn over \$100,000 to \$125,000 per year to the Federal Treasury from import duties and enter a large part of the dates, gum, spices, ivory, ebony and sheepskins brought into this country, it is no time yet to despair of this most ancient seaport of the United States of America."

This was in a way, a swan-song for the death of Salem romance. The one steam tug which "screamed about the harbor," was the forerunner of a host of her kind which should trouble the landlocked harbor that once swarmed with privateers and East Indiamen. The coal barge and the coasting schooner were henceforth to huddle in sight of crumbling Derby Wharf, and the fluttering drone of the spindles in the cotton mill to be heard along the waterfront where the decks of the stately square-riggers had echoed to the roaring chanties of "Whiskey Johnny," "Blow the Man Down," and "We're Off for the Rio Grande."

Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote an epitaph of Salem as a deep-water seaport, and thus it appeared to him, the greatest of its children, as he viewed it sixty years ago:

"In my native town of Salem, at the head of what, half a

* Coastwise schooners and vessels from the Canadian provinces.

century ago, in the days of old King Derby, was a bustling wharf, but which is now burdened with decayed wooden warehouses, and exhibits few or no symptoms of commercial life; except, perhaps, a bark or brig, half way down its melancholy length, discharging hides; or, nearer at hand, a Nova Scotia schooner pitching out her cargo of firewood—at the head, I say, of this dilapidated wharf, which the tide often overflows, and along which, at the base and in the rear of the row of buildings, the track of many languid years is seen in a border of unthrifty grass—here, with a view from its front windows adown the not very enlivening prospect, and thence across the harbor, stands a spacious edifice of brick. . . .

“The pavement round about the above-described edifice—which we may as well name at once as the Custom House of the port—has grass enough growing in its chinks to show that it has not, of late days, been worn by any multitudinous resort of business. In some months of the year, however, there often chancs a forenoon when affairs move onward with a livelier tread. Such occasions might remind the elderly citizen of that period before the last war with England, when Salem was a port by itself; not scorned, as she is now, by her own merchants and ship-owners, who permit her wharves to crumble to ruin, while their ventures go to swell, needlessly and imperceptibly, the mighty flood of commerce at New York or Boston. On some such morning, when three or four vessels happen to have arrived at once—usually from Africa or South America—or to be on the verge of their departure thitherward, there is a sound of frequent feet, passing briskly up and down the granite steps. Here before his own wife has greeted him, you may greet the sea-flushed shipmaster, just in port, with his vessel’s papers under his arm in a tarnished tin box. Here, too, comes his owner, cheerful or somber, gracious or in the sulks, accordingly as his scheme of the now accomplished voyage has been realized

in merchandise that will readily be turned into gold, or has buried him under a bulk of commodities such as nobody will care to rid him of. . . .”

It is unmanly to mourn over old, dead days as better than the present times, to say that men were stronger, simpler, braver in the beginning of this Republic. Every age or generation, however, hammers out in the stress of its day's work some refined metal of experience, some peculiarly significant heritage to help posterity in its struggle to perpetuate the things most worth while. It was not the rich freighting of silks, spices, ivory and tea which the ships of Salem fetched home, nor the fortunes which built the stately mansions of the elm-shaded streets, that made this race of seamen worthy of a page in the history of their country's rise to greatness. They did their duty, daringly and cheerfully, in peace and in war. They let their deeds speak for them, and they bore themselves as “gentlemen unafraid,” in adversity and with manly modesty in prosperity. They believed in their country and they fought for her rights, without swashbuckling or empty words. They helped one another, and their community worked hand in hand with them, on honor, to insure the safety of their perilous ventures. The men who wove the duck, the sailmakers who fashioned it to bend to the yards, the blacksmith, the rigger, the carpenter, and the instrument-maker did honest work, all co-operating to build and fit the ship their neighbor was to command so that she might weather the hardest blow and do credit to those who made and sailed her.

Every shipmaster had as good a chance as any other to win a fortune. Independence, self-reliance, initiative and ambition were fostered. It was clean-handed competition, aggressive, but with a fair chance for all. Whether it was the *Atlantic* daring to show American colors to the East India Company in Calcutta in 1788, or the *Endeavor*, with Captain David Elwell

on her quarterdeck making the first passage of an American ship through the Straits of Magellan in 1824, or the *Margaret* at anchor in Nagasaki harbor half a century before another American vessel visited a port of Japan, these adventurers of commerce were red-blooded frontiersmen of blue water, as truly and thoroughly American in spirit and ambition as the strong men who pushed into the western wilderness to carve out new empire for their countrymen.

Judged by the standards of this age, these seamen had their faults. They saw no great wrong in taking cargoes of New England rum to poison the black tribes of Africa, and the schooner *Sally and Polly* of Salem was winging it to Senegal as early as 1789. Rum, gunpowder and tobacco outbound, hides, palm oil, gold dust and ivory homeward, were staples of a busy commerce until late into the last century. But the pioneering trade to the Orient, which was the glory of the port, was free from the stain of debasing the natives for gain.

Salem is proud of its past, but mightily interested in its present. Its population is four times as great as when it was the foremost foreign seaport of the United States and its activities have veered into manufacturing channels. But as has happened to many other New England cities of the purest American pedigree, a flood of immigration from Europe and Canada has swept into Salem to swarm in its mills and factories. Along the harbor front the fine old square mansions from which the lords of the shipping gazed down at their teeming wharves are tenanted by toilers of many alien nations. But the stately, pillared Custom House, alas, no more than a memorial of vanished greatness, stands at the head of Derby Wharf to remind the passer-by, not only of its immortal surveyor, Nathaniel Hawthorne, but also of an age of which the civic seal of Salem bears witness in its motto, "*Divitis Indiae usque ad ultimum sinum*" (To the farthest port of the rich East.)



Ship *Souda*, Capt. Charles H. Allen, Jr., bound for San Francisco, June 1, 1861

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

THE SPECTER SHIP OF SALEM *

The tradition of a specter ship was common along the New England coast in the seventeenth century. In 1647, the Colonists of New Haven built a fine ship and freighted it for England but it never made port and after waiting long for some word of the missing vessel, its apparition appeared in the harbor as described by a writer of that time:

“After a great thunderstorm about an hour before sunset a ship of like dimensions, with her canvas and colors abroad, appeared in the air coming up the harbor against the wind for the space of an hour. Many,” says the Rev. Mr. Pierport, “were drawn to behold this great work of God, yea, the very children cried out: ‘There is a brave ship.’ When so near that a man might hurl a stone on board, her maintop seemed blown off, then her mizzen top; then her masting seemed blown away by the board; she overset, and so vanished into a smoky cloud. The vision was given, in the opinion of the beholders, that they might understand the tragic end of the ship and their friends.”

This story became a legend which was made use of by Longfellow in “The Phantom Ship,” and in prose form by Washington Irving. It assumed another garb as a tale called “The Specter Ship of Salem,” which was first published in *Blackwood’s Magazine* (Edinburgh), in 1830, over the signature “Nantucket.” The narrative was reprinted in several Ameri-

* For the compilation of this material the author is indebted to a pamphlet privately printed for George Francis Dow (1907).

can publications of that time, including the *Salem Gazette*, and was later credited to the pen of Hawthorne, although without any tangible evidence to sustain the surmise. Whittier's poem "The Spectre Ship of Salem," with a prefatory note was first published in "American Anecdotes" (Boston, 1830). The tale as printed in *Blackwood's Magazine* was as follows:

The Rev. Cotton Mather, D.D. and R.F.S., an eminent clergyman of Boston, in Massachusetts, who flourished about the end of the seventeenth century, wrote a curious book, entitled "Magnalia Christi Americana," in which he has exhibited, not only his own, but the prevalent superstitions of the times in which he lived. The country had been, in the language of that period, exposed to "war from the invisible world," during which the inhabitants were inflicted with demons, and so wrought upon by spectres, as to pine, languish, and die under excruciating torments. Sometimes the demons attacked one part of the country and sometimes another; and the object of the learned and Reverent Doctor's book is to authenticate the very tragical instances in which they infested the houses, and afflicted the persons of the inhabitants.

"Flashy people," says he, "may burlesque these things, but when hundreds of the most sober people in a country, where they have as much mother-wit certainly as the rest of mankind, know them to be true—nothing but the absurd and froward spirit of sadducism can question them. I have not mentioned so much as one thing, that will not be justified, if it be required, by the oaths of more consistent persons than any that can ridicule these odd phenomena."

And certainly few facts, if we may judge by the evidence, have been better established than the existence of witchcraft, and the wars of prodigious spirits in the provinces of New England, during the time of Doctor Mather. We have accounts of trials conducted with all the forms and implements of jurisprudence, in which many persons were convicted of holding communion with demons and we have, what is still more remarkable, voluntary confessions of parties, acknowledging themselves in league with the devil. So far, therefore as the

records and archives of courts of law can verify the truth of any investigation, we must believe that many of the things which Doctor Mather has set forth, are not only true as historical events, but also naturally incident, however rarely, to the condition and fortunes of men.

It is not us, however, to argue this matter, but many of the Doctor's stories are usually striking, reviewing them merely as connexions of fancy, and some of the phenomena which he describes, and boasts of having witnesses to confirm, have in different ages been seen in similar forms and in countries far remote from New England. The prodigy of the Cross, which Constantine and his army beheld in the air, is of this description; and the apocalypse vouchsafed to Godfrey, in the Crusade, is of the same character. Doctor Mather describes noises and hurltings heard in the air, a short time prior to the Indian war of 1675, accompanied with the beating of drums, as in a battle. But without entering into any particular disposition concerning these omens and auguries, we shall hear present a version of his story of the naval apparition, only premising that it contains several particulars which the Doctor has not noticed, but which, we are persuaded, are not less true than those he has related.

A ship, called *Noah's Dove*, was preparing to sail from the port of Salem for "Old England," when a young man, accompanied by his bride, came and engaged berths for himself and her, as passengers. No one in all Salem was in the slightest degree acquainted with this handsome couple, nor did they themselves seek any acquaintance in the town, but until the vessel was ready, lived in the most secluded state. Their conduct was perfectly blameless, and their appearance was highly respectable; but the sharp-sighted people of Salem knew the pretigious appearances of the demons which afflicted the country, and they discerned something about them which could not be deemed otherwise than mysterious.

Many persons intending to revisit their friends in the old country, took passages also in the *Noah's Dove*; but the friends of some of them thought they were rash in doing so, and that it would be as well to learn something of their two questionable fellow passengers, before hazarding themselves at sea with persons so unknown and singular. These admonitions gave

occasion to much talk in Salem; but instead of having the effect intended, a fatal obstinacy became prevalent, and prevented every one who proposed to sail with the vessel, from paying the slightest attention to them. This strange infatuation only served to deepen the interest which the town took in the departure of the ship.

At last, the day appointed for her sailing arrived. Never had such a solemn day been seen in Salem; and, moreover, it happened to be a Friday; for the Captain was not such a godly man as the mariners of Salem generally were in those days. A great multitude crowded the wharves to see their relations embark—all were sorrowful and many in tears. At last, the ship hoisted the signal for sailing, and, wonderful to tell, at the same time that the flag was unfurled, a black bird, much like a raven, lighted on the hand of the town clock, and by its weight pushed it forward, some said full ten minutes. Every one who witnessed this sight, was struck with horror, and some laid hands upon their relations to prevent them from embarking. But those who had engaged to go with the fated vessel, were wilful, and would not be controlled.

During these struggles, the two unknown strangers came also to embark, and she that was the bride was in tears, weeping bitterly. However, they stepped on board, and a sudden gust of wind at that moment (the ship being cast loose from her moorings), made her yaw off, and she was almost instantly at sea. The crowd, however, remained anxiously watching her progress, until she was out of sight. They then returned to their respective homes; and the whole conversation of Salem for that evening, was saddened with presentiments and forebodings concerning the *Noah's Dove*.

In the course of the night, the breeze freshened into a gale, which before the morning was heightened to a tempest. The sea raged with tremendous fury, and the wrack of clouds that careered in the heavens, was scarcely less tumultuous than the waves of the angry ocean below. All the inhabitants of Salem were persuaded that the hurricane had something to do with the mysterious passengers in the *Noah's Dove*. Many were instinctively convinced, that the ship had perished, and resigned themselves to grief. For three days and three nights, the wrath

of the storm was unmitigated. On the contrary, it seemed to increase; for although it was then midsummer, dreadful showers of hail, mingled with fire and thunder, louder than had ever been heard before, pealed continually. No man could doubt the fate of the *Noah's Dove*. Indeed it was the persuasion of all that every vessel which was so unfortunate as to be within the sweep and frenzy of the winds and waves, could not survive the vehemence of their distraction.

The sun, on the morning of the fourth day, burst through the clouds with great splendour—the winds almost instantly became calm—the hail ceased—the thunder was mute—and the billows, from raging surges, rolled themselves into a noiseless swell. A change so abrupt convinced the pious citizens of Salem that the doom of the vessel was sealed; and although it was in vain to expect that the sea would present them of any sight of her wreck, or of that of other vessels, they hastened in great numbers down to the shore, where they stood until sunset, gazing and wondering, with anxiety and sorrow.

Just as the sun disappeared, a sound of exclamation and hurry, accompanied by a bustling movement, arose from a group of persons who were standing on the top of a rock, considerably elevated above the crowd, and some one cried that a vessel was in sight. The whole multitude, on hearing this, were thrown into commotion, and fluctuated to and fro, eager to catch a glimpse of this unexpected phenomenon. It was, however, long before she became distinctly in sight, for any wind which was then blowing was off the shore, and against the vessel; insomuch that an old gray-headed sailor among the spectators, declared that it was impossible she could work into the harbour that night. But, to their astonishment, she still came forward, with her yards squared and her sails full, notwithstanding she was steering in the wind's eye; before her hull could be properly seen, it was the opinion of all who beheld her that it was the *Noah's Dove*.

By this time the twilight was much faded, but it began to be observed that the ship brightened, as if some supernatural light shone upon her, and upon her alone. This wonderful circumstance was not long matter of doubt, or question, for, when the stars appeared, she was seen as distinctly as if she had been

there in the blaze of noonday, and a panic of dread and terror fell upon the whole multitude.

The Rev. Zebedee Stebbin, who was then in the crowd, an acute man, and one who feared the Lord, knew that the apparent ship was a device of the prestigious spirits, and that it behooved all present to pray for protection against them; he therefore mounted upon a large rock, and called on the spectators to join him in the forty-sixth Psalm, which he himself began, repeating the line aloud and then singing. The shores echoed with the solemn melody, and the rising wind wafted it along the increasing waves.

Whilst the worship was going on, the sound of sudden cries and lamentations, as of persons in jeopardy, was heard in the air; the ship at the same time came straight on into the harbour, and being illuminated as described, was seen rigged out in every part exactly like the *Noah's Dove*. Many of the spectators saw their friends on board, and would have shouted to them with joy, but there was something dismal and strange in their appearance, which awed them to remain silent. The stranger young man and his bride were seen tenderly embracing each other, but no noise or voice was heard on board. At that moment the masts and rigging fell into the sea as if they had been struck down with lightning, and signals of distress were displayed, but still no sound was heard.

The multitude suspended their breathing, convinced that the vision before them was the unsubstantial creation of the prestigious spirits. This belief entered all the minds simultaneously, and in the same moment the mighty spectre vanished.

The *Noah's Dove* was never heard of, and it was believed that in that hour, rivened by lightning and tempest, she had foundered.

"Count me not," says the Rev. Dr. Mather at the conclusion of his narration, "struck with the Livian superstition, in reporting prodigies for which I have such incontestable proof."

NANTUCKET.

THE SPECTRE SHIP OF SALEM

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

The morning light is breaking forth
All over the dark blue sea—
And the waves are changed—they are rich with gold,
As the morning waves should be;
And the rising winds are wandering out,
On their seaward pinions free.

The bark is ready—the sails are set,
And the boat rocks on the shore—
Say where do the passengers linger yet?—
Is not the farewell o'er?
Do those who enter that gallant ship
Go forth, to return no more?

A wailing rose by the water-side,
A young, fair girl was there—
With a face as pale as the face of death
When its coffin-lid is bare;—
And an eye as strangely beautiful
As a star in the upper air.

She leaned on a youthful stranger's arm,
A tall and silent one—
Who stood in the very midst of the crowd,
Yet uttered a word to none:
He gazed on the sea and waiting ship—
But he gazed on them alone!

The fair girl leaned on the stranger's arm,
And she wept as one in fear;
But he heeded not the plaintive moan,
And the dropping of the tear;—
His eye was fixed on the stirring sea,
Cold, darkly and severe!—

The boat was filled—the shore was left—
The farewell word was said—
But the vast crowd lingered still behind,
With an over-powering dread;
They feared that stranger and his bride,
So pale, and like the dead.

And many said that an evil pair
Among their friends had gone,—
A demon with his human prey,
From the quiet graveyard drawn;
And a prayer was heard that the innocent
Might escape the Evil One.

Away—the good ship sped away,
Out on the broad high seas—
The sun upon her path before—
Behind, the steady breeze—
And there was naught in sea or sky
Of fearful auguries.

The day past on—the sunlight fell
All slantwise from the west,
And then the heavy clouds of storm
Sat on the ocean's breast;
And every swelling billow mourn'd,
Like a living thing distressed.

Appendix A

The sun went down among the clouds,
 Tinging with sudden gold,
The pall-like shadow of the storm,
 On every mighty fold;—
And then the lightning's eye look'd forth,
 And the red thunder rolled.

The storm came down upon the sea,
 In its surpassing dread,
Rousing the white and broken surge
 Above its rocky bed;
As if the deep was stirred beneath
 A giant's viewless tread.

All night the hurricane went on,
 And all along the shore
The smothered cry of shipwreck'd men
 Blent with the ocean's roar;—
The gray-haired men had scarcely known
 So wild a night before.

Morn rose upon a tossing sea,
 The tempest's work was done;
And freely over land and wave
 Shone out the blessed sun—
But where was she—that merchant-bark,
 Where had the good ship gone?

Men gathered on the shore to watch
 The billow's heavy swell,
Hoping, yet fearing much, some frail
 Memorial might tell
The fate of that disastrous ship,—
 Of friends they loved so well.

None came—the billows smoothed away—
And all was strangely calm,
As if the very sea had left
A necromancer's charm,—
And not a trace was left behind,
Of violence and harm.

The twilight came with sky of gold—
And curtaining of night—
And then a sudden cry rang out,
“A ship—the ship in sight!”
And lo!—tall masts grew visible
Within the fading light.

Near and more near the ship came on
With all her broad sails spread—
The night grew thick, but a phantom light
Around her path was shed;
And the gazer shuddered as on she came,
For against the wind she sped.

They saw by the dim and baleful glare
Around that voyager thrown,
The upright forms of the well-known crew,
As pale and fixed as stone—
And they called to them, but no sound came back,
Save the echoed cry alone.

The fearful stranger youth was there,
And clasped in his embrace,
The pale and passing sorrowful
Gazed wildly in his face;
Like one who had been wakened from
The silent burial-place.

Appendix A

A shudder ran along the crowd—
And a holy man knelt there,
On the wet sea-sand, and offered up
A faint and trembling prayer,
That God would shield his people from
The Spirits of the air!

And lo!—the vision passed away—
The Spectre Ship—the crew—
The stranger and his pallid bride
Departed from their view;
And naught was left upon the waves,
Beneath the arching blue.

It passed away—that vision strange—
Forever from their sight;
Yet, long shall Naumkeag's annals tell
The story of that night—
The phantom-bark—the ghostly crew,
The pale encircling light.

APPENDIX B

One of the Salem privateersmen of the Revolution was Samuel Crowell (Croel) whose commission as commander of the schooner *Greyhound*, signed by John Jay, President of the Continental Congress, was preserved by his children and reads as follows:

“ IN CONGRESS.

“The Delegates of the United States of Newhampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina & Georgia.

“To ALL unto whom these presents shall come, Send Greeting
—KNOW YE,

“That we have granted & by these Presents do grant Licence & Authority to Samuel Croel Mariner, Commander of the Schooner called the *Greyhound* of the Burthen of forty tons or thereabouts, belonging to Aaron Waitt & others—mounting six carriage guns & navigated by eleven Men, to fit out & set forth the said Schooner in a warlike Manner, & by & with the said Schooner & the crew thereof, by Force of Arms, to attack, subdue, & take all Ships & other Vessels whatsoever carrying Soldiers, Arms, Gunpowder, Ammunition, Provisions, or any other contraband Goods to any of the British Armies or Ships of War employed against these United States; And also to attack, seize & take all Ships or other Vessels belonging to the Inhabitants of Great Britain, or to any Subject or Subjects thereof, with their Tackle, Apparel, Furniture & Ladings on the High Seas, or between high & low water Marks (the Inhabitant or Inhabitants of Bermuda, Providence, & the Bahama Islands, & such other Ships & Vessels bringing Persons, with Intent to settle & reside within any of the United States, or bringing Arms, Ammunition or warlike Stores to the said

Appendix B

States for the Use thereof, which said Ships or Vessels you shall suffer to pass unmolested, the Commanders thereof permitting a peaceable Search, & giving satisfactory Information of the contents of the Ladings & Destination of the Voyages, only excepted). And the said Ships or Vessels so apprehended as aforesaid, & as Prize taken, to carry into any Port or Harbor within the Dominions of any neutral State willing to admit the same, or into any Port within the said United States, in order that the Courts there instituted to hear & determine Causes Civil & Maritime, may proceed in due Form to condemn the said Captures, if they be adjudged lawful Prize, or otherwise according to the Usage in such Cases at the Port or in the State where the same shall be carried. The said Samuel Croel having given Bond, with sufficient Sureties that Nothing be done by the said Commander of Schooner or any of his Officers, Marines, or Company thereof contrary to or inconsistent with the Usage & Customs of Nations, & that he shall not exceed or transgress the Powers & Authorities contained in this Commission. And We will & require all Our Officers whatsoever in the Service of the United States to give Succor & Assistance to the said Samuel Croel in the Premises. This Commission shall continue in force until the Congress shall issue Orders to the contrary. Dated at Boston 14th Day of October 1779 & in the 4th year of the Independence of the United States of America. *

“By Order of the Congress,

“JOHN JAY, President.

“JOHN AVERY, Attest.

CHAS. THOMPSON, Sec.”

* Copied from the Essex Institute Historical Collections, Vol. XXI.

APPENDIX C

Captain Stephen Cleveland of Salem was entrusted with a secret mission abroad in behalf of the American Congress in 1776, very shortly after the signing of the Declaration of Independence. His letter of instructions from the Government at Philadelphia for his voyage is among the records of the Salem Marine Society and reads as follows, under date of July 30, 1776:

“Captain Stephen Cleveland. Sir: We have been regularly informed by John Bradford, Esq., of his Purchasing, loading and fitting the Brig *Despatch* in consequence of our orders, and we approve of his having appointed you to the command of that Brig, in the Continental Service as he gives you an extreme good character of which we hope and expect to find you very deserving.

“The Honorable Continental Congress, of which we are members, authorized us as a committee to Purchase the Brig and to order her on such a voyage, as would answer certain purposes to the United S. of America.

“You will receive this by the hands of John Philip Markle, Esq., and are to be governed by the following instructions during the present Voyage, or untill you receive others from Congress:

“Mr. Bradford will require bills of Lading from you, for the entire cargo on board the *Despatch* consigned to John P. Markle (who is to go passenger in the Brig), at her discharging port in Europe. Such bills of lading you are to sign, receive said Markle on board, assist him in providing sea stores, and then proceed with the utmost diligence for the coast of France, avoiding most carefully all vessels at sea, and put into the first convenient port you can make in that Kingdom, Nantz or Bordeaux, may perhaps be the safest, and you must then deliver to Mr. Markle, any part of the cargo he may find it convenient

to sell on the whole if he chooses it. We enclose to Mr. Bradford a packet directed to Messrs. Samuel and S. H. Dunlap, merchants in Bordeaux. Mr. Bradford will deliver that packet to you and we require your utmost care of it. Should you have the misfortune to be taken, you must throw it overboard, slung with a weight that will sink it, for on no account must this fall into the hands of the enemy. On the contrary if you can get safe into Bordeaux deliver it yourself to Mess. Samuel and S. H. Dunlap merchants there. If you go into any other port, forward it to them by post or special messenger, as you may be advised is safest. You must also advise those gentlemen what other ports or places Mr. Markle intends to order you for, and desire those gentlemen to write you a few lines telling you how to direct letters to Silas Deane, Esq., so that they will certainly fall into his hands. We expect that Mr. Markle will order you to proceed from France to Amsterdam and you must obey his orders, delivering to him the rest of the cargo, at any port or ports that he may desire; he is not to pay any freight, but will supply you with all things necessary for the Brig, and money to pay charges for all you receive in money or stores, outfits, etc. You will grant him proper receipts, and when you have discharged entirely the present cargo you are to receive from him, all such goods and merchandise, arms and ammunition as he may think proper to ship, granting him bills of lading for what he may think proper to ship on board.

“We also give you liberty to arm the Brig in the most complete manner and with as many four-pound cannon, swivells, blunderbusses, cutlasses, etc., as may be proper for such a vessel.

“You may also ship as many good seamen as you can conveniently accommodate obtaining them upon the best terms in your power, lay in a suitable stock of provisions, a sufficient stock of quantity of ammunition, etc., the cost and charges of all which Mr. Markle will defray, taking your receipts. Whilst this business is transacting, you will write immediately after your arrival at the port where it is to be done to Major Samuel and S. H. Dunlap of Bordeaux, and also to Silas Dean, Esq., if you obtain from them in time his address, tell him to direct letters to you, and when you expect to sail, and we expect you will receive back from them, letters and Packets for us. If *you do*

the utmost care must be taken of them, don't let them be seen by any person whatever. Sling them with a weight, ready for sinking, and if taken be sure to let them go overboard in time, but we hope you will have better fortune and bring them safe.

"When your vessel is completely fitted, the cargo on board, and you have received your dispatches from Mr. Markle, you are to put to sea, and make the best of your way back to America. We think it best not to fix on any one place to aim at, but leave it to you to push into the first harbour you can make in any of the United States of America, and on your arrival apply to the continental agent, if there are any in or near the place, if not, to the person in authority there, desiring their advice and assistance to forward with the utmost expedition to us, all the packets, letters, etc., you may bring. You will also write us the state and condition of your vessel, and we shall return orders for your further proceedings. We send you herewith a commission and a book of regulations respecting captures, etc., and a list of continental agents for your government, if you should take any prizes, but you are to remember, prizes are not your object. We wish you to make an expeditious and safe voyage and for this reason desire you will make all possible dispatch, both at sea and in port. We expect you will be careful of your Brig, her stores and materials, allow your people plenty of good provisions, but suffer no waste, and be as frugal as is consistent with true economy, in your expenses and charges. These things duly observed, we'll recommend you to the governing powers in America, and in time your utmost ambition may be gratified, inasmuch as merit leads the way to promotion. If any American masters or mates of ships, or seamen, want passages, you may accommodate them, free of any charge or expense. Probably Mr. Markle may find it proper to make your vessel a French or Dutch bottom and clear you out for the West Indies.

"In such case, you will do what is needful on your part to answer his views, and we hope you will be attentive to accommodate and please him during the passage. We are, Sir, your most humble servants.

"BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

"BENJAMIN HARRISON.

"ROBERT MORRIS."

APPENDIX D

LISTS OF THE PRIVATE ARMED SHIPS OF SALEM IN THE REVOLUTION AND THE WAR OF 1812

The following list of the armed ships of Salem from 1776 to 1783 includes both privateers and letters-of-marque. As defined in international law "letters-of-marque" as issued by a Government are privateering commissions, but in practice a distinction was made between the two classes of ships. A privateer cruised in pursuit of the enemy's commerce and went to sea for no other purpose, while a letter-of-marque vessel carried a cargo to a destined port or ports, taking prizes if they came in her way and defending herself against the enemy as a regularly commissioned private ship of war under heavy bonds to her government to obey the rules of warfare.

The Naval Records of the Revolution, as compiled and published by the Library of Congress, contains a list of the letters-of-marque issued by the Government, and includes no fewer than one hundred and ninety of these commissions granted to Salem shipowners, and commanders, designating them all as "private armed ships of war." The most accurate catalogues of this kind that were compiled many years ago by local historians and shipmasters agree upon one hundred and fifty-eight as the total number of vessels of all kinds which actually engaged in privateering out of the port of Salem during the Revolution. The Government records show, however, that this reckoning falls far short of the total number of craft commissioned by means of letters-of-marque to prey upon England's commerce as private ships of war. Even these Government records are not complete, however, the names of several well-known privateers

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being absent from the list, while on the other hand the name of one vessel may be recorded two, three, or four times, a new commission being granted and a new bond demanded when the ship, schooner, or brig changed commanders or owners. The bond required in all cases was in the sum of \$20,000.

From the *Naval Records of the Revolution*, and from all lists made and preserved in Salem archives and from other sources the following catalogue has been compiled, as the most nearly complete record of the private armed ships of Salem during the Revolution that has been published:

<i>Name</i>	<i>Class</i>	<i>Commander</i>	<i>Guns</i>	<i>Men</i>
<i>Active</i>	brigantine.....	{ William Ross.....	14	60
		{ Johnson Briggs.....		
<i>Adventure</i>	brig.....	{ J. Gardner.....	4	10
		{ Jonathan Tucker.....		
<i>America</i>	schooner.....	Geo. Williams.....	8	80
<i>Atalanta</i>	brig.....	Cornelius Thompson.....	10	25
<i>American Hero</i>	ship.....	William Fairfield.....	16	25
<i>Astrea</i>	ship.....	John Derby.....	20	50
<i>Aurora</i>	brigantine.....	Geo. Williams, Jr.....	6	12
<i>Aurora</i>	brig.....	— Caldwell.....	10	75
<i>Black Prince</i>	ship.....	Nathaniel West.....	18	160
<i>Banter</i>	sloop.....	Henry White.....	8	50
<i>Belisaurus</i>	ship.....			
<i>Bloodhound</i>	brig.....		14	55
<i>Brutus</i>	ship.....	John Leach.....	18	100
<i>Bunker Hill</i>	ship.....	John Turner.....	20	110
<i>Blackbird</i>	schooner.....	William Groves.....	8	20
<i>Black Snake</i>	sloop.....	William Carleton.....	12	60
<i>Bloom</i>	schooner.....	Silas Smith.....	6	25
<i>Beaver</i>	schooner.....		10	swivels
<i>Bowdoin</i>	sloop.....		8	...
<i>Buckaneer</i>	ship.....	Jeremiah Hacker.....	18	150
<i>Centipede</i>	schooner.....		6	...
<i>Charming Polly</i>	brig.....	D. Bigelow.....		...
<i>Captain</i>	brigantine.....	John Donaldson.....	10	45
		{ Johnson Briggs		
<i>Cato</i>	brig.....	{ James Pickman.....	16	60
		{ Jesse Fearson		

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<i>Name</i>	<i>Class</i>	<i>Commander</i>	<i>Guns</i>	<i>Men</i>
<i>Chace</i>	brigantine.....	Cornelius Thompson.....	10	35
<i>Concord</i>	brig.....	Ephraim Emerton.....
<i>Cutter</i>	schooner.....	{ Silas Smith.....	8	20
		{ Joseph Strout.....		
<i>Cutter</i>	brigantine.....	Geo. Ashby, Jr.....	10	45
<i>Cicero</i>	ship.....	Hugh Hill.....	20	100
<i>Commerce</i>	sloop.....	John Baptist Millet.....	10	25
<i>Commerce</i>	brigantine.....	Ephraim Emerton.....	6	12
<i>Columbia</i>	schooner.....	J. Greeley.....	12	30
<i>Comet</i>	brigantine.....	Samuel Waters.....	6	15
<i>Comet</i>	schooner.....	Richard Eldredge.....	9	29
<i>Creature Terrible</i>	brig.....	Robert Richardson.....	14	43
<i>Catchall</i>	schooner.....	Moses Chase.....	6	15
<i>Civil Usage</i>	brig.....	{ Greag Powers.....	14	45
		{ Peter Martin.....		
<i>Congress</i>	ship.....	David Ropes.....	20	130
<i>Cyrus</i>	ship.....	Jonathan Mason, Jr.....	10	20
<i>Dispatch</i>	ship.....	John Felt.....	10	60
		{ David Ropes.....		
		{ William Gray.....		
<i>Dolphin</i>	schooner.....	{ Greag Powers.....	8	30
		{ David Felt, Jr.....		
		{ Frank Benson.....		
<i>Dart</i>	schooner.....	Zenas Cook.....	6	22
<i>Delight</i>	schooner.....	J. Temple.....	4	40
<i>Don Galvez</i>	brig.....	Silas Jones.....	6	16
<i>Disdain</i>	ship.....	William Patterson.....	20	100
<i>Diana</i>	brigantine.....	Robert Barker.....	6	16
<i>Defense</i>	brigantine.....	John Barr.....	10	16
<i>Eagle</i>	brig.....	John Leach.....	20	110
<i>Exchange</i>	ship.....	{ Simon Forrester.....	20	60
		{ John Collins.....		
<i>Experiment</i>	brigantine.....	Samuel Ingersoll.....	6	14
<i>Essex</i>	ship.....	John Cathcart.....	20	150
<i>Elizabeth</i>	brig.....	{ Clifford Byrne.....	4	10
		{ Ichabod Clarke.....		
<i>Exchange</i>	schooner.....	Henry Tibbets.....	2	15
<i>Franklin</i>	ship.....	Silas Deval.....	18	25
<i>Fame</i>	brig.....	Samuel Hobbs.....	16	50
<i>Freedom</i>	brig.....	Benjamin Ober.....	7	15
<i>Fortune</i>	brig.....	Benjamin Ives.....	14	60
<i>Favourite</i>	brigantine.....	William Patterson.....	11	50

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Name	Class	Commander	Guns	Men
<i>Fanny</i>	brigantine.....	Samuel Tucker.....	4	12
<i>Felicity</i>	brig.....		8	20
<i>Flying Fish</i>	brigantine. . .	{ John Gavett.....		...
		{ Anthony Divers		
<i>Fly</i>	schooner.....	{ Christopher Babbidge.....	6	25
		{ William Mallory		
<i>Fox</i>	schooner.....	{ Jeremiah Lansvay.....	6	75
		{ Jonathan Neall		
<i>Friendship</i>	ship.....	Gideon Henfield.....	6	20
<i>General Putnam</i>	schooner.....	S. Mascotte.....	8	66
<i>General Gates</i>	brig.....	— Skinner.....	8	...
<i>General Lincoln</i>	brig.....	John Carnes.....		...
<i>General Greene</i>	ship.....	Aaron Crowell.....	16	90
<i>Grand Turk</i>	ship.....	{ Thomas Simmons.....	28	140
		{ Joseph Pratt		
<i>Grey Hound</i>	schooner.....	{ Jacob Wilds.....	8	35
		{ John Cooke		
<i>Good Luck</i>	ship.....	Jonathan Neall..	8	20
<i>General Galvez</i>	ship.....	Thomas Smith.....	18	40
<i>Griffin</i>	brig.....	Gideon Henfield.....		...
<i>Gamecock</i>	schooner.....	Richard Smith.....	8	30
<i>General Montgomery</i> ..	brigantine.....	Samuel Hobbs... ..	14	60
<i>Harlequin</i>	schooner.....	Jonathan Tucker.....	6	16
<i>Hornet</i>	schooner.....	Robert Brookhouse..	10 swivels	...
<i>Henry</i>	schooner.....	John Baptist Millet.....	4	10
<i>Hasket & John</i>	brig.....	Benjamin Crowninshield
<i>Hero</i>	brig.....	Silas Smith.....	12	50
<i>Hynde</i>	brig.....	Francis Boardman.....	8	16
<i>Hector</i>	ship.....	John Carnes.....	18	150
<i>Hector</i>	schooner.....	John Cartright.....	6	15
<i>Hope</i>	schooner.....	Robert Wormsted.....	8	25
<i>Hyder Alley</i>	brigantine.....	Francis Boardman.....	8	16
<i>Hind</i>	brigantine.....	Benjamin Dunham.....	8	16
		{ Nathaniel Coit Webb.....	8	25
<i>Hazard</i>	sloop-schooner..	{ Benjamin Knight		
		{ Edward Smith, Jr.		
		{ Hugh Helme		
<i>Hound</i>	brig.....	John Adkinson.....	14	50
<i>Harkey</i>	galley.....	Phineas Smith.....	2	18
<i>Hawke</i>	schooner.....	{ John Barbaroux.....	6	15
		{ Jacob Wilde		
<i>Iris</i>	ship.....	Robert Rantoul.....	9	18

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<i>Name</i>	<i>Class</i>	<i>Commander</i>	<i>Guns</i>	<i>Men</i>
<i>Jack</i>	ship.....	David Ropes.....	14	60
<i>Junius Brutus</i>	ship.....	John Brooks.....	20	120
<i>Jason</i>	ship.....	Charles Hamilton.....	16	70
<i>Julius Caesar</i>	ship.....	{ Thomas Benson.....	14	40
		{ Jonathan Haraden		
<i>Junius</i>	ship.....	Nathaniel West.....	10	25
<i>Juno</i>	brig.....	John Felt.....	12	16
<i>Jackall</i>	schooner.....	{ Adam Wellman.....	8	45
		{ Thomas Holmes		
<i>James</i>	ship.....	John Clarke.....	11	25
<i>John</i>	ship.....	Jonathan Ingersoll.....		...
<i>Jupiter</i>	ship.....	William Orne.....	14	40
<i>Joseph</i>	brig.....	Henry Higginson.....	8	15
<i>Kendrick</i>	ship.....	Thomas Benson.....	18	100
		{ John Augusta Dunn		
<i>Languedock</i>	schooner.....	{ Reuben Yoemens.....	4	25
		{ Jeremiah Hegerty.		
<i>Lexington</i>	brig.....	David Smith, Jr.....	10	20
		{ George Ashby		
<i>Lively</i>	brig.....	{ John Augusta Dunn.....	8	35
		{ Nathaniel Brookhouse		
<i>Live Oak</i>	sloop.....	Samuel Tucker.....	6	20
<i>Lion</i>	brig.....	{ Jonathan Mason.....	16	50
		{ Benjamin Warren		
<i>Lark</i>	schooner.....	N. Tilden.....	10	swivels
<i>Lee</i>	schooner.....	Daniel Waters.....		...
<i>Lincoln</i>	brig.....	John Carnes.....		...
<i>Louis le Grande</i>	ship.....		18	100
<i>Lucy</i>	brig.....	S. Clay.....	12	25
<i>Liberty</i>	sloop.....	Eben Pierce.....	6	25
<i>Manete</i>	schooner.....	John Daccaretta.....	6	10
<i>Marquis de Lafayette</i>	ship.....	{ Ebenezer Reed.....	10	100
		{ John Buffington		
<i>Mermaid</i>	brig.....	Jonathan Tucker.....	14	30
<i>Minerva</i>	sloop.....	Nehemiah Buffington.....	6	10
<i>Massachusetts</i>	brig.....	{ John Fisk.....	16	30
		{ Jonathan Haraden		
<i>Mars</i>	ship.....	William Woodbury.....	16	75
<i>Monmouth</i>	brigantine.....	David Ingersoll.....	6	20
<i>Montgomery</i>	brigantine.....	{ John Carnes.....	8	20
		{ James Barr, Jr.		
<i>Morning Star</i>	sloop.....	Francis Roch.....	8	12

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Name	Class	Commander	Guns	Men
<i>Macaroni</i>	brig.....		14	...
<i>New Adventure</i>	brig.....	Jonathan Neall.....	14	50
<i>Nancy</i>	schooner.....	George Leach.....	6	25
<i>Neptune</i>	ship.....	{ William Woodbury, Jr. Hugh Smith.....	14	65
		{ Silas Smith Benjamin Cole		
<i>Oliver Cromwell</i>	ship.....	{ Nathaniel West..... James Barr, Jr.	16	100
<i>Pallas</i>	ship.....	Gamaliel Hodges.....	10	20
<i>Panther</i>	schooner.....	Samuel Masury.....	8	35
<i>Patty</i>	sloop.....	Nathan Nichols.....	4	16
		{ Simon Forrester		
<i>Patty</i>	ship.....	{ John Derby..... David Smith	8	20
<i>Penguin</i>	schooner.....	Samuel Foster.....	10	40
<i>Pickering</i>	ship.....	Jonathan Haraden.....	16	50
<i>Porus</i>	ship.....	Samuel Crowell.....	22	100
<i>Pilgrim</i>	ship.....	Joseph Robinson.....	18	100
<i>Pompey</i>	schooner.....	Silas Smith.....		...
<i>Putnam</i>	ship.....	Nathan Brown.....	18	90
<i>Plato</i>	brig.....			...
<i>Pompey</i>	schooner.....	W. Thomas.....	6	...
<i>Port Packet</i>	ship.....	Simon Forrester.....	8	20
<i>Race Horse</i>	schooner.....	Alexander Story.....	8	25
<i>Rainbow</i>	schooner.....	Oliver Webb.....	6	25
<i>Rattlesnake</i>	ship.....	Mark Clark.....	20	85
<i>Raven</i>	schooner.....	David Needham.....	12	40
<i>Recovery</i>	brigantine.....	{ Samuel Ingersoll..... William Dennis		...
		{ Benjamin Knight..... Samuel Foster	8	40
<i>Revenge</i>	schooner.....			
<i>Revolt</i>	brig.....	Henry Phelps.....	8	20
<i>Resolution</i>	schooner.....	Joseph Trask.....	8	20
<i>Roebuck</i>	ship.....	Gideon Henfield.....	14	90
		{ Joshua Grafton Joseph Waters.....	14	25
<i>Romulus</i>	brig.....	{ Thomas Palfrey		
<i>Rover</i>	ship.....	James Barr, Jr.....	24	100
<i>Rover</i>	schooner.....	Thomas Morgridge.....	10	30
<i>Retaliation</i>	brig.....	E. Giles.....	10	70
<i>Revenge</i>	sloop.....	Benjamin Dean.....	10	...

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<i>Name</i>	<i>Class</i>	<i>Commander</i>	<i>Guns</i>	<i>Men</i>
<i>Ranger</i>	schooner.....	Thomas Simmons.....	10	20
<i>Rambler</i>	brig.....	Benjamin Lovett.....	16	40
<i>Rhodes</i>	brig.....	N. Buffington.....	20	90
<i>Resolution</i>	ship.....	Samuel West.....	20	130
<i>Robust</i>	ship.....	Jonathan Tucker.....	12	25
<i>Salem</i>	brig.....	{ Henry Williams.....	12	30
		{ Edward Stanley		
<i>Salem Packet</i>	ship.....	{ Joseph Cooke.....	12	30
		{ John Brewer		
<i>Satisfaction</i>	schooner.....	Edward Stanley.....	6	30
<i>Speedwell</i>	brigantine.....	John Murphy.....	10	50
<i>Scourge</i>	brigantine.....	— Parker.....	20	80
<i>Sharke</i>	sloop.....	10 swivels		...
<i>Spanish Packet</i>	ship.....	Thomas Dalling.....	10	20
<i>Sturdy Beggar</i>	brig.....	{ Daniel Hathorne.....	8	60
		{ Edward Rowland		
<i>Shaker</i>	brig.....	— Stacey.....	6	40
<i>Spitfire</i>	schooner.....	William Perkins.....	11	20
<i>Spy</i>	schooner.....	Thomas Philips.....	8	20
<i>Surprise</i>	schooner.....	{ Nathaniel Perkins.....	8	35
		{ Germain Langevain		
<i>Surprise</i>	brig.....	Benjamin Cole.....	14	70
<i>Swift</i>	brig.....	Israel Johnson.....	14	70
<i>Scorpion</i>	schooner.....	Israel Thorndike.....	16	60
<i>Swett</i>	schooner.....	Joseph Fearson.....	12	...
<i>Spring Bird</i>	schooner.....	John Patten.....	4	25
<i>Saucy Jack</i>	schooner.....			...
<i>Tartar</i>	schooner.....	Thomas Dexter.....	10	18
<i>Thomas</i>	ship.....	Francis Boardman.....	10	20
<i>Thrasher</i>	schooner.....	Benjamin Cole.....	8	30
<i>Titus</i>	sloop.....	John Buchmore.....	4	11
<i>Two Brothers</i>	ship.....	{ William Gray.....		25
		{ Daniel Sanders		
<i>Tyger</i>	brig.....	Samuel Crowell.....	14	70
<i>Thorn</i>	ship.....	Samuel Tucker.....		...
<i>Trenton</i>	ship.....	Joseph Nati.....	12	...
<i>True American</i>	schooner.....	Israel Thorndike.....	6	50
<i>Union</i>	schooner.....	{ John Blackler		
		{ Jonathan Gardner, 3d.....	8	25
		{ Isaac Smith		
<i>Union</i>	sloop.....	John Fearson.....	6	30
<i>Venus</i>	ship.....	Thomas Nicholson.....	10	20

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Name	Class	Commander	Guns	Men
<i>Viper</i>	ship.....	{ Jonathan Neall.....	14	65
		{ Benjamin Hilton		
<i>Washington</i>	brig.....	Edmond Lewis.....	7	15
<i>Willing Maid</i>	schooner.....	John Savage.....	4	25
<i>Wild Cat</i>	brig.....	Daniel Ropes.....	14	75
<i>Warren</i>	schooner.....	I. Thorndike.....	6	50
<i>William</i>	schooner.....	Joseph Fearson.....	8	25

PRIVATE ARMED SHIPS OF SALEM IN THE WAR OF 1812

Name	Class	Commander	Guns	Men
<i>Active</i>	schooner.....	Benjamin Patterson.....	12	25
<i>Alexander</i>	ship.....	T. Williams, Jr.....	18	140
<i>Alfred</i>	ship.....	Benjamin Crowninshield.....	16	110
		{ Joseph Ropes		
<i>America</i>	ship.....	{ John Kehoe.....	20	150
		{ Jas. W. Chever		
<i>Black Vomit</i>	boat.....	John Upton.....	muskets	16
<i>Buckskin</i>	schooner.....	I. Bray.....	5	50
<i>Cadet</i>	schooner.....	William Calley.....	2	40
<i>Castigator</i>	launch.....	{ Stephen G. Clarke.....	6	20
		{ Spencer Hall		
		{ John Upton		
<i>Cossack</i>	schooner.....	{ Wm. Davis.....	1	45
		{ Abner Poland		
		{ T. Symonds.....	2	40
<i>Dart</i>	schooner.....	{ John Green		
<i>Diomedé</i>	schooner.....	Jacob Crowninshield.....	3	100
<i>Dolphin</i>	schooner.....	Jacob Endicott.....	1	70
<i>Enterprise</i>	schooner.....	John R. Morgan.....	4	100
<i>Fair Trader</i>	schooner.....	John R. Morgan.....	1	35
		{ Abner Poland		
<i>Fame</i>	schooner.....	{ John Upton.....	2	30
		{ — Webb		
<i>Frolic</i>	schooner.....	Nathan Green.....	1	60
		{ J. B. H. Ordione		
<i>Galliniper</i>	schooner.....	{ Timothy Wellman.....	1	30
		{ Andrew Tucker		
<i>General Putnam</i>	schooner.....	John Evans.....	2	60
<i>General Stark</i>	schooner.....	John Evans.....	3	50
<i>Grand Turk</i>	brig.....	{ Holten J. Breed.....	18	150
		{ Nathan Green		

Appendix D

<i>Name</i>	<i>Class</i>	<i>Commander</i>	<i>Guns</i>	<i>Men</i>
<i>Grouler</i>	schooner.....	Samuel B. Graves.....		105
<i>Helen</i>	schooner.....	{ Nathaniel Lindsay.....	4	70
		{ John Upton		
<i>Halkar</i>	boat.....	{ John Kehoe.....	muskets	16
		{ Samuel Lamson		
<i>Jefferson</i>	sloop.....	{ S. Giles Downie.....	1	20
		{ T. Wellman, Jr.		
<i>John</i>	ship.....	{ James Fairfield.....		...
		{ Benjamin Crowninshield		
<i>John & George</i>	schooner.....	John Sinclair, Jr.	1	50
<i>Lizard</i>	schooner.....	Samuel Loring.....	2	30
<i>Montgomery</i>	brig.....	{ Holten J. Breed.....	10	100
		{ Ben. Upton		
<i>Onion</i>	boat.....	{ John Upton.....	muskets	20
		{ Jonathan Blythe		
<i>Owl</i>	boat.....	William Duncan... ..	muskets	14
<i>Phoenix</i>	schooner.....	Stephenson Richards.....	1	25
<i>Polly</i>	sloop.....	Samuel C. Hardy.....	1	60
<i>Recovery</i>	schooner.....	Joseph Peele.....	2	20
<i>Regulator</i>	schooner.....	James Mansfield.....		50
<i>Revenge</i>	schooner.....	John Sinclair, Jr.	1	50
<i>Scorpion</i>	sloop.....	Stephenson Richards.....	1	20
<i>Swift</i>	schooner.....	Harney Choate.....	1	25
<i>Swiftsure</i>	launch.....	{ Stephen Clarke.....	1	20
		{ Charles Berry.		
<i>Terrible</i>	boat.....	John Green.....	muskets	10
<i>Viper</i>	schooner.....	Joseph Preston.....	1	20
<i>Wasp</i>	sloop.....	Ernest A. Erwin.....	2	35

RECAPITULATION

REVOLUTIONARY WAR	WAR OF 1812
Ships..... 56	Ships..... 4
Brigs and Brigantines..... 69	Brigs and Brigantines..... 2
Sloops..... 14	Sloops..... 4
Schooners..... 56	Schooners..... 21
Galley..... 1	—
196	31
Total number of guns..... 1,965	Total number of guns..... 147
Total number of men..... 7,631	Total number of men..... 2,081
Total number of vessels..... 196	Total number of vessels.... 31

APPENDIX E

The manuscript records of the Social Insurance Company of Salem contain a large number of accounts of the confiscations suffered by vessels out of this port at the hands of the kingdom of Naples in 1809-10 at the instigation of Napoleon I. These losses are described in detail in the protests filed by the plundered shipmasters with the helpless American Consular offices at Mediterranean ports. The following is one of many similar protests, as copied in the books of the Social Insurance Company:

(*Translation*)

“On the fifth day of the month of April, one thousand eight hundred and ten, at Naples. In the Chancery of the Consul General’s office of the American Nation in this City and Kingdom before me Carlo Scala qv Liboris, Chancellor for the Consulate of the Nation aforesaid, personally appeared Mr. John Derby, son of the late John, an American citizen, born in Salem in the State of Massachusetts, in the thirteen States of America, and now arrived in this City Captain of the American schooner *Mary*, of Salem, belonging to Messrs. John Fairfield & Company . . . upon interpretation faithfully made, declared:

“That on the fifteenth day of December of the past year 1809, he took possession of the said schooner *Mary*; from the tenth to the twenty-eighth of said December the above named John Fairfield & Company, being in good faith American citizens, as also appears from the Bills of Lading which prove the property, under the faith of the Proclamation made by His Majesty, the King of the Two Sicilies, in the month of July, 1809, determined to load and did load the said schooner *Mary* with a cargo for Naples, consisting of sugar, cotton, campeachy

wood, salt fish, pepper, gum, Peruvian bark and coffee, and after having secured the hatches of said schooner and put a tarpaulin over the same and also round the masts and pumps, and the said schooner being strong, staunch, well manned with seven seamen, provided with everything necessary, and fit for any navigation, on the first day of the month of January of the current year being ready with the said schooner, the said Captain set sail from Salem with her and with the aforesaid cargo, with favourable winds and with all the documents necessary for the cargo and vessel according to law and also with a certificate of origin from the Consul of France and having given security as the laws required, bound for this port of Naples. During the voyage nothing remarkable happened to him, nor did he touch at any Country or Port, or speak with any Vessel, except an American Vessel from Boston off the coast of Barbary. On the sixteenth day of February of the current year, having arrived in safety in the Gulph of Naples (Bay of Naples), off the Island of Ischia and Capri; pursuing his route to Naples on the northern part of Ischia, there was in the N.N.W. quarter about 3 miles distant a Neapolitan privateer, which fired upon him, made sail for him and boarded him and took possession of the schooner as a prize, and carried her into Bia, where they visited the Vessel and all the papers concerning the Vessel and cargo were taken possession of.

“The next day, the seventeenth of said month, they weighed anchor and made sail for Naples where he was put under quarantine and sequestration. There remained on board a Prize-Master and a seaman, after having examined him respecting the above particulars. On the twenty-fourth day of said month they put on board a soldier belonging to the Custom-House. On the seventeenth day of the past month of May of the current year, the Board of Health caused the cotton to be carried to the Lazaretto. On the sixteenth of said month the Agent of the Privateer that had taken her, demanded of him to unload the cargo; to whom he refused to deliver it, nevertheless the Government proceeded immediately and took it by force. On the eighteenth day they put on board six persons. On the twentieth of said month they finished discharging the cargo which all came out in good order agreeable to the manifest and bills of

lading; notice of all of which was given to me, the said Chancellor, to be registered in the acts of the said Chancery. On the thirtieth day of said month he was admitted to free pratique when the Vessel was vigourously examined by the Board of Health, and the guards of the Custom House, and there was plundered from her a quintal and a half of salt fish, which was part of her stores. The Prize-Master and his seamen, together with the soldier, left the schooner, and put on board another soldier, who on the thirty-first day had not gone ashore.

“All which the said Captain makes oath to, on the Holy Evangelist, and thereupon calls for witnesses to be examined by me the said Chancellor: Isaac Haskell, Benjamin Knowlton, Isaiah Osgood, Officers and Mariners of the said schooner, and the said Captain protests that all which is above set forth is true, and he declares that the said schooner was laden by American citizens for Naples under the faith of the Decree of his Majesty of the month of July last and was provided in every respect conformable to the letter of the said Decree, of which no part has been infringed or violated, for which cause he had every reason to believe that he should be treated amicably. Wherefore in the most solemn form he protests against the Captain, Officers, and crew of the Privateer, as also against the Government for the sequestration, and the cargo taken thus forcibly from the said Schooner *Mary*, contrary to all right and in a special manner contrary to the said Decree, copies of which are in circulation dated the twelfth of May, 1810, signed Joachim Napoleon, in which the Schooner *Mary* and her cargo are comprehended as among the Vessels and cargoes confiscated. And he protests against all persons concerned, and against every other proceeding of the said Privateer and Government aforesaid against the said Schooner *Mary*, and also for all the Papers and documents withheld from him, he being left deprived of the whole, and also for all damages and interest and every other thing proved and to be proved on account of the unjust seizure and discharge of the cargo, and of his not having been able to discharge the same pursuant to the Bills of Lading, he not intending to be held accountable for any thing, as the Government discharged it without his consent, and the whole is to be placed to the responsibility of those to

whom of right it belongs, the same not having happened by the fault or neglect of himself, nor by the fault or neglect of the crew of the said Schooner (every man having in this respect done everything which he ought and like good seamen), but by reason of the confiscation aforesaid. And so the said Captain declares, requests and again protests, not only in the present, but every other and better manner, reserving to himself full power to add and protest anything and at any time and place he may think useful and advantageous, or to which he may be advised by the Consul.

“(Signed) JOHN DERBY.”

On May 8th Captain Derby filed an additional protest, “against the insult done him on the third day of the current month when, being with his crew on board of said Schooner, the Master of the Port (harbour Master) came on board of said Schooner *Mary* with seven persons by order of the Minister of War and the Marine Department, and after having driven him on shore with all his crew, left them destitute and abandoned in a foreign country, without any means of support, and unbent his cable.”

CONFISCATION OF THE “VICTORY”

“On this seventeenth day of August, A. D., one thousand eight hundred and ten before me, John Saunders, Notary Public, duly admitted and sworn and dwelling in Salem aforesaid, personally came Earnest A. Erwin, late second Mate of the Brig. called the *Victory* of Salem, Joseph Felt, 3rd, Master, and on oath declared:—that on or about the fourteenth day of October last, said Brig. sailed from Salem aforesaid bound to Naples, laden with sundry merchandise; that on or about the ninth day of December following, when in the Bay of Naples, were captured by a French Privateer and carried into the Port of Bia, near Naples, where they were detained ten days, from thence on the nineteenth of the same month, they were carried to Naples and the Brigantine put in Quarantine for forty days, during which time the whole of the cargo of said Brig was

forcibly taken out and landed—that about the last of Feb. or first of March following, a Decree was issued by the Government of Naples confiscating the said Brigantine and her cargo, of all which proceedings a regular protest was made by Capt. Felt and signed by him, the Chief Mate, himself, and several of the crew of said Brigantine and which Protest was on board the Ship *Margaret* of this Port at the time she was wrecked and was lost. Wherefore the said Earnest A. Erwin did declare to Protest, and I the said Notary, at his request, do solemnly Protest, against the officers and crew of the said Privateer, the Prize Master of said ship, his agents or servants, as well as against the authors of said decree and all persons who were in any manner aiding, abetting and assisting in enforcing or executing thereof, for all Losses, Damages, expenses and charges, which have arisen, or may hereafter arise by reason of the said Capture and Confiscation of said Brigantine and her cargo and the taking away the same as aforesaid.

“(Signed) EARNEST A. ERWIN.

“And further the appearer on oath declares that nothing material occurred to said Brigantine on her Passage to Naples, that they did not stop at any Port until they were captured.

“(Signed) EARNEST A. ERWIN.”

A “PROTEST” AGAINST BRITISH SEIZURE

(Extract from the Register of the Consulate of the United States of America in Malta.)

“By this public Instrument of Protest be it known that on this twelfth day of February 1810, Personally appeared before me, Joseph Pubis, Esq., Consul of the United States of America at Malta, Nathaniel Haskell, Jun’r, Michael Larcom, Mate, and Thomas Eliot, seaman, of and belonging to the American Brig *Latona*, who being duly sworn depose and say that they sailed from Beverly in the State of Massachusetts in the U. S. of America on the fifteenth day of December, 1809, and had a fine passage as far as the Island of Maforea of thirty-two days, and then met with some heavy gales from the Eastward—that

in nine days after that period hove in sight of the Island of Sardinia, the gale from the Eastward still continuing, where they fell in with his Brittanick Majesty's Brig of War *Weasel*, Samuel Prescott, Esq., Commander, who having boarded, took possession of the said American Brig *Latona* with all her papers, taking from her six of her crew and replacing them with nine men belonging to said Brig of War and brought her into Malta. In consequence whereof the said Nathaniel Haskell, Jun'r, master of said Brig *Latona*, hath entered this, his solemn Protest against his Brittanick Majesty's Brig of War *Weasel*, Samuel Prescott, Esq., Commander, and against all damages, hindrances, demurrages, or losses of any sort or kind whatever that have occurred, or may occur in consequence of such detention, or that in any way are derivative therefrom."

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